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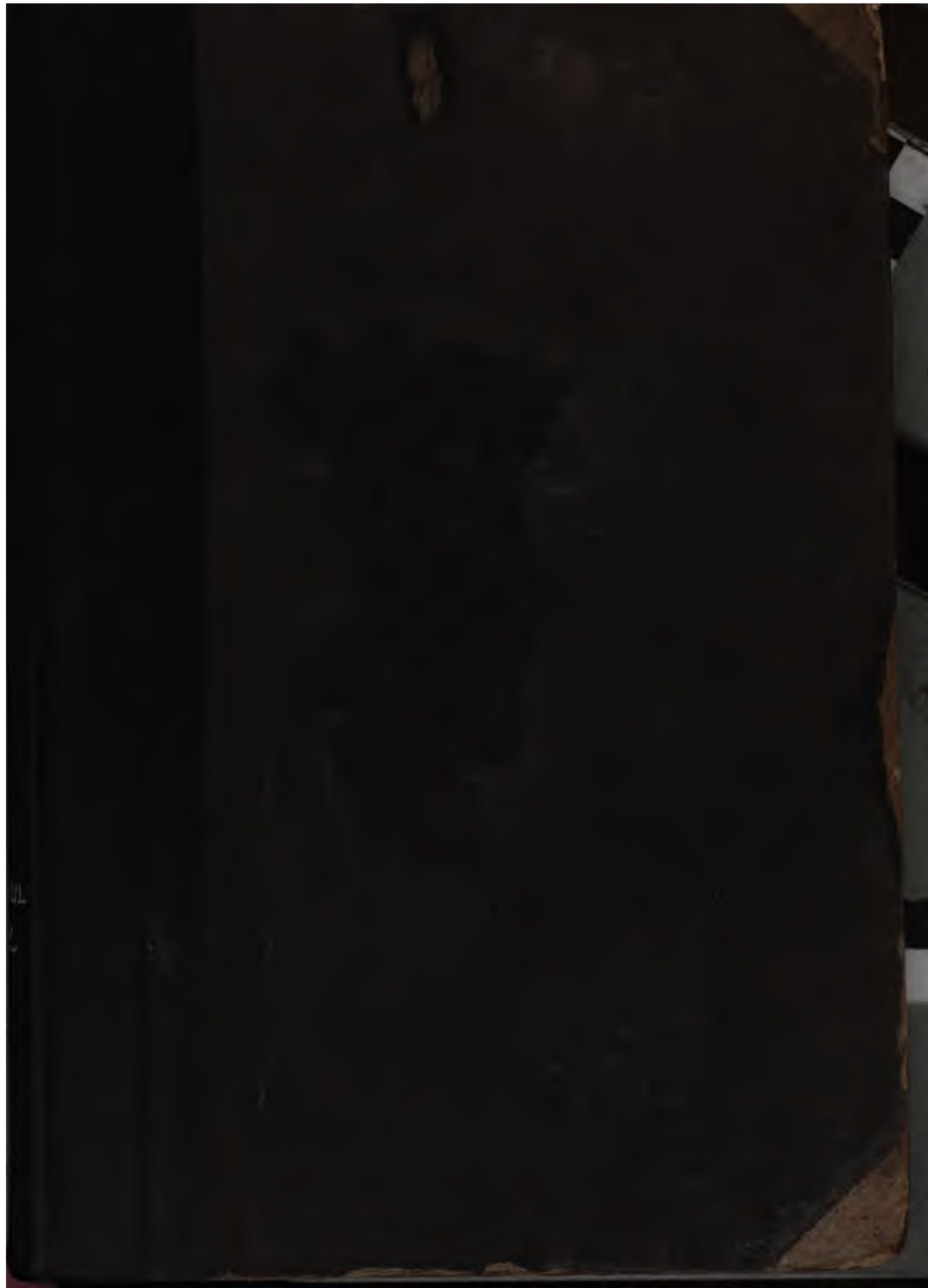
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THE
BOSTON MISCELLANY
OF
LITERATURE AND FASHION.

EDITED BY
NATHAN HALE, JR.

VOLUME I.

January to July, 1842.

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1842

THE AMERICAN HOTEL



THE AMERICAN HOTEL

THE AMERICAN HOTEL



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E R R A T A.

P. 53, 2d col. 14th line, read "thoughtfulness," for "thoughtlessness."

P. 79, line 34, read "us" for "we."

P. 215, 1st column, 6th line from bottom, read "profess" for "possess."

P. 231, 2d col. 13th line, place "to" at the beginning instead of the end of the line.

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BOSTON MISCELLANY.

THE MISCELLANY TO ITS READERS.

"A book is a letter to the unknown friends one has in the world."

WITH this Number we must greet you all as new acquaintances. The hand which is offered to you, you will grasp with such warmth only as your expectations, your hopes, and more than all, your kindness may dictate; for we have none of the recollections of past meetings, no pictures of past scenes, no allusions to former intercourse to draw upon. Like a stranger we seek to join your company, and our welcome, if given to us at all, must be given in kindly trust and hope, as a voluntary credit, to be drawn against hereafter. If, as we hope, our companionship shall be continued,—if we are permitted, month by month, to become the sharer of your happy hours of rest and recreation, to be known as a tried friend, cherished for his willingness, whatever may be his success for the moment,—another character may grow around this now new relation; and time after time, the grasp of our hands shall grow firmer and warmer, than it may be in the days of our mutual ignorance of the new-comer, at this first introduction.

We have proud hopes for this intercourse, which this is no time to tell. We are but girding on our armor. But all men may see with us that the field is wide. Of the large demand in our country for an elegant literature, the number and circulation of the already established magazines furnishes at least some indication. The moments of

repose of those whose bodies and minds have been, till then, taxed by labor; the hours of relaxation of the cultivated female mind, always awake to the refinements of literature and art,—which, appreciated the more highly the more they are enjoyed, are its highest ornaments at once and purest delights; the all-searching intellects of the young and happy, who would collect the experience of the youth and happiness of others, wherever written;—all call for intellectual resources which shall be real and nourishing, for sentiment and feeling that shall be true and life-like, for pictures of life, in which the young heart may see itself, its experiences and its dreams made real and portrayed; for a magazine where all these, craving for intellectual refinement, may find arrayed and enjoy at their leisure the gems of beauty and poetry which genius may collect in its wanderings, and display there for their advantage and pleasure.

It is a late day to undertake any defence of what is called light-reading. It has defended itself. Even the most utilitarian philosophy would not take away from us those rich and joyous moments which we gain, when we are led by an author through spring-like, sunny paths, with laughing, bright-eyed companions, although those paths may be on no map, and he never met and we shall never meet those com-

panions. What warm friendships do we make, how do we teach ourselves the workings of the human mind, the struggles of its passions and the clinging of its affections, as we follow in story a fictitious life, indeed, but one where action and motive, love and hate, are real, though the circumstances of time and place and form have been thrown around them by the hand of the writer and not by chance. Thus we gain a magic to draw about us scenes as light and gaiety as brilliant as those of the days brightest in our memories of the past, or our imaginations of the future. The written day-dreams of the happy and the gifted come to us as the story of living men and of actual beauty; and they come to us not as tales of happiness we may not share, but we seem the chosen confidants of those of whom we read, and with them we walk through the gardens of pleasure, and live in the light of love.

It needs no wild belief in the glories or the truth of the ideal at the expense of the real, to bid us cultivate and enjoy this acquaintance with artificial lives. It is among such shadowy beings that we find some of our warmest friends. We speak of their trials, their loves, their triumphs, as facts, as they are, despite their veil of circumstance. Ophelia, Desdemona, the broken-hearted Bride of Lammermoor, are they not real, and our friends? Could we better nourish our feelings of reverence for, and delight in, the beautiful, the gifted and the true, than we do by the converse and the confidence of those true men and women,

who move in that artificial life we find in books? The mind, and if not that, the heart tells us easily what of all these *are* true; and their society we may enjoy, in their sympathy and love we may revel, though friends who are thought to have a more real existence may have grown cold or cruel, and castles, which had a more earthly foundation, have toppled to the ground.

What pride, then, what pleasure to send to so many warm hearts throughout the land a new means for this refined and philosophic happiness;—to be able, in some sort, to minister to their tastes, and their sympathies; to gather from the minds of those who can best afford them the gifts of genius and of cultivated taste, and to bear them to all those who are craving, in their distant bowers, such nourishment and such inspiration! Here, alike to you all, whether you have just retired from crowded streets, or are resting in rural shades, shall be told the tale of beauty, shall be whispered the aspirations of genius, shall be laid open the beatings of the poetic heart. In confidence this will come to you as to friends, in the trust that your sympathy shall penetrate its seeming and make it real. If you would go with us to the enjoyment and the good we would fain prepare for you, you must take us by the hand without reserve. Author and reader must be alike fair and open; and when the cloud of doubt is removed from your eye and brow, we will, if we may, lead the smile of content across your face, and we shall in truth be friends.

RABBINICAL PROVERBS.

(FROM THE TALMUD AND MIDRASH.)

I. — "The Lord helps man and beast."

On his way to conquer the world, Alexander the Macedonian reached a country in Africa, where the people, separated from the rest of the world, dwelt peacefully in huts and knew nothing of wars or con-

querors. Alexander was led into the presence of the ruler of this people, who received him hospitably. The ruler placed before him dates, figs, and bread, but all of gold. "Do you eat gold here?" asked Alexander. "I put it before you," replied the ruler, "because you have

nourishing food in your own country, and could not have come here to seek it." "Your gold did not entice me here," replied Alexander, "but I would learn your customs." "Indeed," replied the other, "then stay with us as long as you will."

While they were conversing, two citizens came to ask for judgment. The plaintiff said, "I bought a piece of land of this man, and in digging it I have found a treasure. This is not mine, I only purchased the land, and not the treasures which were hidden in it; but still, he from whom I bought it will not receive it back." The defendant answered, "I am as conscientious as my fellow-citizen, I sold the land and all that it contained, and therefore the treasure."

The judge repeated their words that he might be certain he had understood the case, and after some reflection, he said, "You have a son, my friend, have you not?" "Yes." "And you a daughter?" "Yes." "Well, your son shall marry his daughter, and the treasure shall be given to the pair for a marriage portion." Alexander appeared surprised. "Is my decision unrighteous?" asked the ruler. "Oh no," replied Alexander, "but it surprises me." "How would the case have been settled in your country?" "To tell the truth," answered Alexander, "the two men would have been put under guard, and the treasure seized for the king." "For the King?" asked the ruler, in astonishment. "Does the sun shine in your country?" "Oh, yes." "Does it rain there?" "Certainly." "Singular! Are there tame, grass-eating animals there?" "Of many kinds." "Then," said the ruler, "it must be on account of these innocent animals that the all good Being allows the sun to shine and

the rain to fall. You men do not deserve it."

II. — "Enemies without, Traitors within."

A wagon laden with newly hammered axes, passed from the blacksmith's through a neighboring wood. The sun shone upon the steel, and the trees of the forest trembled at the sight. "Who will protect us? these irons will level us all." Thus did they complain, rustling their leaves with anguish. But an oak, of many years, replied, "Fear not. If none of you lend handles to these axes, their blades can do you no injury."

III. — "Wine in earthen vessels."

The daughter of the emperor held counsel with Rabbi Joshua, the son of Ananias, and the more she talked with him, the more did she rejoice in his knowledge; the more was she edified by his lessons of virtue. Yet once involuntarily the word escaped her, "What a glorious soul, and what a disagreeable covering. Should not such lovely virtues inhabit a more beautiful body?" "Tell me, great princess," said the Rabbi, "in what does your father preserve his precious wine?" "In earthen vessels." "Impossible! his subjects make use of those. The emperor's wine should be kept in gold and silver." "You are not wrong," answered the princess, "this would be more fitting, and from this time it shall be done." The wine was spoiled, its spirit was lost. "Thou didst counsel me ill," said the daughter of the prince. "In the rich vessel my father's wine is ruined." "Very possible," answered Joshua, — "So virtue and knowledge are best placed in plain bodies."

SONNET.—TO KEATS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THINE eyes, I know, with earnestness were fraught,
Thy brow a pale and musing hue had ta'en,
And a mild frown, from watching not in vain
The patient dawn and sunrise of great thought;
Thy soul seemed listening still as if it caught,
Through castle hall, or arches dim and long,
The mail-clad tramp of old heroic song,
Or heard, through groves of moss-grown oak trees brought,
Mysterious tones from the lone pipe of Pan;
While thy dark eyes glowed mellowly to see
Coy nymphs, as down thick-leaved dells they ran,
And backward glanced with longing eyes at thee,
Whose gracious heart, in its most Grecian mood,
Ran red and warm with right good English blood.

March, 1841.

AMERICAN SCULPTORS IN ITALY.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

IN no one of the fine arts, has greater improvement been made by our countrymen, than in that of sculpture. Thirty years ago, and such a thing as a statue or even of a bust of fine workmanship, from the chisel of an American, was hardly known. At the present time, besides several artists of great merit or great promise living at home, there are several in Italy, who have either already attained or bid fair to attain a degree of excellence, which would reflect credit on any country in any period; we do not except Greece in the golden age of her prosperity. We refer of course to Greenough, Powers, and Clevenger, who are pursuing their profession at Florence, and Crawford at Rome. These artists are already known to their countrymen, but we propose, on this occasion, to speak a little more in detail of their works and studies.

As the chief reliance of an American sculptor, at least in the commencement of his career, must be upon his countrymen, an enquiry may arise as to the expediency of a residence in Italy. What object do our young artists expect to attain, by passing a number of years at Florence or Rome, at such a distance from the country to which they must look for employment and support?

And, in the first place, in reply to this enquiry, and in justice to our ingenious countrymen, we must state, what is *not* the object of this foreign residence. They do not expect to derive any benefit, in the study or pursuit of their art, from the instructions of any living sculptor in Italy. With the exception of Thorwaldsen, we do not know that there is any living Italian sculptor, whose instructions would have been deemed a great benefit or privilege by a young artist, conscious of a capacity to attain a high degree of excellence in his art. However this may be, we believe there is no case, in which any of our countrymen have sought or received any instruction from the living sculptors of Italy. There are schools for drawing from life in Florence and Rome, superintended by respectable professors, and lectures are delivered on some branches of the art. Opportunity no doubt is afforded, in this way, for obtaining elementary instruction at a trifling expense. But our countrymen named above, who have resorted to Italy to pursue the art of sculpture, had, we believe, in every case already attained, self-taught, at home such an acquaintance with the elements of their art, as to make the instruc-

tions in these academies useless to them. At any rate we do not know, that they have in any case, numbered themselves among the pupils of these schools. They have been prepared on their first arrival to open their *studios* and commence the practice of their professions in the best school;—that of patient labor, earnest contemplation of the works of the great masters of other days, and an intelligent study of nature.

The principal advantages of a residence at Florence and Rome for a young sculptor, we take to be these. First, he finds in these cities some of the master pieces of ancient and modern times. The Apollo and the Laocoon, the Venus and the Gladiator are there. The works of Michael Angelo, of Canova and Thorwaldsen exist in these cities in greater number or more conveniently accessible than elsewhere. Here the youthful artist of whatever country beholds and studies his masters. He sees the powers and the secrets of his art set forth and developed. What the great of other times and his own have achieved is before him. He feeds his spirit with the near contemplation of illustrious models, and whispers to himself *Anch'io son scultore*. There is, in this actual presence of the productions of master minds and master hands, an influence which cannot be wholly supplied by any thing else, and which probably rests on an ultimate principle of our natures. This is perhaps the only incommunicable advantage of a residence in Italy to a young artist. For all but this highest sympathetic inspiration, the study of first rate casts of the antique might perhaps serve nearly all the purposes of the study of the original works.

If Italy presents this advantage in the study of the master pieces of art, not less considerable are the facilities which it affords for modelling from life. The study of the living subject in America is attended with difficulty and cost; it can be pursued with the greatest convenience and at moderate expense at Rome and Florence. We have seen, in an Italian *studio*, an individual, selected as a model of the symmetry of the human form, who for ten or twelve dollars a month could be hired, with a lad of suitable age, to enact the fatiguing and painful scene of the destruction of Astyanax by Pyrrhus;—and modern Tuscany furnishes her Psyches, and Hebes, and Venuses, such as they are, at an equally reasonable price.

Then too the artist procures his marbles, more easily and at a cheaper rate, in Italy,

than in any other country. He lives in the vicinity of the quarries of Carrara and Serravezza; and there is a regular routine of business for obtaining such blocks as he may require. If he prefers, he may send his cast to the quarry, and have it there blocked out. This is frequently done with busts, which after a few weeks are returned to the artist at Florence or Rome, blocked out in a superior manner, and at less expense for marble, labor, and the package, than would be required for the work alone in either of those cities; for less probably than the unhewn block would cost in the United States. Besides the other advantages of this arrangement, the artist makes sure of a pure block of marble; for if in the course of the process, a stain is discovered, the sculptor at the quarry is bound by his bargain to reject the block and take another. In works of size and weight, like Greenough's Washington, a great saving in the cost of transporting the marble, is effected by blocking out at the quarry. Now though very beautiful statuary marble has been discovered in different parts of the United States, we are not aware that the quarries are any where regularly wrought; nor is there at present a demand extensive or steady enough to authorize the attempt to work them. We suppose that a block of marble, suitable for a statue, could be obtained in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, from Italy, more easily than from the quarries in the United States, which have recently been discovered. The time of course will arrive, we hope it is not distant, when this will be otherwise; we speak of course of things as they are.*

Akin to this advantage, is that of procuring the assistance of skillful workmen at a reasonable price. Working artists of some merit abound, and a very few of superior skill may be procured at Rome and Florence, at a rate of compensation, varying of course with their capacity, but which would be deemed moderate in comparison with what would be paid for them, in the United States, if indeed they could be found there at all. But it would be nearer the truth, we presume, to say that, at present, there is an absolute impossibility of procuring in

America, that assistance, which is to be had in Italy on reasonable terms; so that the sculptor at home, in the exercise of his profession, would be obliged to consume a great deal more of his time in purely mechanical labor. In fact in Italy the labor of the chisel is scarcely deemed an essential part of the sculptor's art. When he has conceived and modelled his work, he can procure its faithful execution in marble. We believe, however, that all our ingenious countrymen abroad are in the habit of giving the last finish with their own hands to every thing that leaves their studios.

It might perhaps with truth be here stated, that the climate of Italy is more favorable to the pursuit of the art of sculpture than that of any less genial region. In a severe Northern climate, the clay can with difficulty be kept from freezing, or the studio be kept as warm, as is required for the perfect flexibility of the muscles, during nearly half the year. We have known the labor of a month nearly lost in consequence of a frost of more than common severity, and that after great pains, and expense of fuel. Within the thick stone walls of the massy houses at Rome and Florence, a very comfortable climate exists at all seasons of the year.

Finally the prudent artist may live in Italy much more cheaply than he can live in any of the great cities of the United States. If he is willing "to scorn delights,"—that is, sensual delights,—he may support himself at moderate expense. An ample suite of rooms for himself and family, in a house alike impervious to the heats of summer and the cold of winter, may be hired for a less sum, than he will have to pay for a single very indifferent room, in one of our large towns; and his table and clothing will not exceed two-thirds of what they would cost at home. These are very important considerations for the young artist, who, starting with little or nothing of the world's gear, is bent on working his way upward to the highest walks of a profession, which is chiefly dependent for its support on the taste, not to say the caprice, of a small class in the community.

Such are some of the inducements, which lead the young American artist to undertake a long and expensive voyage,—to encounter the inconvenience of foreign tongues and foreign manners,—of absence from home and friends,—of the want of good schools for his children and of a church in the communion in which he has been educated,—and all the other evils of a residence in a strange and distant country; hardships and evils never trifling; at the commencement of his career, oppressive and at times all but overwhelming;—to be sustained only by force of the conscious sense of merit and the resolute purpose to excel.

* We have seen at the studio of Powers in Florence, specimens of marble found in Maryland, and considered by him equal, if not superior, in beauty to that of Serravezza. Very beautiful statuary marble has also been found in Alabama, and doubtless exists in that vast calcarious ridge which traverses Berkshire, Massachusetts. The quarries at Serravezza were opened by Michael Angelo, who passed himself some time in exploring them. It is however only within the last few years, that this marble has come into general notice, and been much sought after. For waxen texture and creamy whiteness, it excels the Carrara, and is considered the best marble known for youthful female figures.

Mr. GREENOUGH, — a native as our readers are generally aware, of Boston, and educated at Cambridge — has been now fifteen or sixteen years in Italy, most of the time in Florence, in the laborious and enthusiastic pursuit of his art, with constantly increasing success and reputation. Many of his works are now in different parts of America, and their merit is too well known to need a description. Besides a considerable number of busts in Boston and the other cities of the United States, he has at different times enriched his country with various works of invention. The *Medora*, executed at an early period for Mr. Robert Gilmor of Baltimore, and the *chanting cherubs* for Mr. Fennimore Cooper, were exhibited and are well known in New-England. It is unnecessary to say that, for the two centuries preceding Canova, nothing was produced in Europe in a taste as pure as that of these beautiful works. Mr. Salisbury of Worcester has a noble head of the *Angel Abdiel* in *Paradise lost*, a subject on which Mr. Greenough will perhaps one day execute a full length statue of colossal size. Mr. Francis C. Gray of Boston has a charming *Psyché* from Mr. Greenough's chisel; a head full of spiritual sweetness. Mr. P. C. Brooks possesses at Medford a splendid *Greyhound*, executed from the life. We are happy to add that this noble animal, Arno, destined no doubt to share in marble the immortality of his owner the artist, has recovered from the effect of a sad accident which befel him in the streets of Florence the past winter, by which one of his legs was fractured in two places. A *Venus Victrix*, executed for the late John Lowell, jun., and destined by him for the Athenæum in Boston, has not yet we believe left Mr. Greenough's studio. Several other very happy productions of Mr. Greenough are at Florence. Among these we may mention two full length statues of the sons of Colonel Thomson of New York; a most admirable bust of the Marquis Guio Capponi, the chief of one of the most ancient and illustrious houses of Florence and a nobleman of enlarged mind and liberal principles; and a bust of Franklin of heroic size and exquisite workmanship. Among the most charming creations of Mr. Greenough's chisel is the statue of a child of three years old, the daughter of Count Revicksky the Austrian Minister at Florence. The little girl is represented as seated on a bank of flowers, contemplating a butterfly, which has just lighted on her raised fore-arm. The intentness, with which she regards the symbol of the immortal soul, happily indicates the awakening of an infant understanding. So entirely absorbed is she in the contemplation of the object which has attracted her attention and so complete is

her repose, that a lizard creeps fearlessly from his hole in the bank of flowers. The gaze of the child is full of that mixture of simplicity and thought, with which children sometimes give us such startling assurance of the unfathomed mystery of our being.

Mr. Greenough has in his studio, among other projected works, the cast of a group designed for the front of the Capitol at Washington, which he is desirous, and we trust may be permitted, to execute in bronze. It is matter of painful reflection to see beautiful works in marble exposed in the open air in a climate, in which they will so soon be discolored and corroded by the weather. Even in Florence, where the winter is mild compared with that of the District of Columbia, the marble statues exposed to the weather for any length of time, have been seriously injured.

But the work, on which Mr. Greenough's reputation must for some time principally rest, is his Washington, which, while we write these sentences, is on its way to America. At an early age, it was the distinguished good fortune of our townsman to have attained such a reputation, as to receive from Congress the honorable commission to execute the statue of the Father of his Country, to be placed in the magnificent rotunda of the Capitol at the seat of Government. A more important and more honorable commission was never confided to an artist. It has engaged the greater part of the time of Mr. Greenough for eight years; and will be deemed, we are confident, by all competent judges and by the well-informed public at large, to have been most successfully and honorably performed.

This statue is a seated figure of heroic, or rather colossal, size, being twice the dimensions of life. Were it erect, it would consequently stand about twelve feet high. It represents the great hero, statesman, and citizen, with the right hand pointed to Heaven and the left hand holding a sword with the handle turned from the person. The upper part of the figure is bare; from the middle of the body down it is covered with a senatorial drapery. A very pleasing effect is produced by the manner in which the back of the chair is carved in open-work, so as to display the back of the figure. The sides of the chair are wrought in low reliefs symbolical of the character and fortunes of North and South America; and on the top of the chair, right and left, are figures of Columbus and of a native of our continent. The face is composed from that of Houdon, with a judicious comparison of the other contemporary authorities. It represents all the elevation, benignity, and force of Washington's character; — his firmness tempered with pure beneficence; and it possesses an advantage,

not shared in an equal degree by that of Chantrey, and still less by that of Canova,* in faithfully reproducing the well-known features, with which every American claims a personal acquaintance, as of a familiar friend or venerated parent. It will be seen, however, that Mr. Greenough has by no means slavishly copied Houdon.

We regard Mr. Greenough's Washington as one of the greatest works of sculpture of modern times. We do not know the work which can justly be preferred to it, whether we consider the purity of the taste, the loftiness of the conception, the truth of the character, or what we must own we feel less able to judge of, accuracy of anatomical study and mechanical skill. Had it been the work of Canova, Chantrey, or Thorwaldsen, it would have been deemed, we doubt not, worthy of either of those artists. Nay we are prepared to go farther, and disclaiming all pretence to connoisseurship, we are persuaded, if, instead of being a statue of Washington it had been a statue of Julius Cæsar or Alexander the Great;—if instead of coming from the *studio* of a young American at the present day, with all its freshness upon it, it had been dug up in the ruins of the baths of Titus or the Villa of Adrian, shattered and mutilated,—arms, legs, nose, and even head gone,—stained and corroded, when it had been scraped and pieced together, furnished with modern extremities and perhaps a head of doubtful authenticity,—and thus restored, had been set up in the Vatican or the Tribune, it would have been deemed as fine a piece of sculpture as any there.

This grand work is of one single piece of marble, not of pure white, which it is impossible to procure in masses of sufficient size for such a statue without stains fatal to its beauty, but of a bluish tinge highly favorable to the effect of a work of art. The marbles of this kind are now preferred for works of this description.

There are two points, in reference to

* It is far from being our purpose to speak slightly of that magnificent work, Canova's Washington. Its destruction by fire at Raleigh is to be regarded as a national calamity. The State of North Carolina, in the same spirit of liberality with which she originally ordered the work, has made an attempt to procure its restoration, at considerable expense;—an attempt which has, we are sorry to hear, proved unsuccessful. Meantime the model exists at Rome; and either of the accomplished American sculptors abroad is competent to execute it in marble, as well as it was originally executed in the *studio* of Canova. We wish this great work could, in this way, be restored to the country. North Carolina is sometimes called the Rip Van Winkle State. While, among the visions which occupy her slumbers, we behold princely appropriations to adorn her capitol with masterpieces of art, we are ready to wish, that some of the sister States in the Confederacy would follow her example, and occasionally take a nap.

which we have heard Mr. Greenough's Washington criticised, and on which we beg leave to state our impressions. One is the absence of drapery from the upper part of the figure; the other is the precise significance or meaning of the statue and the propriety of a sitting posture.

The first topic, that of the costume of works of art, is, of course, too extensive to be exhausted on an occasion like this. It presents, undoubtedly, some difficulties. There are two schools among artists in this respect, and two opinions among judges of art. Without engaging in the discussion, we may with safety say, that to confine the sculptor, in a great monumental work like the statue of Washington, to the exact imitation of the clothes and the manner in which the hair was dressed, is greatly to limit the field in which the creative skill of the artist is to be exercised and to reduce to a low point the standard of the art. It rests upon the false assumption, that the closest possible imitation of life is the object of the art of sculpture. It leaves little but the face which would not be purely mechanical imitation, and not only so, but the imitation of the most grotesque and fantastical of human inventions. The caprice of man has certainly never wandered so far into the tasteless and extravagant, as in the department of the tailor and hair-dresser. With all due respect even for these personages, as they existed and flourished in revolutionary times, we must boldly say, that there are few things more ungainly than the powder and pomatum, the ear-locks and clubbed-hair, the coat and small-clothes of a continental major-general of that period. If it were deemed desirable to perpetuate them, and if the imitation of nature were, without qualification, the principle of the art, it would be better, as they do in the wax work museums, instead of torturing the marble, to put a *bonâ fide* peruke and a cloth uniform, faithfully fashioned after the model of 1776, upon the head and shoulders of the statue.

Mr. Chantrey, who belongs to what the English consider the school of historical imitation, in the matter of costume, has given Washington a drapery destitute of the only merit such drapery can have, that of resemblance to the costume of the time. Canova gave to Washington the Roman military costume, bearing no resemblance to the modern, covering the upper part of the person, but leaving a portion of the leg bare, conforming to ancient usage in military statues, but as unlike as possible to any dress actually worn in America and Europe in modern times. Mr. Greenough has adopted a drapery which meets all the requirements of delicacy;—which is sanctioned by the authority of the greatest masters of art in ancient and modern times,

and to which the public is now reconciled and familiarized in busts, which are almost invariably made either wholly nude, or with an artistical drapery unlike any thing actually worn. This drapery in the statue of Washington gives the artist the opportunity of displaying the nervous arm, the broad shoulders, the full throat, the arching breast and swelling muscles of an heroic figure, in all their beautiful and manly proportions and symmetry. That some objections to this mode of representing Washington will be felt by those, who have not reflected much on the subject, nor traced the necessary details and consequences of any other system, we the less doubt, as we have already heard them made, and have at a former period felt them ourselves. We have, however, a confidence founded on experience, that the more the subject is weighed, the more these objections will be found to lose their force; and we are strongly inclined to the opinion, that the public taste will finally settle down in the conclusion, that Mr. Greenough has, in this respect, adopted the plan most consistent with the dignity of the work to be performed, and most likely to afford a refined pleasure, independent of the caprices of fashion, in all future time. For the period can never arrive, so long as there is any taste or fondness for the beautiful creations of art, when the skilful delineation and idealization of "the human form divine" will not be considered one of the highest efforts of imitative skill.

The other point, on which we presume Mr. Greenough's statue will be criticised, because we know it has been, regards the congruity of a sitting posture with the action *supposed* to be indicated; that is, the resignation of Washington's command at the close of the war. We emphasize the word *supposed*, inasmuch as this idea, however current and even natural on a hasty inspection of the work, is wholly groundless. That a military officer would not perform the act of resigning his command in a sitting posture, is so exceedingly obvious, that it could not have escaped an intelligent artist. Common politeness requires the performance of every such act in a standing posture. Again, in point of fact, Washington resigned not his sword but his commission. It is not to be supposed, that an artist, undertaking to record a specific event, would have wandered so far from the well known historical truth, as to substitute a sword for a roll of parchment. The object of the work is misapprehended when it is supposed to record the performance of any specific deed. It is designed to represent a character, not an action. It is Washington in the aggregate of his qualities, not Washington performing a particu-

lar exploit or discharging any particular function or duty. It is the Washington of a whole life, not of any one moment. It is expressive and suggestive, not historical and descriptive. With such a significance, a seated posture is not only appropriate, but it is preferable to a standing one. There are very few *actions*, that can be performed by a public personage sitting in a chair. Canova has selected one of the few for his Washington, but the congruity of the action with the military harness in which it is performed is questionable. But this posture is most in keeping with the repose and calmness personified in the character of Washington. The uplifted right hand pointed to heaven does not perpetuate the memory of any gesture, made by Washington on any particular occasion; but it is in this way that the voiceless marble speaks out that habitual reliance on Providence, which was so substantial an element of the character of the man. In like manner, the sword in the other hand is there, not as a weapon, but as a symbol. It indicates the military leader, but it is neither presented nor wielded. Washington is neither going to the field nor resigning his command. He holds the sword which belongs to him as the commander-in-chief of the American armies. It is not taken in hand for use, although it is so held that it can be easily turned and grasped if occasion requires. It is not offered to be resigned, although it might perhaps, without over refinement, be inferred from the peculiar manner in which it is held, that its owner is prepared and inclined to lay it down, whenever it can be done with safety to the country. This explanation of the statue it may be proper to say, is not given on the authority of Mr. Greenough. The writer of this article has never conferred with him on this point. It is the view of the matter which has spontaneously presented itself to his mind, for which the artist is in no degree responsible.

We will add but a single reflection on the subject and it is this; that there is no one, in our judgement, however vivid his previous impressions, however exalted his conceptions of the character of Washington, that will not derive new views of its harmony, dignity, and elevation from the survey of this noble work.

The length, to which these observations have been extended, compels us to defer to a future opportunity some account of the works and studies of the other American sculptors in Italy with a few reflections on the prospect of the art in the United States. We only beg leave at the present time, to add the earnest hope, that the public patronage, of which so liberal an earnest has been given, will continue to be bestowed. As a most extraordinary development of

talent, in this department, has certainly taken place in the United States, within the last generation, we trust the General Government, the government of the States, and the opulent cities, will take advantage of it, to perpetuate the memory of the illustrious names, which adorn our annals;—

and that the American sculptors abroad, who, however unquestioned their merit, can hope little from European patronage, will receive the most substantial proofs that they are not forgotten by their countrymen.

CARREGGI, near Florence, }
20th July, 1841.

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A G A T H A .

'NEATH her long lashes veiled, her gentle eyes,  
In deep and earnest thought, are downward bent,  
Filled with her soul's own light, as the moonrise  
Fills with pale gleams the ample firmament.  
Mildness and meekness make their dwelling there,  
And gentle feelings without variance;  
While human firmness hath a generous share,  
Which lifts the spirit out of change and chance.  
Not from her weakness hath her mildness grown,  
But from a deep, unsounded strength of will,  
And a strange earnestness her soul doth fill,  
Bearing the virtues of the bezoar stone,  
To sin's foul poison antidote and test;  
An inward instinct, lurking in her breast,  
Deeper than all her judgments, doth she own,  
Which, touching the marked form of specious good,  
Detects it, as the fallen Satan stood  
Before Ithuriel's heavenly spear confess'd.

Few rules hath she, for she believes, in sooth,  
That our best safeguard is unconsciousness;—  
That innocence hath a perpetual youth,  
Which weareth not away 'neath Time's rough stress;  
That all temptations which around us press,  
Shrink dazzled from the glorious shield of Truth.  
Thus unsuspecting onward doth she move,  
Without the dimmest shadow of a fear,  
Through Love's serene and golden atmosphere.  
A golden Hope shines ever on her path,  
The clear reflection of a trustful Faith,  
Which doubts not, wavers not, through joy and woe,  
An inward light, which, whether tempests blow,  
Or night come on, a flame forever hath.

Yet, though her spirit is so vast and full,  
There is no sense of pride to mar and blot;  
All souls agree that she is beautiful,  
Yet she alone doth seem to know it not.  
Herself she seemeth ever to forget,  
And as the stars shine in the unfathom'd night,  
Her virtues in an infinite Peace are set.  
An understanding open, broad and bright,  
Pierces through error at the instant sight,  
So that her judgments never run astray,  
While her mild temper, genial as the day,  
Keeps the whole world in pure Elysian light.

She hath a natural sense of poetry,  
Which weds her to the beautiful and true;  
All noble deeds and thoughts that ever grew  
Out of strong, fearless spirits, loveth she.  
Nature is something other than a fact;  
For love doth make from out each common thing  
The fragrant blossom of a thought to spring,  
Which lends a perfume to her every act.

Yet though so distant from the touch of sin,  
The humblest spirit doth she not disdain,  
But soothing with a tender care each pain,  
The erring spirit gently doth she win  
Into the path of duty back again.  
Ever her best rebuke to sin is found  
Within her piety, — a soul-sung psalm,  
Breathed in her life, all undisturbed and calm,  
That with its circle every act doth bound.  
While through the saddest phase of human life,  
And through the fret of every day's annoy,  
The living token of her being, — Joy, —  
Is borne upon the restless waves of strife,  
Her anchored spirit's ever floating buoy.

Her utmost pleasure is self-sacrifice;  
And, though within her deep and saint-like eyes  
The pensive shade of dreamy thought doth hover,  
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And hallows that which else had been too bright,  
Like some blue haze that shrouds the landscape over.

Few be there upon earth more fair and sweet,  
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Like some wild lute that lends the common breeze  
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September, 1841.



## SILENT LOVE: OR, LEAH FOR RACHEL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CAROLINE FICHLER.

[It is somewhat remarkable that, in a country where so many books are made as in Germany, and where people are so generally well educated, there are so few women of whose writings we hear anything. Madame Naubert has been spoken of as the author of various historical novels; but none of her books, to our knowledge, have reached this country, either in her own language or in a translation. In a selection from German Literature, consisting of nearly a hundred volumes of a miscellaneous kind, we find the works of but one female writer. This lady, Mrs. Caroline Fichler, was born in the year 1769, and, unless she has died quite recently, is still living. She appears, from a little notice of her life, written by herself, and prefixed to a selection from her works, to have been a highly educated woman, thoroughly acquainted with the Latin language, as well as the French, Italian and Spanish. She wrote idyls, plays, romances, tales and essays for magazines. An edition of her works was published at Vienna, in the year 1829, consisting of forty volumes. Her historical romance of Agathocles, written soon after she had read Gibbon's Roman History, and intended to show the contrast between Christianity and Paganism, is highly interesting, and has received great praise from German critics. This is a story of too great length to be transferred to the pages of the Miscellany. We give a translation of one of her small novels. It is somewhat of the old-fashioned romantic school, though a story of domestic life. But few specimens of the domestic novel have been given us by translators from the German, and they are valuable as pictures—it may be, exaggerated ones,—of society, apart from the interest taken in them as stories.]

THE wife of the President von Almstein came into the apartment of her daughters, one morning, to announce to them that they had been bidden to a splendid ball, which was to be given, the next week, by the lady of one of the foreign ambassadors. At the same time she laid upon their work-table the latest number of the *Journal des Modes*, and desired the young ladies to choose from it the pattern for their dresses.

Caroline, the youngest, sprang up, with a laughing face, threw down her work, seized upon the journal with the greatest marks of curiosity, turned over its pages, praised the engravings, and with extreme volubility told which dress-pattern she disliked, and which she preferred. The eldest daughter sat near her, in silence. "You say nothing,"

said the mother, somewhat displeased, "are you not glad at the news I bring you?"

"You know, dear mother, that I do not like these parties, and if you will give me leave—"

"You will stay at home, I suppose; is it not so? But that must not be. You must go. I am aware that you do not like to have your face seen by the side of Caroline; but on that very account you must go, and go as splendidly dressed as she does. I will not have people say that I make a difference between my children,—that I keep you back because you are not pretty."

They went. The mother thought thereby she convinced the world that the pretty Caroline was not preferred to her sister. But the world did not believe it. From her earliest childhood Henrietta had been a neglected, repressed child, and the Lady President felt relieved when, ten years before, her sister, the widow of a deceased General, had begged for the girl to supply to her the want of children of her own, and to cheer the solitude of her country residence.

Henrietta was there educated with the greatest care and tenderness. Her aunt, a most excellent woman, moulded her active mind and her feeling heart upon the most correct principles. She sought to supply the absence of outward charms by a superiority of mental acquirements. Henrietta knew very well that she was not handsome; but living in the country, the niece of a lady unusually respected, and herself valued and sought for her own good qualities, she never imagined that the want of beauty was so great a defect, and might prove a serious hindrance to her in her intercourse with the world, and become a bar to her own happiness.

Her aunt died, and the President took his daughter home. Here she learned with extreme bitterness of feeling, how great a value may be sometimes placed upon one of nature's gifts, which depends so little upon ourselves, and has no connection with our real merit. No one paid attention to her, when she was near her beautiful sister; no one spoke to her, and sickened and discouraged with this treatment, she did not display those excellencies of character, which might have sometimes attracted the notice of better men,—even those she saw in the train of the lovely charmer. She remained silent and forgotten, alone in the midst of the gay crowd; and the unkind treatment of

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## SILENT LOVE: OR, LEAH FOR RACHEL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CAROLINE PICHLER.

[It is somewhat remarkable that, in a country where so many books are made as in Germany, and where people are so generally well educated, there are so few women of whose writings we hear anything. Madame Naubert has been spoken of as the author of various historical novels; but none of her books, to our knowledge, have reached this country, either in her own language or in a translation. In a selection from German Literature, consisting of nearly a hundred volumes of a miscellaneous kind, we find the works of but one female writer. This lady, Mrs. Caroline Pichler, was born in the year 1769, and, unless she has died quite recently, is still living. She appears, from a little notice of her life, written by herself, and prefixed to a selection from her works, to have been a highly educated woman, thoroughly acquainted with the Latin language, as well as the French, Italian and Spanish. She wrote idyls, plays, romances, tales and essays for magazines. An edition of her works was published at Vienna, in the year 1829, consisting of forty volumes. Her historical romance of Agathocles, written soon after she had read Gibbon's Roman History, and intended to show the contrast between Christianity and Paganism, is highly interesting, and has received great praise from German critics. This is a story of too great length to be transferred to the pages of the Miscellany. We give a translation of one of her small novels. It is somewhat of the old-fashioned romantic school, though a story of domestic life. But few specimens of the domestic novel have been given us by translators from the German, and they are valuable as pictures—it may be, exaggerated ones,—of society, apart from the interest taken in them as stories.]

THE wife of the President von Almstein came into the apartment of her daughters, one morning, to announce to them that they had been bidden to a splendid ball, which was to be given, the next week, by the lady of one of the foreign ambassadors. At the same time she laid upon their work-table the latest number of the *Journal des Modes*, and desired the young ladies to choose from it the pattern for their dresses.

Caroline, the youngest, sprang up, with a laughing face, threw down her work, seized upon the journal with the greatest marks of curiosity, turned over its pages, praised the engravings, and with extreme volubility told which dress-pattern she disliked, and which she preferred. The eldest daughter sat near her, in silence. "You say nothing,"

said the mother, somewhat displeased, "are you not glad at the news I bring you?"

"You know, dear mother, that I do not like these parties, and if you will give me leave—"

"You will stay at home, I suppose; is it not so? But that must not be. You must go. I am aware that you do not like to have your face seen by the side of Caroline; but on that very account you must go, and go as splendidly dressed as she does. I will not have people say that I make a difference between my children,—that I keep you back because you are not pretty."

They went. The mother thought thereby she convinced the world that the pretty Caroline was not preferred to her sister. But the world did not believe it. From her earliest childhood Henrietta had been a neglected, repressed child, and the Lady President felt relieved when, ten years before, her sister, the widow of a deceased General, had begged for the girl to supply to her the want of children of her own, and to cheer the solitude of her country residence.

Henrietta was there educated with the greatest care and tenderness. Her aunt, a most excellent woman, moulded her active mind and her feeling heart upon the most correct principles. She sought to supply the absence of outward charms by a superiority of mental acquirements. Henrietta knew very well that she was not handsome; but living in the country, the niece of a lady unusually respected, and herself valued and sought for her own good qualities, she never imagined that the want of beauty was so great a defect, and might prove a serious hinderance to her in her intercourse with the world, and become a bar to her own happiness.

Her aunt died, and the President took his daughter home. Here she learned with extreme bitterness of feeling, how great a value may be sometimes placed upon one of nature's gifts, which depends so little upon ourselves, and has no connection with our real merit. No one paid attention to her, when she was near her beautiful sister; no one spoke to her, and sickened and discouraged with this treatment, she did not display those excellencies of character, which might have sometimes attracted the notice of better men,—even those she saw in the train of the lovely charmer. She remained silent and forgotten, alone in the midst of the gay crowd; and the unkind treatment of



her mother completed the measure of her sorrows, and often caused her to shed burning tears at the loss of her excellent aunt, and the pleasant days of her youth which she had spent with her.

Caroline, although she was the idol of her parents, and the object of universal attention and flattery, had kept her heart pure. She loved her sister most truly, but she was not herself happy. The will of her father, and a sort of family arrangement, had destined her to become the bride of a relative, whom she had known only as a child, and of whom she had known nothing for more than ten years, but that he was a major in the army, a very handsome man and a brave soldier. Caroline was not sufficiently refined to have any great idea of tender harmony of feeling, but she trembled at the thought of being obliged to give her hand to a man who might not prove agreeable to her. The girls wept together and comforted each other, and this sympathy made them more and more dear and necessary to each other.

The President von Almstein was the last male branch of the youngest line of his family, which, by a singular circumstance, was possessed of all the honors and wealth of the elder branch. His grandfather had, by two wives, two sons, whom he, as well as their mother, loved with an unequal degree of tenderness. The eldest, after the death of his mother, was led by domestic unhappiness and his own inclination to enter the army; there he gained for himself the love and consideration which had been denied him in his father's house; he rose by his own merits to the rank of general. But while he was still young, dangerous wounds and the many trials and vexations to which he had been subjected, had worn out his constitution, his health became impaired, and he saw nothing before him but death or sickness. He gave up all thought of domestic happiness, and the pleasure of seeing his own children rise up about him; and with this feeling, he yielded to the advice of one who pretended to be his friend, but who was really only a creature of his step-mother, and in his weariness of life promised to transfer all his property to his younger brother, that he might maintain the honors of the family.

Not long after this the father died, and the youngest son came into possession of a very large inheritance. The General retired to the only country seat which remained in his possession, and passed his life quietly in solitude. But in his rural retreat, his health was restored, life became pleasant to him; he met with a young lady whose beauty and gentleness won his heart, and who was easily persuaded to share with him his fate and his little property. His

eldest son followed the profession of his father, and his grandson, the Major for whom Caroline was destined, had already been very highly distinguished, and the President urged with great ardor this family union, which would unite the two branches of the house, and would restore to the elder line the possession of that wealth of which it had been deprived for half a century.

In vain Caroline attempted in every possible way to divert her father from this project, which seemed so dangerous to her future happiness; he was immovable, and it seemed as if he had some secret reason, and that his peace and comfort depended in some way upon this arrangement.

Several months passed away in this manner. Towards the end of autumn, the President was informed that the Major had received leave of absence, and was about to visit the city and make the acquaintance of his bride. His fame preceded him, and Caroline and the ladies of the city were assured that the Major was the handsomest, the most noble and the bravest of officers; and many were the anecdotes related of his valor and goodness. It was he who had once, almost alone, stormed a post of the enemy; who had protected from the fury of the soldiery, at the risk of his own life, a general of the opposite party, who had been wounded and taken prisoner; a burning village was indebted to him for the lives of many of its inhabitants, and the saving of their property from the flames. For some days before his arrival, these and similar incidents in his life formed the topics of conversation; and though it was known that his hand was promised, yet many of the belles of the city still ventured to form plans for the conquest of his heart.

The bride and her sister were, as may be supposed, most intimately interested in this event; and their conversation, when together, turned entirely upon him. One evening, when a numerous party was assembled at the house of Caroline's father, the door opened, and a young man in uniform, and decorated with several orders, entered the room. His fine, manly form, his noble countenance and bearing, attracted every eye toward him. With modest confidence he advanced to the President, and reached him a letter, which the latter had no sooner opened and glanced at, than he embraced the young man in the most hearty manner, and presented him to his wife and the company as his nephew, Major von Almstein.

Caroline blushed deeply. And this was then the man to whom she was to be irrevocably united. His appearance was certainly not unfavorable, and she took a stolen glance at the universal admiration which he excited; while her mother looked round

triumphantly, as if saying, This Phoenix, of whom fame has told such wonders, and whose appearance speaks still more loudly in his favor, is our own, is the property of the astonished Caroline.

Henrietta's eyes had also fallen upon him, and a trembling sensation filled her whole being. This answered her ideal of a perfect man; such a form had often passed before her in her dreams. She grew pale, for this man was betrothed to her sister; and while every one else passed joyfully about him, she drew back sorrowfully into the deepest recesses of her own heart. He had scarcely noticed her. In the solitude of her chamber her glance fell upon the mirror, and her eyes filled with tears. She resolved to avoid this dangerous person as much as possible, that the arrow might not enter her heart more deeply.

The Major was soon domesticated in the house of his relations, and every thing seemed to be going on in the desired course. Caroline's person had at first charmed him; her natural goodness retained his admiration. He was aware that her intellect was not very highly cultivated, but he thought she was so young that these deficiencies could be made up, when she should be his wife. He saw in her a great deal of frivolity and inclination for dress and amusement, but he flattered himself that when she came to know him well, and had become truly attached to him, she would find in this attachment and domestic pleasure the satisfaction she now sought in more trifling pursuits. So that this family union, to which his feelings were at first opposed, and to which he had looked forward with some apprehension, ceased to alarm him, and he became accustomed to the idea of thinking of Caroline as the future companion of his life. He felt no passion for her; she was not indispensable to his happiness, but he was really fond of her, and hoped with these feelings that his marriage with her would prove a happy one.

The conduct of his future sister-in-law appeared singular to him. He could not help perceiving, from the short conversations into which she was sometimes thrown with him, that she had far more understanding and cultivation, and much more character than her sister. What Caroline told him of the excellence of her heart, confirmed the opinion he had formed of her, and he was very desirous to become more intimately acquainted with her; but it was impossible for him to do so, since she studiously avoided him, and did every thing in her power to prevent any intercourse with him, particularly with him alone.

Her parents observed this conduct, and spoke to Henrietta upon the subject. She excused herself under different pretences;

but she made no alteration in her behaviour, and they came at last to the conclusion that she had a secret dislike to the Major, or perhaps to this family union, by which the largest share of the property was to be settled upon Caroline, and only a very moderate portion was to be bestowed upon Henrietta.

These suspicions grieved Henrietta, but she did nothing to remove them. She would have suffered every thing, even death, rather than betray her unhappy passion for a man who was destined for her sister, and with whom her sister was so well pleased. Even the Major began at last to think that she had a secret aversion to him; and many misunderstandings, which are unavoidable under such circumstances, and many hints from her weak mother, confirmed him in this idea.

The Major's leave of absence expired; it was hoped that the next campaign would be the last, and the marriage was to take place as soon as peace was proclaimed. He took leave of his bride without very deep sorrow, but with real regret, — received the blessing of her parents, and a silent, trembling farewell from Henrietta, and set out on his journey.

For the few first days after his departure, Caroline missed her agreeable companion. She then busied herself with preparations for her marriage and housekeeping. Henrietta was as usual silent; but the house, the world was to her empty and dead. With trembling she listened to all the intelligence of the war; the papers and maps were her constant study. She changed color when letters from the Major arrived; and was visibly affected when a longer time than usual elapsed without any being received. Her parents, who had never understood her, comprehended her feelings now less than ever; they called her singular, ridiculous, and finally becoming accustomed to these peculiarities, ceased to notice them, and this was all she desired.

Towards spring Caroline was taken ill; her disease became very violent. Henrietta never left her bedside, and braved all the dangers of infection with which the physicians threatened her. On the fifth day, the blooming, happy Caroline was a corpse. Henrietta's grief was extreme, yet it was in her arms alone that her smitten father received any consolation. The despairing mother, whose heart had been broken by the death of her favorite daughter, fell sick. The Major was informed of the unhappy event; his letter in reply was expressive of deep feeling; but there was no trace of that utter desolation of heart which a young man might be expected to feel at the death of a beloved bride.

When the first shock was over, the Presi-

dent spoke of the plan, which he had not abandoned, of uniting the two remaining branches of his family by a marriage.

"We have yet one daughter," said he, at last; "Henrietta shall take the place of Caroline, then all the property will remain together, and return again to the old stock."

This was said in the hearing of Henrietta. A feverish glow ran through her frame; rapture and anguish, hope and grief took possession alternately of her soul. "Alas," said her mother, "what an exchange! Leah for Rachel!"

This pierced the heart of Henrietta: "Leah for Rachel!" She faltered, she sunk upon a chair. Not the heartless speech of her mother, but the conviction that she, with her unlovely person could never be the wife of the most handsome and most amiable of men, without drawing upon herself the jests and mockeries of the whole world, and seeing her husband soon languishing at her side in disgust and repentance; this image, at that moment, stood with a clear but deadly minuteness before her mind. She inwardly resolved never to compel him to make the dreadful sacrifice, which family considerations could alone urge upon him, and to go to the utmost extremes to avoid it.

All her protestations were however fruitless. Letters were written to the Major; he politely waived the subject, — it was impossible for him, so soon after the loss of his bride, to think of another marriage; he desired delay and time for reflection. This was enough for Henrietta; she was more certain now, of what she knew well before, and her first resolution became irrevocable.

In a few weeks her mother died of grief for the loss of her daughter, and Henrietta easily persuaded her father to go to one of his country residences, which he would never have left, except in compliance with the wishes of his wife, who preferred to live in the city. Here she devoted herself most enthusiastically to the care and amusement of the only loved being who remained to her; and the President, who, during his marriage, and in his intercourse with the great world, had never enjoyed such devoted love and attention, lived again in her arms, and was not discontented that the Major still delayed his resolution, and left him his daughter, who had now become so dear to him. But Henrietta had still more trials to endure. Late in the autumn, the President, who was passionately fond of hunting, was thrown from his horse, while engaged in his favorite amusement, and brought back to the castle in a dying state. He had lost the power of speech. Henrietta was in despair, when she saw the signs he made, and the agonizing looks which he directed toward his writing-desk, and that after a

hundred attempts she could not divine what he wished to say to her. He died, some hours after, in her arms, and left her in possession of very great wealth.

Left alone and solitary in the wide world, for a while she was dead to every pleasure; at last time wrought its silent influence in her, and she again became capable of thinking of something beside her sorrow and the quick succeeding losses of those dear to her. Her first thought was, to break off her proposed union with the Major, and give him back his entire freedom. It had appeared always to be the most earnest wish of her father to restore the possessions of the family to the elder branch of it. This should now be done, though not in the manner he had intended. She wrote to the Major. — She did not conceal from him that she knew how little inclination he had toward her. She painted to him how strong the mutual attachment must be to make the married life happy; and she besought him, therefore, to spare him and herself all farther constraint, and give up a plan which could make neither of them happy. Finally, she besought him to permit her, now that she was so entirely an orphan, and was all alone in the world, instead of this relation which was destroyed, to form with him another. She begged him to regard her as a sister, and the wealth of her father as a common inheritance, upon which he had as good a claim as herself. At the close, she offered him the half of her possessions with such lovely earnestness, such a hearty pleasure, that one must have been in an unreasonable state of mind, as the Major was, in fact, at reading the first part of the letter, to have seen nothing in these expressions but a pressing desire to break off the engagement with him at any loss.

In this unfavorable state of mind, he immediately answered her letter. He gave her her entire freedom, relinquished all claim upon her hand, restored to her all her father's letters, which he had received on the subject of their engagement, and declined, with great bitterness, her proposal to divide her fortune with him. Misunderstanding, as he did, her motives, he could not but feel angry. He could bear witness that he was not selfish; he thought his conduct might have awakened in every one, even in Henrietta, the confidence that he was incapable of marrying a lady who could not willingly give him her hand. And why all this circumstance? why make such a sacrifice? Was he then so insupportable, or thought so meanly of, that one would give up half their fortune to be freed from him?

The letter pained Henrietta, who had meant so kindly; but she was charmed at the noble pride which spoke in every line,

and she felt with sorrow how excellent was the man whom she had refused, and from whom she was separated, as she thought, by an insurmountable obstacle. "Leah for Rachel"—this sounded in her ears when she, for a moment, allowed a gleam of hope, a flattering possibility, and her resolution gained new strength.

When the first excitement of the Major had passed away, he read Henrietta's letter again. He first observed, what in his displeasure he had not before remarked, the external beauty of the letter, the fair, clear hand-writing. Then he pondered the sentiments. These appeared to him at least not common, and certainly not mean. He placed himself in her position, and he found something tender and beautiful in her management of the affair, and something kind and hearty in her tone to him; and he began to think highly of the lady who so strenuously refused to become his wife.

Thus passed a whole year after the death of her father. The Major was, in the meantime, promoted to the rank of Colonel, and Henrietta only heard from him accidentally. In some alteration which became necessary in the internal arrangement of the castle, the furniture in her father's apartment, which she until now, out of reverence to his memory, left undisturbed, was removed. His writing-desk was brought into her apartment, and she appropriated it to her own use.

The sight of this desk brought back with grief to her mind the last moments of her father, and her vain attempts to understand his signs. She had, at that time, carefully examined every part of it, but had found nothing. But now in moving it from one part of the castle to the other, a hidden compartment in the back part of it became visible, which she had never before seen. With a secret shudder she opened it, and found some old papers in an envelope in her father's hand-writing. She read. How great was her astonishment, her terror, when she learned from these papers that her family were unlawfully possessed of their estates; that a later will of her great-grandfather had come to hand, which revoked the unrighteous disposition of his property which he had formerly made, and reinstated his eldest son in his rights. Her father had found the will among the secret papers of his grandfather, who apparently had not acquainted his wife nor his younger son with the existence of it, or they would have urged him to destroy it. Brought up in wealth and luxury, and accustomed to the enjoyments of it, the President had not strength of mind enough, by an open acknowledgement, to give up every thing; but his conscience had always been uneasy, and he sought, by uniting the families in mar-

riage, to remove all the difficulties of his position.

Henrietta now understood the last signs of her father, and a thousand thoughts and feelings rushed tumultuously into her mind. For a time she sat confounded, the important paper in her hand. But in a mind like hers, there was no doubt as to what was to be done. She sprung up,—her resolution was taken. Without making known the matter to any one, even to her guardian, she made immediate preparations for a journey to the city where the Countess Dehnitz, the sister of Colonel Almstein, was passing the winter. She went immediately to her, desired her to call her husband, because she had an important family secret to reveal to her. The Count came, and Henrietta drew forth her papers, gave them to him, and desired him to write to his brother-in-law, and request him make the necessary preparations for taking possession of the property, which she was ready to give up to him immediately.

The Count and Countess looked at Henrietta with astonishment. They knew not which most to admire, the greatness of the sacrifice, or the quietness and pleasure with which it was made. At last the Countess embraced her, and said,

"And do you not remember, noble girl, that you will now be in poverty, while you are yielding every thing to my brother? Write to him, ask what you will; I know my Adolphus,—he will joyfully share with you what it still remains in your power to retain entirely in your own hands."

Henrietta's heart rose; noble pride, joy, at being able to make the fortune of him she loved, and tenderness, created within her the most lively emotion. She sank into the arms of the Countess, and said, with tears, "I shall be entirely happy, if your brother receives and holds what belongs to him in the eyes of God and every righteous judge. The property which I inherit from my aunt, is sufficient for all my wants; I need nothing more." Again the Countess and her husband besought her to consider the matter calmly. She continued firm in her refusal, and begged them not to delay to acquaint their brother with the affair.

The Count wrote immediately. The Countess would not allow Henrietta to leave her. She looked upon her as a guardian angel, a superior being, who had come to bring blessings on her family. Henrietta began to find her reward in the love of her relations; still more the resemblance of Almstein to his sister, attracted her to her. Sophia, the Countess, had her brother's complexion and features, and her voice recalled to her his tones. Henrietta felt herself, as it were, drawn to her by a charm; she

willingly remained with her, and several days glided away pleasantly.

The Colonel, meantime, received the letter of his brother-in-law. Henrietta's generosity filled him with astonishment. Not merely that she gave up property that she had not the perfect right to keep possession of;—this did not surprise him; he felt that he should have done the same, that he could not have done otherwise;—but the manner in which it was done, her entirely disinterested, noble conduct, the entire forgetfulness of self, that beautiful confidence in her friends, moved and charmed him. He recalled his broken engagements, and it seemed to him that his life would have passed more pleasantly by the side of Henrietta than of Caroline. He referred again to her first letter, in which she desired that their engagement should be broken off. He found his impressions in reading it very different from those of a year before. He wished to become more acquainted with Henrietta. His heart was free, and the idea arose in his mind that this union might perhaps even now be brought about, and the noble, delicate-minded girl might remain in possession of her fortune.

He wrote to her. His letter was marked by the most tender regard and the most friendly interest in her. He would not hear of an unconditional surrender of the property. He begged her to divide it with him, or to receive the whole, in compliance with the former wishes of her father, with his hand.

Henrietta trembled; her feelings for Adolphus were awakened again in all their strength. She stood, she doubted; a delightful future glanced before her soul; but her eye fell upon her mirror: "Leah for Rachel!" sounded in her ears. She compared her form with his own godlike figure; she thought of the world's opinion; she considered it could not be inclination, but only generosity had moved him to make her this proposal; and she gained the victory over her deeply roused affections, and refused him with firmness. Not to appear unkind, and unmindful of his generosity, she reserved for herself the little country seat of Rohrbach for her own. This had an inexpressible value to her, from being a romantic spot, and situated very near to Festenberg, where Almstein's sister,—to whom she had become so much attached,—passed most of the year, where she often would be able to hear from him, and where she felt herself nearer to him.

Notwithstanding the gentleness and tenderness with which Henrietta clothed her refusal, Almstein, who truly had a regard for her, felt himself aggrieved by it. He thought he discovered in it a fixed disinclination, a dislike to him, which he imagined

he had formerly perceived in her, when he saw her in her father's house. He could not, when he reflected on his own character and the nature of his conduct towards her, at that time account for this in any other way than from some prejudice against him, or some natural antipathy towards him. Either of these ideas could not but be unpleasant to him; and the dispositions which he henceforth maintained towards this singular girl, were not of the most friendly kind. He considered it, however, a sacred duty to make such provision for her future life, that she should never have reason to repent the step she had taken for him.

He, therefore, sent a letter to his sister, containing a paper, drawn up in legal form, by which he surrendered to her Rohrbach, and all its appurtenances, and at the same time a blank order upon his banker, with the earnest prayer that Henrietta would make the most unreserved use of it. Respecting the division of the remainder of the property, he would defer doing any thing until his return, which he should hasten as much as possible, when they could converse upon the subject.

Henrietta felt the coldness of which Almstein's letter was expressive, and explained it according to her own views. She received with gratitude the deed conveying Rohrbach to her; she tore in pieces, before Sophia's eyes, the *Carte-blanc*he, excepting Almstein's signature at the bottom, which she placed in her bosom,—a memorial, as she said, of his generosity. Sophia looked at her earnestly and penetratingly. Thoughts arose within her, which had before flitted through her brain. They now took a more clear and distinct form; but she was silent, that no hasty speech should shock the deeply hidden feelings of Henrietta.

When Henrietta was alone, she decided that it was well she had not accepted the proposal of Almstein,—which she continued to feel would have only been a dreadful sacrifice. "He does not love me! How could he? He does not know me," said she, bitterly. "There is nothing about me to charm any man; and if I have attractions, they are only for those who take the trouble to know me intimately, and that Almstein will never do."

She remained a short time longer with Sophia, and then returned to her solitary castle, in order to surrender it, with the rest of her property, to her cousin's man of business. To her great astonishment, she learned from him that he had received orders to take possession of nothing, except on the condition that she had no desire for it. A delightful feeling of gratitude and emotion moved her heart; she declared, however, that she had no requests to make respecting any thing,—directed her guardi-

an, who was not altogether pleased at her hasty generosity, as he called it, to draw up a paper to that effect. She then gave up every thing; and after a few days, accompanied by her companion, — the worthy widow of a deceased officer, — she retired to Rohrbach.

It was an agreeable surprise to her, on leaving her carriage, to find Count Dehnitz and his wife there to receive her, and welcome her as neighbors, in the most friendly manner, to her new estate. The whole house had been fitted up, as far as the short time would permit, by Almstein's order, with every convenience and elegance. A well assorted library, an apartment filled with well selected engravings, excellent musical instruments, a greenhouse furnished with rare and beautiful plants, — in short every thing that a cultivated mind could desire in solitude, was provided with the greatest taste and delicacy.

The Countess conducted Henrietta over the house. She followed her with a beating heart and visible emotion. "Tell your brother," said she, at last, "how pleased you have seen me, — how much his present and his kind attentions have delighted me; and beseech him to receive my unutterable thanks as the reward of his goodness."

The third day the Count and Countess returned to the city, intending to come back soon to Festenberg, and pass some time in the enjoyment of Henrietta's society. The days passed agreeably to her while she was learning to become accustomed to her house, her furniture, her grounds; and her thoughts could not but revert to the kind donor of them. Reflecting upon him was the dearest employment of her solitude. But her head, her active mind, found soon more important occupation in plans and preparations for the improvement in the situation of those who were dependent upon her. Thus passed the remainder of winter; and with the spring came her dear neighbors to Festenberg. Now she had companions, and those so good, so pleasant. She was almost every day at Festenberg, or the Count and Countess were with her; and Almstein's letters from the army made important epochs in the quiet family circle of which all the members took so deep an interest in him.

His last letter contained his feelings on the eve of a great battle, which was to take place the next day. He was very earnest, and withal sad; it seemed as if dark imaginations filled his mind. With anxious expectation his next letter looked for at Festenberg, still more at Rohrbach. It did not come. The public papers announced a battle won; among those who had greatly distinguished themselves, and who were severely wounded, they found his name. For two long days were they kept without

farther intelligence; deep grief and anxiety filled the heart of Sophia; Henrietta's soul was oppressed by a nameless anguish. On the third day came a letter from Almstein's valet: The Colonel had turned the fate of the battle, which was almost lost, by his intrepidity, and the good order of his regiment. Placing himself at the head of his cuirassiers, he had thrown himself upon the advancing enemy, broken through the thick mass, and spread confusion and consternation among them. The courage of his own party was animated by his example; the flying stood still, — the scattered collected themselves together. In the confusion, he received a blow from a sabre on his head; yet thoughtless of his own danger, he again advanced, when a second stroke threw him backwards from his horse, and the whole front of his squadron, ignorant of what had befallen him, sprang over him. He was drawn out from among the dead, after the battle, apparently lifeless. At the period of writing this letter, — which was eight days after the battle, — he was still living, but very small hopes were entertained of his recovery.

Bitter tears were shed at Festenberg, and at Rohrbach, at his misfortune, and at the threatening of his loss. Now Henrietta felt, for the first time, how unspeakably dear Adolphus was to her. The depth of her sorrow affected her health; she became seriously ill, and Sophia's heart was divided between her anxiety for her beloved brother and her dear friend. But she was too much a woman not to be convinced by what she saw, that her former suspicions were well-founded, and that Henrietta loved her brother. Her decided disinclination to a union with him was altogether unaccountable; and she observed so strict a silence respecting her feelings, and made such great efforts to hide the cause of her illness from Sophia, that delicacy restrained the latter from attempting to withdraw this veil of mystery which Henrietta so carefully drew around her heart.

Two weeks passed away in unspeakable anguish and sorrow. A second letter at last arrived, in which the valet informed the Countess that hopes were entertained of Almstein's life being spared; but the result was still uncertain, so deep and dangerous were his wounds. His master hardly seemed to desire life under such circumstances; he was very much depressed in spirits.

This letter produced mingled feelings in his friends. It increased the love of Henrietta toward him. In the quiet days she had been lately passing, his form had often passed before her mind in all its splendor of beauty, — glorious, charming. Now it was ever present to her; but she saw him pale, sick and sad; and even thus was her heart

more drawn toward him. Now she repented that she had not accepted his proposal; now it would have been possible to have reached what would have been the most desirable end of her life, to have devoted herself altogether to him, — to have gladdened his weary lot, and have taken many a burden from his tired spirit. His beauty was now no longer an obstacle; the conquering charm of that was destroyed; she was now equal to him in point of personal appearance, and his happiness might be her work.

She carefully concealed these feelings under an appearance of friendly interest in him; but Sophia had looked through her heart, and without giving the least external indication of it, she silently formed a plan, founded upon Henrietta's love and her brother's disposition, — with which she was intimately acquainted, — which she hoped would make the happiness of the whole family.

At the end of two months came a letter from Almstein himself. He was able to leave his bed, and could employ himself at times in reading and writing. His wounds were healed, but the consequences of them, he wrote, would embitter his whole life. The future was dark and sad before him; and if he did not fear to put an insupportable burden upon his sister and her whole family, it would be the only imaginable alleviation to his sufferings to come to her, the approaching autumn, and in the arms of such dear relatives pass the remainder of his days.

The letter bore such evident marks of sadness of heart, that Sophia and her husband were greatly afflicted, and Henrietta with difficulty concealed her tears. The Countess immediately wrote to him; she begged him, in the most affectionate manner, to hasten to them as soon as possible; assured him it should be the most sacred effort of herself and her husband to make his life pass pleasantly; and that she had still smiling, pleasing hopes for his future happiness.

He was coming; Henrietta would see him again, — would live near him. Varied feelings rushed through her excited spirit at this prospect: desire and joy, fear and anxiety. Autumn approached, and after several other letters came one at last from Almstein, announcing that he expected to reach them the next day. His spirits seemed to have risen from the sorrow and depression into which his bodily sufferings had plunged him; he was less sad, and his health seemed to be improving.

Almstein knew that Henrietta lived in the neighborhood of his sister, — that she was almost ever with his friends, though Sophia in her letters had purposely avoided saying much about her. It was a slight

drawback upon the pleasure which he promised himself there, that he in future should be forced to see so much of a person of whose decided aversion to him he had had such undeniable proofs. Meantime he hoped that a constant intercourse, free from any restraint, might perhaps be the means of wearing off this unpleasant feeling in one to whom he had been formerly betrothed.

With these feelings he began his journey. The distance was considerable; his weakness prevented him from travelling far in a day, and it was the eighth day of his ride, on a fine Sunday morning, when he reached the neighborhood of his future residence. As he saw at a distance the roofs of Festenberg, a feeling of pleasure entered his soul. The storms and the wild life of a soldier had not chilled his heart; he had still a soul for the joys of domestic life; and if he seemed unhappily to be prevented from tasting its joys, in his own person, and in all their fullness, yet he could not but share in the contentment of his sister and his brother-in-law, in whom he felt the deepest interest. Now he discerned at a little distance the towers of Rohrbach; soon he saw the neat, white little chateau, shaded by trees; there dwelt the singular girl who would once have given half her fortune to be freed from her engagement to him. He sunk into some reflections as to how she would receive him, how she would conduct toward him; and he sketched with pleasure some little plans of how he would try to repay her generous sacrifice, and make her share in the wealth which she had so nobly given up to him.

Meantime he had reached the avenue of firs which led to Festenberg. His carriage had been seen from the castle; Sophia, her husband, the children, all hastened to meet him, — all welcomed him with delight. He descended with a swelling heart from the carriage, sunk into the extended arms of his loved friends, and pressed them all with moistened eyes to his heart. The feeling of home, the happiness of being loved, entered his generous soul, and created there the purest joy. His sister found him greatly changed, but not so much as he had described himself in his letters. Two large scars on his forehead and his cheek disfigured the beauty of his face; his blooming complexion was faded, but there were still his large, animated eyes, — the noble form of his features; he had still his proud height, his noble bearing, except that a wound in his foot made walking painful to him.

Sophia's plan was formed in a moment. No one in the castle should mention a word of the arrival of the Colonel to the lady of Rohrbach, if they saw her at church. She expected Henrietta as usual to dine on Sunday, with some other friends in the

neighborhood. She made the necessary agreement with her husband, and gave the Colonel his instructions. She wished him to read the soul of Henrietta; she wished him to learn there that he at least was not hated. Henrietta's carriage drove up the avenue,—she entered,—Sophia and a part of the company went to meet her, and surrounded her in such a manner that she did not perceive Almstein, of whose arrival she had had no notice. Suddenly he drew near her from the side, and addressed her. "Adolphus!" cried she, astonished and trembling, while she pressed her hand to her heart. She had heard his voice again. She turned quickly about; he stood before her. Trembling, speechless, she reached out her hand to him; she could not utter a word, but in her trembling eyes and the tears that filled them, shone the present pleasure, the surprise of inward love. She held his hand fast and long.

"We have met again," sighed she, from the fullness of her heart, while she looked at him with unconcealed tenderness. Almstein was surprised. He had so little expected such a reception, he could not himself find words at first to address her. At last he asked her whether she should have known him if he had not first spoken, if she had not met him at his sister's.

"Oh, in a moment," cried Henrietta, "among a thousand, any where."

"I am greatly changed," continued he.

"You have suffered so much," replied Henrietta, with a sad tone, "we despaired of you for three weeks.—Oh, those were sorrowful times."

She made an effort to restrain herself; she felt that her tears must fall. Sophia now approached; she had seen enough, and wished to end this too exciting conversation. The company were seated, the conversation became general, and Henrietta regained her usual manner.

When dinner was announced, Dehnitz offered his brother, who still walked with difficulty, his arm. Henrietta saw it, and envied the Count, who could render Adolphus this little service. At table the conversation became excited and gay; but there were two persons who could not share the gaiety: Almstein, to whom his own feelings and Henrietta's conduct gave occasion for many earnest thoughts, and Henrietta, who, from holy emotion and joy, was incapable of any outward expression of feeling. After dinner the strangers went away; no one remained but the parish minister. It was a cool autumnal evening, and the Count proposed they should pass the evening in Sophia's cabinet. Here they assembled around a cheerful fire; in the quiet family circle the heart of Almstein opened, he became more social and communicative. The

conversation turned upon the war, and the decisive battle which had almost cost him his life. He recounted the adventures of it; his vivacity carried him away; he painted with warmth and fearful minuteness his feelings when the sabre struck his head, and he could no longer keep his seat upon his horse.—How, lying on the ground, with entire consciousness, he perceived the advancing horses of his squadron approaching him. Henrietta listened for a time with intense interest; at last her feelings overpowered her; she felt herself almost fainting; she got up, intending to leave the room, but she faltered; Almstein saw her, and rose quickly to support her.

"Dear lady, what is the matter?" said he, greatly alarmed. Sophia sprang up, they led her into the next room; Almstein supported her, Sophia applied to her the usual restoratives; with the greatest tenderness they questioned her of her illness. Henrietta drew a deep breath.—He was alive, he held her in his arms, he seemed to care so tenderly for her! She felt her strength returning, and attributed her faintness to the heat of the stove, to which she was not accustomed. She sat down and begged them to return to the company; she would follow them immediately. Almstein would not leave her, until she had quite recovered. She pressed him to do so, and he went back with Sophia. Henrietta needed a quiet quarter of an hour to recover herself from the various shocks of the day. The hearty interest Adolphus had shown in her, his open conduct, had done her infinite good. She was far from venturing to imagine or hope that there was the smallest shadow of regard for her displayed in it; but she was contented to banish every misunderstanding, and to think that their hearts were in a perfectly tranquil position with regard to each other.

She was mistaken: the heart of Almstein was not in repose. The manner in which she had received him, her whole conduct this day had been in direct contradiction to his idea of her dislike to him. This contradiction occupied his thoughts; and this girl, who had so proudly refused him, whose personal appearance had nothing attractive in it, began to awaken in him a lively interest. Henrietta returned to the company; she was cheerful, and took an unaffected part in the conversation. Almstein alone was silent and reserved. When her carriage was announced, he besought her permission to visit her, which she joyfully gave him.

He went the next morning, and was received as a dear friend. She carried him about her little estate; she showed him all its advantages and conveniences, and told him how happy she felt to be able to tell



him her feelings,—he to whose attention and kindness she was indebted for all these enjoyments. Almstein was confused at the singularity of their position. When he returned to the house, and Henrietta began some indifferent conversation, he interrupted her:

"No, my dear lady, we cannot remain in this position. I have long been awaiting an occasion to talk to you of the relation in which we stand to each other; and if the unfortunate accident, which disturbed the plans of my life, had not interfered, I had long since taken occasion to end the difficulty." He told that he had concluded, now that his illness and his melancholy had cut him off from all hope of domestic happiness, to divide his property into two equal parts; to secure one part to his nephews by will, and to give the other to her. Henrietta's eyes filled with tears at this speech; it was not emotion at his offer, it was sorrow at his situation,—at his dark views of life.

"You must not do so," said she, with animation, taking his hand; "you must not so hastily give up the best joys of life. You will marry, you will find some lady—"

"Oh, I do not doubt it," replied Almstein; "ladies who would be wives, and soon widows and heiresses,—of these there are enough. But if I should commit the folly of marrying, my wife must devote herself entirely to me, after my own manner of living; she must give up the world and its pleasures, to sit at home with a sick, perhaps grumbling, husband; and in this solitude be to me a social, affectionate companion. Where shall I find a lady with giant resolution enough to be capable of doing this, who would be willing to do it? You see it is impossible. Those whom I could find, would not make me happy; and those who would make me happy, would seek a better match."

Henrietta was silent. Her mind was too much excited; the hopes of the past rose before her; she sighed, but did not answer.

Yet again Almstein made the same proposal respecting his fortune, but she as earnestly declined his offer. Only her mother's jewels, which he had brought with him, she gracefully accepted, that she might not give him too much pain, and assured him in such a hearty, sincere tone, that she would apply to him if she had need of any thing, that he could not mistake her views. He left her half-contented, half-displeased with her, but with a strong resolution to become more intimately acquainted with the noble girl.

This he had opportunity to do. Henrietta came, as she had been accustomed, and even oftener than formerly, to Festenberg, or received the family of the Count, at Rohrbach. Almstein saw her almost daily, and was daily more convinced of the beauty of her

character. Her information furnished her with inexhaustible materials for conversation; her talents,—she played and sang with more than common skill,—were appreciated by him; but more than all these advantages which great cultivation gave her, he was attracted by her tender attention to himself. In a walk, she followed slowly, hanging on his arm, the more active persons of the party. If the rest ascended a height where it was painful for Almstein to follow them, she remained so cheerfully, so kindly with him, that it seemed as if it could have been no sacrifice to her to do so. If the pain from his wounds returned, or his depressed feelings came upon him, Sophia sent immediately to Rohrbach. Henrietta came; she kept him company,—she read to him, if he was able to listen,—she joked, she told stories, histories, talked nonsense, to amuse him; and if every thing else failed, she would go to the piano, and, like David, charm away the evil spirit from her friend with her music.

Unperceived and slowly their souls melted into each other. Almstein became so accustomed to the society of Henrietta, that he seemed to need something, to become disturbed and uneasy, if there was a day when she did not come to Festenberg. Generally in this case he ordered his horses, and went over to her. He no longer observed that she was not beautiful; her soul-speaking eye, her delicate figure, often seemed to him charming. Sophia saw this tender feeling growing in the heart of her beloved brother, and she internally rejoiced at it. His situation made it now doubly desirable that he should be united to a sensible woman, who would restore him to cheerfulness and the enjoyment of life; but she carefully avoided meddling in such a delicate affair; she left their hearts to open to each other, only keeping watch that no foreign interference should disturb them, and she left the result to love and time.

Henrietta observed with extreme pleasure how much Adolphus sought her society, how important she had become to him, and foresaw that she might become still more so. The thought of sharing his lot, and by sharing, alleviating it,—of devoting to him her whole life, of living only for him, and of being able to consider all his joys, all his cheerfulness, as her own work,—filled her with heavenly joy. But the more she loved, the more anxiety she felt. "He prefers me to all his friends," would she often say to herself; "he talks only with me, and shows me openly attentions, regards, which almost border on love,—but they only border on it. He does not yet love me; he is depressed by suffering; he is solitary, in a small circle of friends. How will it be when he returns to the city,—when his wealth, his personal

character, his still fine figure, will attract towards him the looks and designs of ladies; if he sees persons on all sides paying court to him, trying to please him, — what then? He must stand this trial; his inclination for me must conquer this storm, before I shall believe that it is love, — before I can hope to become everything to him I can wish; then will our mutual happiness be secured."

So thought Henrietta. Almstein, convinced that he should never marry, thought of nothing but the present moment; and so, without minutely examining his feelings, he was not aware of all their strength. Meantime the autumn passed away, and the approaching winter invited Dehnitz and his wife back into the city. The affairs of Almstein also required his presence there. Sophia attempted to persuade Henrietta to accompany them. Almstein urged it warmly, vehemently; but she remained firm in her refusal. Her heart was bleeding at the thought of living in solitude, without him who had already become so necessary to her happiness. But she resolved to conquer her feelings; she thought of the trial to which his love must be submitted, and found in her love of solitude, in her occupations, a tolerably plausible excuse. Almstein, vexed and disappointed, at last ceased entirely from urging her farther; and Henrietta remarked, not without dissatisfaction, that from that time he became more cold and reserved to her.

It grieved him that she had resisted his entreaties. He was now convinced that she did not care for him very much, if she so easily relinquished his society, and found in solitude a compensation for his friendship. He recollected her former refusals, and if he no longer attributed to her a dislike to him, he yet felt she was incapable of feeling a deep, inward regard.

The day was fixed for the family journey. Henrietta spent half the night in weeping, and came the next morning so disturbed to Festenberg, to breakfast with her friends for the last time, that every one whose judgment was not prejudiced like that of Almstein, must have seen the reason of the alteration in her appearance. He was too much vexed, and felt himself too much troubled at the approaching separation, not to see every thing in a wrong light. The carriage was packed, the servants announced that all was ready. Henrietta began to tremble. They moved toward the carriage; on the stairs Almstein offered Henrietta his hand. He spoke not; but she saw he was deeply moved. Her tears fell, she could restrain herself no longer:

"Oh, Adolphus," said she, with a deep sigh, "when shall we meet again?"

He stepped back and looked earnestly at

her. "Do you wish to see me soon again?" asked he, half-bitterly, half-tenderly.

Henrietta raised their folded hands; "my God!" cried she, and her tears fell without restraint. Her tone pierced his heart; it was the tone of deep love, of real grief. Moved, charmed, he threw his arm around her and pressed her to his heart. "I shall come soon, very soon, dear friend, — sooner, perhaps, than you imagine."

"Oh, Adolphus!" said she, weeping and leaning her head upon him, "my days will be very, very solitary."

He pressed a kiss upon her forehead. She blushed and trembled. "My dear, my beloved Henrietta, I shall come back very soon; I cannot live without you."

At that moment the Count called him; he had been for some time seated in the carriage. Almstein tore himself from Henrietta, joined the party, and the carriage rolled through the castle gate and over the bridge.

Henrietta stood for a while as if stunned, sunk in sorrow, joy, and unspeakable love. Then she ascended the stairs, entered the solitary apartment, seated herself where Adolphus had been, and wept herself weary. At last she got up, visited again all the places where she had so often conversed with him, — had read, had sung to him, — took leave of these joys, and went through the thick December fog to her solitary castle.

Now a thought lightened her dark solitude, — the hope, the almost certainty, that Adolphus felt more than friendship, that he actually felt love for her. But the more delightful this conviction was to her, the more anxiously she thought of the attractions of the city. Nothing but his letters, in which he spoke with such warmth of the happiness he had been enjoying, and with such anxiety to see her again, stilled her fears and made solitude supportable to her.

What she had foreseen came to pass: Almstein had no sooner appeared in the circles to which his business and his former acquaintances drew him, than on all hands plans were laid to attract him; the most lovely ladies met him everywhere. He conversed with some of them; he found here and there dazzling charms, splendid talents, kind dispositions; but nowhere, nowhere such a lovely union of all good qualities, — that constant cheerfulness, that mild good humor, so much knowledge and cultivation, such fine feelings, — as in Henrietta. Every day he returned home with the conviction that no woman on earth was so well suited to him, could make him so happy as she could; but the more animated was that conviction, the more melancholy did Almstein become. Sophia remarked it; she questioned him affectionately, and

he at last explained his feelings for Henrietta. He told her that if she could now be persuaded to accept his hand, he saw before him a future more happy than he had imagined in the bloom of his health. Sophia was most heartily delighted; her pleasure spoke out of her sparkling eyes, and in the heightened color of her cheek. Almstein thought this joy was premature, but Sophia assured him that she was certain of Henrietta's consent. She urged him to be of good courage, and begged him to write to her. At first he resolved to do so; then he concluded to go to see her, and learn his fate from her own mouth. The plan had too much interest for him to be delayed, and he set out on his journey the next day.

Four weeks had passed away since Henrietta, in entire solitude, had been living in the recollection of her past happiness, and with indefinite hopes for the future. One dark evening, when no star was visible, and dark mists spread over the leafless woods and descended into the little valley through which the road to Festenberg wound, Henrietta sat at the window of her apartment, and looked sadly and earnestly out upon the winter night. She saw lights moving at a distance; they appeared to be in the road leading through the valley. At first she thought they were carried by the villagers, who were on their way home. Then she heard a distant rumbling, — it was a carriage; the lights approached, they took the hill road leading to her chateau; a sweet sensation filled her heart. The carriage drew near, — it was at the door; she recognized the family arms, Almstein's equipage, — it was himself. Trembling with surprise and joy, she hastened out; in the hall she met him with open arms. Forgetting all fears, all trials, she rushed towards him. His overpowering feelings had prevented his speech; he embraced her in silence. It was not until they were quietly seated in Henrietta's library, that the tumult of joy had passed away, and they both found words to say how much they had missed each other, how much they had thought of each other, how impossible Adolphus had found it to live longer without her. By degrees he became more silent; he appeared distracted and busy with some ruling thought. Henrietta remarked it, and asked him affectionately the cause of it.

"I have an important question to ask you," said he, after a few moments, "and I must beg you to answer me sincerely and with the most exact truth." She promised to do so.

"Why did you decide twice to refuse the offer I made you of my hand? What were the reasons of the disinclination you felt toward me?"

"Disinclination?" said Henrietta, blush-

ing and casting down her eyes, without saying more.

Almstein urged her for an answer. At last she explained to him that the difference between his figure and hers, — his first hopes for her beautiful sister, — her fears of the world's jests, of his future repentance, — had induced her to act as she did.

Almstein listened to her silently and earnestly. "You thought, then," said he, at length, "that entire equality of circumstances was necessary to a happy marriage; that neither can sacrifice in the least to the other, — neither should excel the other, even in the most unimportant point. Do you think so now, dear lady?"

Almstein's tone was so earnest; she was anxiously silent. She saw prejudice in this question. After a moment's reflection, she answered, "Only a true love, — one that fears no sacrifice because it thinks to make none, since all it can do for the loved object is sweet and easy, — only such a love can equalize great differences; and this I could not then expect from you."

"And should you be capable of such a love?" His voice was low, almost trembling; he looked with earnestness and penetration at her.

She became still more distressed. She felt the emotion he was suffering; she looked at him; the look might have revealed to him her whole loving heart, but his excited feelings prevented him from enjoying the look. She cast down her eyes.

"Could you resolve," continued he, with still increasing earnestness, till at the end of his speech his feelings transported him; "could you resolve to make the unheard of sacrifice of giving up all the pleasures of youth and company, and of chaining yourself to a person, perhaps by and by to the hypochondriac sick-bed of a joyless husband; to be everything to him, and to make his whole happiness, to give him here the joys of heaven, his —"

"I am resolved to do everything for you," cried Henrietta, and threw herself weeping into his arms.

Almstein pressed her to his heart. Her confession made him unspeakably happy; but yet he dared not yield himself to the sweet charm.

"Have you proved yourself, my Henrietta? We have known each other but a short time. Compassion, esteem, have deceived many kind hearts, even because they were kind. Is it really love that you feel for me?"

She raised herself up; she looked at him with sparkling eyes. The power of her feelings gave real majesty to her form. "Listen to me, Adolphus," said she, "and then decide: I loved you the first time I saw you. I fled from you because my heart

suffered too severely in your presence. I refused your hand because I knew you could not love me. I wished to share my fortune with you, that I might do all I could for your comfort. I refused your second offer, because I saw it was only made out of generosity. But when you were wounded, when I knew that you needed the sympathy of a true, loving being, then every consideration vanished; then I firmly resolved to live for you, to do for you everything in my power. Now judge, Adolphus, whether I

make any sacrifice when I accept your hand."

Overpowered with surprise and delight, Almstein pressed her to his heart. He was now convinced that he might be as happy as he pleased; and in a few weeks his good sister assisted at the celebration of the union of the happy couple, at Festenberg; acquainted the lovers, with a kind of triumph, of her long course of observations, and took some credit to herself for her sharp-sightedness.

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TO PERDITA, SINGING.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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Thy voice is like a fountain  
Leaping up in clear moonshine;  
Silver, silver, ever mounting,  
Ever sinking,  
Without thinking,  
To that brimful heart of thine.

Every sad and happy feeling,  
Thou hast had in bygone years,  
Through thy lips comes stealing, stealing  
Clear and low;  
All thy smiles and all thy tears  
In thy voice awaken,  
And sweetness wove of joy and woe,  
From their teaching it hath taken;  
Feeling and music move together,  
Like a swan and shadow ever  
Heaving on a skyblue river,  
In a day of cloudless weather.

It hath caught a touch of sadness,  
Yet it is not sad;  
It hath tones of clearest gladness,  
Yet it is not glad;  
A dim, sweet, twilight voice it is,  
Where To-day's accustomed blue  
Is overgrayed with memories,—  
With starry feelings quivered through.

Thy voice is like a fountain  
Leaping up in sunshine bright,  
And I never weary counting  
Its clear droppings, lone and single,  
Or when in one full gush they mingle,  
Shooting in melodious light!

Thine is music such as yields  
Feelings of old brooks and fields,  
And around this pent-up room  
Sheds a woodland, free perfume;—

Oh, thus forever sing to me!  
 Oh, thus forever! .  
 The green, bright grass of childhood bring to me,  
 Flowing like an emerald river,  
 And the bright-blue skies above;  
 Oh, sing them back, as fresh as ever,  
 Into the bosom of my love,—  
 The sunshine and the merriment,  
 The unsought, evergreen content  
 Of that never cold time,  
 The joy that like a clear breeze went  
 Through and through the old time!

Peace sits within thine eyes,  
 With white hands crost in joyful rest,  
 While through thy lips and face arise  
 The melodies from out thy breast;  
 She sits and sings,  
 With folded wings,  
 And white arms crost,  
 "Weep not for passèd things,  
 They are not lost;  
 The beauty which the summer time  
 O'er thine opening spirit shed,  
 The forest oracles sublime  
 That filled thy soul with joyous dread,  
 The scent of every smallest flower  
 That made thy heart sweet for an hour,—  
 Yea, every holy influence  
 Flowing to thee, thou knewest not whence,  
 In thine eyes, to-day, is seen,  
 Fresh as it hath ever been;  
 Promptings of Nature, beckonings sweet,  
 Whatever led thy childish feet,  
 Still will linger unawares,  
 The guiders of thy silver hairs;  
 Every look and every word  
 Which thou givest forth to-day,  
 Tell of the singing of the bird  
 Whose music still'd thy childish play.  
 Times may change and pass away,  
 But not one thing which thou hast loved  
 From thy soul shall be removed;  
 When thou weep'st that they are lost,  
 And dost sorrow to be gone,  
 For that they have hasted on,  
 They are present with thee most."

Thy voice is like a fountain,  
 Twinkling up in sharp starlight,  
 When the moon behind the mountain  
 Dims the low east with faintest white,  
 Ever darkling,  
 Ever sparkling,  
 We know not if 'tis dark or bright.  
 But when the great moon hath rolled round,  
 And, sudden-slow, its solemn power  
 Grows from behind its black, clear-edgèd bound,  
 No spot of dark the fountain keepeth,  
 But swift as opening eyelids, leapeth  
 Into a waving silver flower.

February, 1841.

## A TALE OF A SALAMANDER.

It was a clear cold night in February, when a young man, well muffled, returned to his comfortable, book-lined study from making a social, neighborly evening call. He evidently professed to be a student, for the room was filled with heaps of books and papers and the table strewn with the happiest abundance of unarranged volumes; indeed it was not merely a profession, it was clear that he had studied, and studied hard; the comfortable look which he assumed as he sank into his easy chair and dragged his light table up to him to write, showed that he felt himself at home, and that he knew what the piles of books around him were, and was glad to return to their society. He warmed his hands at his bright fire, opened his note-book, looked at the last entry he had made, tore it out and burnt it, and wrote rapidly a few lines; then dropping his pen, began to stare at his fire eagerly, and sunk into a deep reverie. The entry in the diary was this:

"Mr. Austin told a queer tradition to-night about the glass-houses in the valley; this is what the workmen there call the salamander night. It seems that all glass-blowers believe that a salamander will emerge from any fire which burns more than forty days and nights, and that accordingly, from fear of seeing one, they always extinguish the fires in their furnaces on the fortieth night after they have kindled them. To-night there is no glare from the valley, and Austin says that this is the cause. It is an odd idea."

Hardly had he written the last words, when by a sudden transition of feeling he began to think in a much more respectful manner of the tradition of the glass-blowers. "What strange ideas we have," said he to himself "about popular opinion. I argue, men who call themselves wiser than I argue, that there is a distinction between right and wrong, because every one in the world has, in some way, made it. I argue, and they argue that there is a God, on similar grounds. I believe, and they, really, believe that there is an external world; that effect depends on cause, not because we can prove it, but because we always have believed it, and because all the rest of the world believes it. And yet when the affair in question is of rather less consequence, all the weight of popular opinion goes for nothing. Nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand and odd men out of a million in this world believe in the visible re-appearance of departed spirits, and yet because Sir David Brewster never saw a ghost, I

must believe that thousands of men, who have, have been dreaming. And yet, out of the thousand people nearest me at this moment, I could not, I suppose, find ten who would dare to sleep to-night in the burying-ground yonder. I might take voyage after voyage and never find a sailor who would tell me he knew there was no such thing as a mermaid; and yet because some German doctor, who never saw or tasted salt water, asserts that the thing is an anatomical impossibility, I am expected to fold my hands quietly and say, 'what superstitious beings sailors are.' I might travel among our North American Indians, and hear all their traditions and opinions related without variation through all the different tribes, yet no civilized person would blame me for pronouncing on my own authority, without attempting a whisper of argument, without a shadow of premiss, or an attempt at reasoning, that they were all contemptible because merely the superstitious prejudices of ignorant savages." He went on to call up crowds of instances where general prejudice had proved right and the wise men not far from wrong;—such as Dr. Lardner's views on steam navigation,—the re-appearance of the dragons of the romancers, so long banished from reputable society, in the Sauria of the geological cabinets,—the tale of Charles II., his fish, and the Royal Academy,—the great sea snake of the Norse traditions,—the sailor's tales of the Flying Dutchman and the commentary of modern science,—the Italian tradition about the existence of Herculaneum and Pompeii, long before it was discovered that they were not wholly destroyed. He remembered how many of the antiquated prescriptions of the old empirical physicians had been condemned by modern science only to rise again to light as that science advanced farther. All the old charlatans of past centuries gave doses of burnt sponge to their consumptive patients; modern science thought it as ridiculous as if they had given hemlock, till Sir Humphrey discovered iodine in sponge, and Dr. Somebody found iodine one of his most powerful remedies. He remembered how ably naturalists had demonstrated the non-existence of the Unicorn, who fights so gallantly for the crown, beyond the fancy of the heralds or the sign-painters, unless in the unwieldy form of the clumsy Rhinoceros; and that the demonstration was hardly over when they were called to examine the animal itself, in the Gnus, or horned horses of

modern mangeries. "So," said he to himself, "in this matter of the furnaces there, Mr. Austin talks of the workmen's superstition, and his little bride laughs and calls it a pretty idea, and staid Mr. Dubbado frowns and says the ignorance of the laboring classes is distressing, and good Parson Drury says their superstition is more so, and I, cold blooded wretch, talk of the superiority of this legend in matter-of-factness and dignity to the milk-and-water traditions that fill out the annuals. Why have not these workmen a better right to know what they are about than we have? What right have we to say that they are making fools of themselves? They have always dealt with fire,—we never have. Their fathers did the same,—ours never did. Their tradition must have some shadow of foundation,—some shadow?—a strong foundation,—must have?—does have one. I will prove it myself;—why be afraid of a poor salamander? I will begin my experiment to-night. Forty days from this, will be—the 27th of March." He worked himself into such an excitement by the train of thought of which we have only given an outline that he spoke these last words aloud, pacing backwards and forwards across his room. He immediately began to investigate his library to see if he could find there any aid in his undertaking.

The table was soon piled with volumes, and although in many of them he had found nothing to satisfy his curiosity, yet his eye rested on two or three with peculiar satisfaction. Lord Bacon says, "the salamander lives in fire, and has power to extinguish it." Said the student, "Lord Bacon was a wise man, though he puts that in his book which he cannot prove."

Pliny says, "The salamander is an animal shaped like a lizard, never coming forth but after heavy showers, and in overcast weather. It is so deficient in feeling that its touch extinguishes the fire around it, as ice would:" and Pliny was a wise man, but at the same time a timid one, for he adds a farrago of nonsense about the poisonous properties of the animal. The student turned all this over in his mind and praised Bacon and ridiculed Pliny; for he was but a man, and Bacon had countenanced while Pliny had rather frowned at his undertaking. He read but little more;—he paused a moment on Pliny's matter-of-fact account of the Phoenix, and found in it corroboration for his newly formed theory; he read a little in some oriental fables and found frequent mention of his new pet, and then turning aside from his books, throwing himself back in his well stuffed easy-chair, and gazing on his brilliant fire, he began to think.

He began to think, not in tangible words

or rhetorical sentences, like the hero of a second rate novel; not aloud, like the hero of a tragedy, but like a sensible imaginative man, in air-castles, in brilliant fancy bubbles, his mind in an instant running where the swiftest short-hand of the tersest language could not overtake it in years. He wondered why men should suppose that earth and water were the only life-supporting elements, and then incidentally he asked himself whether any spirits of air were hovering round him at the instant, and watching his actions and reflections. Were there any around him, and who were they? should he never be watching over friends, seeing their conduct and thoughts and guiding their destiny, himself invisible? He liked to believe it,—he did believe it; and he went on to think of his dear mother and sisters,—what were they doing now? were they not thinking of him and of the time when he should return home again? The bright fire recalled him to his salamander friend, and, as he gazed, he despised the fearful superstition which had induced men to give up the knowledge of a known animal once known, to relinquish a secret they had discovered, to sink into ignorance where they had had sure knowledge; and then his fancy ran through a long labyrinth of ideas leading from the hint of lost knowledge, of which the books of Livy, the Alexandrian Library, the six books of the Sibyl, the lost sacred volumes of our religion, the manufacture of Greek fire, stained glass, Venice glass, the voyages of the old Northmen, the wanderings of the ten tribes, and a hundred other such mysteries, were the turning corners of the clue. No pen could sketch the different mazes into which he ran from every one of these corners in the minute before his bright light once more bade him recollect himself;—then he wondered whether he ought to pity the salamander; had he always lived there? was he solitary or social, were his forty days an imprisonment or a pleasure, and were his happiest moments those when he escaped from or returned to his fire? Perhaps the few minutes of escape were the only moments allowed him to recollect himself and his own nature; he might be different, entirely different when without from when within the flame, and if so, how long might his exile last? And here the student paused to think of the Saturday night's hour in the legend of the Onyx Ring, and to wish once more that his might have been the finger to wear that jewel. Recurring again to the salamander, he asked himself, what could be its nature, would it be mild or ferocious, would it perceive his presence, would it attempt to avoid him, might it not seek his protection? and then flashed across his mind the question, might

it not be intelligent, intellectual? might it not have a mind, a language? why should it not? did it not?

And here the student was carried away by the intensity of his feelings; he rose from his chair and began pacing his room, backward and forward, and attempted to form a slight imagination of the glorious results of such a discovery as he hoped. But he was too much excited by the suddenness and grandeur of the idea to think composedly or connectedly. Wild visions connected with it were constantly rising before him. That he should converse with a being from another element of our world, an element hitherto neglected, despised in natural history, yet the most singular and wonderful of all, was not improbable! Thus much was clear. Farther than this, it would be hard to follow him. He revelled long in wild dreams of the imagination, till at length exhausted by the excitement aroused by the new idea, he felt quite willing to retire to sleep.

Days passed on, and the student gained more control of his ideas than he had had on the night when the wonder of his embryo discovery had first burst on him. Day and night his fire burned with an unusual glow, never extinguished on any emergency. Yet he did not neglect his usual routine of study, but often when his head ached and his eyes tired from poring over the dreary tomes that made his mental daily bread, he would not strive to rouse himself when the letters grew dim before him, but would let his mind run astray to his fiery friend. Often and often did he think of his singular destiny; often and often did he endeavor to imagine his habits of life, duty and action; and then he would laugh at himself for trying to conjecture that, respecting which a few weeks at latest would give him full information. And often from the animal he would turn to think of the pleasure of the discovery,—the pleasure, the honor of it,—his ambition could point to nothing higher than the just elevation of the man who should discover to mankind an animal from a new world, perhaps an intellectual, moral, social being. What floods of new light might this one discovery not pour on disputed questions in ethics, physics and metaphysics. Man has attained to a certain point of knowledge, derived from some few intuitions and certainties, by one fixed course. Who could tell at what point some other being might arrive, from some other intuitions, by another course? How much would their mutual discoveries elucidate the doubts and fears of each. How honorable his station in the opinion of both races who should be the means of opening so desirable a communion, who disregarding popular prejudice, or fear, should throw

open the little door between two such vast worlds of thought! The student gloried in the dreams of such ambition, and after his first delight at his happy discovery, such dreams often followed.

It was in such a frame of mind that he one day wrote home to his mother. His letter, which had been cheerful in an unusual degree, closed with these words:

"And if, my dear mother, that should turn up of a sudden, which should give us all once more the competence that for your sake I have so often regretted,—which should give me at once that station in society, that reputation which has so often been declared my due by the kindness you and my sisters feel for me, without my passing through much more of that heavy drudgery of study which has so often made me repine,—God knows how unreasonably,—it would not be more singular than many things which have happened in this world of ours. Who knows that it may not be so?"

With this letter he walked to the post-office. There he received one from home, full of that kind affection that none but a real family circle can inspire. The day was one of those lovely spring-like days which February will have, when Miss Mitford and such fortunate people find violets,—when everybody thinks of May, and the dullest person's spirits rise much higher than par. The student read his letter at the post office—then continued his walk. He was cheered by his good tidings from home and the pleasantness of everything around him, and he enjoyed the beauty of the day to the utmost. He had left his room close and hot, for the fire still burned as brightly as ever, and he was glad to breathe the clear, fresh air, and fancy it spring-time. He walked to the glass-houses, recently his favorite stroll; he liked to look in at the windows and see the workmen moulding the melted glass, and to wonder at the intensity of the heat of their furnaces,—they strengthened what were now his favorite theories, and on this day he watched them with more than usual eagerness. As he walked home he built his castle higher than ever in the air, and was in the most cheerful frame of mind, when he entered the house in which were his lodgings.

In the passage-way, as he entered, he met Mrs. Mumler, his landlady, brush and water-pail in hand. He was about to pass her with his usual civil salutation merely, when she stopped to say:

"I have been arranging your room, sir; and as the day was fine and you were out, I gave it a good airing, threw open the windows, cleared out all the fire, and have polished up the grate nicely. I knew you



would want no fire before night, but it can be made at any time."

The student had just self-possession enough to thank her for her well meant exertions, and then hurried into his room, looked at the cheerless polished grate, and throwing himself into a chair, he cried like a child.

He was not however, a man to be easily discouraged; his fire soon burned brightly again; and, although he often checked the wildness of his imaginations by recollections of his disappointments, he still revelled in the new field of the fancy world that his strange idea had thrown open upon him. His general reading assumed the train of his new ideas; he would pore eagerly over the passages in the chronicles of the old voyagers which told him how Columbus paced the deck of his vessel on the night of his magnificent discovery, when he had seen the light on the shore of St. Salvador, and knew that the next sun would disclose to him a new world. He ransacked volumes to read the private history of Nicholas Flamel, the reputed discoverer of the philosopher's stone, and felt that he could recall his feelings when he first saw the copper sous which he was working upon, take the form and reality of gold. In his more doubtful moments he called up Robert Fulton's feelings, when he had started on the Hudson in his new steam-barge amid the derision of the spectators, and had had the mortification to see it stop after the first few revolutions of the engine. But as he read farther, he would flatter himself that he was rather in Fulton's condition, when, after he had put in the defective rivet, the boat moved slowly and with dignity up the stream; and he asked himself what might be the importance of his discovery which should introduce a new living creature to man's knowledge, and that perhaps, as he loved to persuade himself, an intelligent creature, when Fulton's mere application of the glorious handiwork of Watt, had produced such an influence on the externals of society.

One bright evening as he returned from a call on Mr. Austin, he had been stargazing, admiring the full moon and the brilliant, pure, good-natured look of Jupiter, till he began to think of Newton and his glorious discoveries. He remembered his disappointment when all his hopes for those discoveries were crushed by the error of one of the details on which his theory rested, and wondered if his fate would be to wait like Newton twenty years between the idea which suggested and the success which should consummate his daring discovery. And then he remembered that when Newton came to the conclusion of the whole, he had not nerve to go through the

mechanical details of calculation necessary to substantiate his theory, but was obliged to trust a friend with those minutiae; he remembered how, when the centering was to be struck from the great arch at Notre Dame, the architect was too heart-sick from anxiety to conduct the operation himself, but awaited half dead the report of his nephew who took his place. He felt as if he should feel the same weakness, and was thinking over all the short list of his acquaintances to decide whom he should call in, in such an emergency, when he reached his home. The passages and staircase were crowded; the house was filled with smoke, and when he reached his room he learned that from a defect in the flue, the lathing above the grate had taken fire and endangered the safety of the house. He was obliged to rejoice, however, with the rest, that they had so soon succeeded in extinguishing the flames, although his own grate looked as cheerless as ever.

"There's nothing of the least value hurt," chattered Mrs. Mumler as she left the room with the last of the extinguishers. "We will soon have your room looking as nicely as ever."

"Nothing of value," muttered the student, "what is value then?" and he threw his head on his arms and was lost in bitter thought.

The room was repaired, and the fire burned once more. The student watched it as carefully as ever, but he was not the sanguine enthusiast that he was on the first week of his experiment. He was resolved to continue his experiment as a duty which he owed himself and his race; but many days passed before he could raise his imagination of its cheering results so high as he had done before. Weeks passed on, however, and his spirits rose. Another *salamander day* was observed at the glass-house, and the fire was again extinguished there. Spring grew nearer, but his grate was still filled with coals, and he constantly gave out peremptory orders in the sternest tones that his mild voice could assume, that his fire should never be extinguished. Three, four weeks he counted, five,—and then he began to reckon in days with a painful anxiety for the coming of the fortieth. He felt as if he were the hero of the old Arabian tale, the fate of whose life was to be determined in forty days, and who lived to the last hour, to be killed by the fall of a fruit knife. The student knew that the result of all his hopes and expectations was at hand. He could not wonder at the creations of the old romancers, for he could imagine now that every kind of difficulty, in these few days, might come between him and the accomplishment of his desires. He felt that he should hardly

recover from another disappointment. — Again he turned to the history of Columbus, and imagined his feelings when his rebellious sailors would give him but three days' longer westward sailing. What might not three days bring forth?

Years before, he had been in a burning house, and while he heard the blows of an axe falling on the locked door to open him an escape, he had felt his head grow more and more giddy from the clouds of smoke around him, and had known that, unless he could preserve his senses a few minutes longer, his hours were counted. He felt once more the agonizing doubt which he had felt then; but now it was for days, while it was then only for minutes. When the idea of his experiment had first crossed his mind, it was merely as a casual theory, which, inquiring and philosophical as he was, he did not choose to let escape him. As day by day had passed, he had roused himself to a more distinct conception of its importance, and vacillated between more sanguine hopes and more disheartening doubts as to its success. The disappointments he had undergone had made his doubts preponderate; but they had not at all diminished the eagerness with which he awaited the result. It was now no longer to him merely a curious inquiry in science, or even an investigation whose results upon society and philosophy might be important; it was the one subject in which all his thoughts and hopes and imaginations centered. He thought of little else, he dreamed of nothing else; now his hopes beat high and exultingly, and now he felt deeply despondent. He felt the strongest desire for the approach of the fatal hour, and yet the greatest dread of its passage, for it might pass in vain.

The fortieth day came. Without, it was mild and lovely as the brightest day of April could be. Within his room the air was thick and close, and hot, and he sat there with the fearfully anxious air of a gambler who is determined to play out a desperate game. He had resolved that he would not leave his fire that day. Who could tell the precise accuracy of the appearance of the animal. It could know nothing of day and night; and by a moment's carelessness he might render fruitless the care of weeks. There he sat, hour after hour, haggard, anxious and impatient, entirely unable to fix his attention on anything but that raging flame.

They say that the Duke of Wellington, at Waterloo, looked oftener at his watch than anywhere else, for he knew that if his squares would hold firm till night, he need care for nothing more. The student looked constantly at his. He knew that by midnight the agony must be over, and he knew that he could not bear such suspense

much longer. As he sat he attempted to imagine what would be the most hospitable reception he could give the stranger, and as he had always supposed that his only object in leaving the fire at all, was to refresh himself from its intolerable heat, he placed a large vessel of water on the hearth as the most agreeable attention with which he could receive him. He lighted no lamp when evening came on, for he would not torture it by light in the moment of its need. He tried to read; he might as well have tried to fly; — read! — he could think of nothing but his suffering friend, — could feel nothing but sympathy for him in that hour of his agony. He took his pen to write a few words of memoranda in his note book; but before he knew it, he had dropped it from his hand, and was gazing earnestly, without flinching, on the raging flame.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening when he heard a rap at his door, which opened immediately without his call. Mrs. Mumler had come, terrified and hurried, to say that her youngest child had just fallen into the kitchen fire, and to beg that he would be good enough to go for the physician, for he was the only person besides herself in the house, and she was really afraid the poor child was dying.

Reader, should you have hesitated? The student did not; his kindness of heart and true charity were strong even then against all temptation. He showed, too, a surprising zeal, for he went and returned sooner than any one could have believed possible. He brought the physician, saw that his prescriptions were attended to, begged Mrs. Mumler to send him anywhere else that she might wish, and returned to his vigils by the fire.

The first person who ever imagined the possibility of a transit of Venus, was a young man named Horrox, who calculated that of 1639. His authorities were so vague that he could only compute that it would occur on Sunday, the 24th of November. Sunday morning, accordingly, he began to watch to see Venus cross the face of the Sun; but he saw the surface still clear and untouched, when he heard the bell for church; and he had enough of what he thought principle to leave his darling observation and go to the worship of his God. After service he returned to the watch with the consciousness that the whole which he had anticipated for years, might have passed while he was at church. The student had a similar overwhelming feeling, as he returned from the bedside of that suffering child. He knew that it was possible, probable, that all his brightest hopes had looked forward to, might have occurred and gone by in the hour while he was gone. The

Salamander might have left the fire and returned, in his absence; the chances were that he had done so; and yet, though the probability of success was much less than before, he must still gaze on. He would have sacrificed anything to relieve that doubt. He remembered how Copernicus roused himself from his death-bed to see the last sheet of his great work, and lay down to die. He felt that with his certainty that his great object was accomplished, he could die. He remembered Horrox, and tried to console himself with his success. He knew that he had watched again till the afternoon church service, and then, doubtful whether the transit had or had not taken place, went once more to his devotions. When he returned, he was amply rewarded; he saw distinctly that the planet had just entered on the sun's disc, and the sight was enough to make him forget all his self-devoted sacrifice. The half heart-broken student tried to believe that his fortune would be the same;—at all events he knew he had done his duty.

As he sat pondering thus, he fancied he heard another call from his landlady. He ran to the door and opened it; no one had spoken,—it was only fancy. Just as he closed the door, a bright glare lighted up the room and then was gone, while he heard a sharp hissing from the water on the hearth. He felt that the moment had come, and as soon as the thick clouds of steam had passed off which were rising from the water, he bent down to examine his welcome friend.

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On the evening of the 16th of May, the student was taking, with his friend, Mr. Austin, his first walk after his recovery from the violent fever which had preyed on him for some weeks, and had nearly overcome his constitution, weakened as it had been by his previous watchings. Through his whole illness the Austins had shown him every kindness; they were his nearest friends, and they had shown themselves truly such; and this evening Mr. Austin had induced the invalid to take a little stroll, to breathe the fresh, dry spring air, and see the beauty of the sunset.

The student was not, however, in good spirits. Even the freshness of spring-time failed to exhilarate him. Austin, who was desirous to turn his reflections off from some of the disagreeable features of his present situation, on which he seemed inclined to dwell, had spoken cheerily of an anticipated visit from his relations,—of the beauty of the sunset,—of the freshness and brightness of everything as spring opened,—but without removing the heaviness on his young friend's mind, till, as they made a sharp turn in the road which led over a hill

side, he pointed out the glass-works in the valley below them, and said, "It is another *Salamander night*; do you see, the furnaces are extinguished."

The poor student shuddered, but he evidently made an exertion to take some more decided part in the conversation, and, in a manner at least, to guide it. "So it is," he said. "By the way, do you own any stock in those works? Feltyplice told me he thought it was surer property than most such."

"I own a few shares, which pay pretty well. Why do you ask? Do you think a factory, with a legend attached, more reputable than a more common-place one?"

The invalid exerted himself to say, "Oh, I hardly thought of the legend. Pray, how is Mrs. Austin, to-night?"

"Well,—perfectly well. Do you remember how amused she was, that evening, last winter, when I told her and you the glass-blowers' tale? She was quite delighted with it, and went so far as to go over to the workmen's cottages and talk with some of their wives about it. She said she had never met with a real-life superstition before."

"I suppose not, from her early education. Has she heard from her friends lately?"

"Her cousin is staying with her now. They have both of them been counting days till to-night should come; my wife has told her *live superstition* so often, that she feels a strong interest in it now, and has inspired her friend with the same. Indeed, although I have known the tale so long, it never made half the effect upon me that it has lately, since she has talked so much about it. I wonder that you, who are so imaginative, have never thought of it since that night last winter."

"Oh, it has passed my mind, sometimes. What is your new cousin's name?"

Austin did not heed this forced interrogatory, suggested by a desperate but vain desire to change his train of thought and conversation. "I wonder," said he, "if there may not be some ground for this workmen's superstition. Strange that it should exist without any;—stranger that no one should test it! Why should no one? I will, myself. A month's watching, or a trifle more, may make an important discovery. I claim your congratulations for my idea. You pretend to be a philosopher and a theorizer, and yet I shall be before you, after all, in a useful discovery! Useful!—a glorious discovery! Faith! what a grand thing it would be;—don't you see it?—to draw a real salamander from his prison! Why, to me it seems grand beyond conception. If you had thought of it, with your energy, you would have made yourself a great man before now, by this simple idea."

What will Mrs. Austin say? You shall watch with me the fortieth night, and see him."

He turned to his young friend as he spoke, and saw that he was ghastly pale and almost fainting. In reply to the fears he expressed that he had made him walk too far for a person in his weak state of health, the student said, with an almost fearful energy,

"No! no! I am better, now! but Frank, don't try it, don't try it!"

"You are tired," said Austin, quite alarmed. "We have walked too far; let us cross home by this short cut; after a night's rest you will feel stronger."

"Frank Austin, you think my mind is wandering. I am as sane at this moment as you are; and I beg you, as you love yourself, and your own peace of mind through life,—as you love me, as you love your wife, not to try this rash experiment. Experiment?—say rather this fearful certainty."

"What do you mean? Why do you take it so seriously? The idea has but just

struck me as a matter of curious inquiry. I supposed you would like to start such a fine, bold theory, you are so good at scheming," said Austin, hoping to bring back his young friend's ideas to a firmer tone.

"The idea struck me nearly three months since. With me, as I say, it is no longer an experiment, but a certainty; and the only gratification my trial has left me is, the ability it has given me to warn my friends against following my example. More than this I cannot, ought not say. But let me implore you, Austin, to give up the idea. Not that you could not carry through the experiment as well as any man; not that you or any man could not bear the suspense of it; but there is more than this, and you ought not, you must not attempt it. Austin," he added, more calmly, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder, "you will not,—promise me you will not."

"Certainly," said Austin, glad to see him more calm; "it was only a passing fancy; since you make a point of it, I do not care for it."

And they returned home.

## A SCENE AMONG THE TOMBS AT MADRID.

It was a dark evening in the month of February. A funeral car passed slowly through the streets of Madrid, followed by a long procession, composed chiefly of the most intelligent and highly educated young men of the capital of Spain. On the car was a coffin containing the remains of Larra. His friends had placed upon the cover a garland composed of laurel interwoven with cypress. It was one of the few occasions which have occurred in Spain within our time, when a public homage has been offered to merely literary and poetical talent, unaided by the outward advantages of rank and fortune.

Don José Mariano de Larra had been, for several years preceding, the most distinguished of the living poets of Spain. His career was arrested by an unfortunate attachment. The lady of his love, after lending for some time a favorable ear to his vows, with a fickleness not unnatural to the sex changed her purpose and insisted on breaking off the connexion. After using every effort to dissuade her from this determination, Larra, at the end of a long conversation on the subject, swore, in the passionate excitement of the moment, that

he would not survive the separation, and that the hour in which she should finally announce it to him, should be the last of his existence. "You have then but a short time left for repentance," replied the lady, perhaps considering the desperate love of Larra as mere bravado, "for I assure you, whatever the results may be, that, with my consent, we shall never meet again."

The procession took its melancholy way through the streets of Madrid to the cemetery near the Fuencarral Gate, where a niche had been prepared by a friendly hand for the remains of the dead. A numerous concourse filled the place, and the fast retreating twilight threw a gray and gloomy color upon the bones that paved the floor,—the inscriptions that covered the walls,—and the faces of the assistants. After the funeral ceremonies were over, a friend of the deceased, Señor Roca de Togores, pronounced a eulogy, in which he sketched with the eloquence of kindred genius, the brilliant, though stormy and disastrous career of the unfortunate bard.

"The impression produced by it," says an eye-witness, "was of the deepest kind. The attachment we had felt for the deceased

poet, — our sorrow at his melancholy death, — the images of decay and mortality with which we were surrounded, — the sepulchre opening at our feet, — the starry sky above our heads, — the touching expressions of sympathy and tenderness which had fallen from the lips of the eloquent speaker, — all combined to excite our sensibility to the highest degree. Tears flowed from every eye; and we looked round upon each other in silence, as if we were longing to hear some new voice give utterance, under a still higher inspiration, to our common feelings.

"At this moment there stepped forth from among us, and, as it were, from within the sepulchre before our feet, a young man unknown to us all, and of almost boyish appearance. After glancing at the grave and then at the sky, he turned his pale face to the company and began to read with a trembling voice, which none of us had ever heard before, an elegy in honor of the dead. Scarcely, however, had he commenced, when he was overcome by the excess of his emotion and compelled to stop. The reading of the elegy was finished by the orator, who had just concluded his address. Never, perhaps, was the full effect of fine poetry more distinctly seen or more promptly ac-

knowledgeed. Our surprise was equal to our enthusiasm. No sooner had we learned the name of the gifted mortal who had framed these charming verses, than we saluted him with a sort of religious reverence, and gave thanks to the Providence which had thus so manifestly interfered to bring forth, as it were from the very grave of our lost bard, a fit successor to his genius and glory. The same procession which had attended the remains of the illustrious Larra to the resting-place of the dead, now sallied forth in triumph to announce to the living the advent of a new poet, and proclaimed with enthusiasm the name of Zorrilla."

The high expectations excited by this interesting scene seem to have been fully realized. Zorrilla has been ever since regarded as the most distinguished of the Spanish living poets. His *Elegy on Larra* stands at the opening of the collection of his poems, — now composing six volumes, — which lies before us. The following free imitation will give some imperfect notion of the original, the effect of which, on the first recitation, was probably somewhat heightened by the strange and affecting circumstances under which it was delivered.

### THE DIRGE OF LARRA.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH OF ZORRILLA.

ON the breeze I hear the knell  
Of the solemn, funeral bell,  
Marshalling another guest  
To the grave's unbroken rest.

He has done his earthly toil,  
And cast off his mortal coil,  
As a maid, in beauty's bloom,  
Seeks the Cloister's living tomb.

When he saw the Future rise  
To his disenchanted eyes,  
Void of Love's celestial light,  
It was worthless in his sight;  
And he hurried, without warning,  
To the night that knows no morning.

He has perished in his pride,  
Like a fountain, summer-dried;  
Like a flower of odorous breath,  
Which the tempest scattereth;  
But the rich aroma left us,  
Shows the sweets that have been reft us,  
And the meadow, fresh and green,  
What the fountain would have been.

Ah! the Poet's mystic measure  
Is a rich but fatal treasure;  
Bliss to others, — to the master  
Full of bitterest disaster.

Poet! sleep within the tomb,  
Where no other voice shall come  
O'er the silence to prevail,  
Save a brother-poet's wail;  
That, — if parted spirits know  
Aught that passes here below, —  
Falling on thy pensive ear,  
Softly as an infant's tear,  
Shall relate a sweeter story  
Than the pealing trump of glory.

If beyond our mortal sight,  
In some glorious realm of light,  
Poets pass their happy hours,  
Far from this cold world of ours,  
Oh, how sweet to throw away  
This frail tenement of clay,  
And in spirit soar above  
To the home of endless Love.

And if in that world of bliss,  
Thou rememberest aught of this, —  
If *not-Being's* higher scene  
Have a glimpse of what *has been*, —  
Poet! from the seats divine,  
Let thy spirit answer mine.

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LOST AND SAVED.

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Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.  
The genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection. — *Julius Cæsar*.

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It is curious to observe how surely, if we look sufficiently deep, we find that every little fact in life grows out of a law of nature. There is no such thing as chance. Every motion, action and speech is the conscious or unconscious product of the soul. Every occurrence, or series of occurrences, is originated by a certain determining will. No act that we perform is without relation to us; it is as certainly the exponent of some idea, as the leaf and blossom are the growth of the tree. The soul refuses to be blinded utterly, and through the bars of hypocrisy glares like a caged lion. No man is a hypo-

crite. To be one is not only the hardest task to perform, but an impossible one. No man is so easily detected as a hypocrite; none so universally despised. At best we can but pile up clouds to obscure our natural light. Some sudden burst of sunshine, coming from the soul, will, at an unexpected moment, stream through the misty veil, and all will be revealed.

He who accustoms himself to look for the causes and principles in the results which he sees, — who searches for the motive which underlies the act, — soon finds that external life is not a deceptive panorama,

but a certain, living, moving language, in which the soul of man expresses itself; — that our every action is a magic mirror, wherein the philosophic eye detects the present and acting mind. Every word that a man says has some meaning, — is a natural birth, — and serves as a key not only to *his* mind, but to our own. I must confess, that many of the happiest thoughts which have ever dawned upon me, I have found buried in the careless remark of some unconscious person, who was totally unaware of its force. Perhaps it did not stand for so much in his mind as in mine; but only because I perceived its connections and associations and applications, which were hidden from his eye. I have never found any man's conversation despicable; and should as soon complain that the apple-tree did not bear oranges, as that one man's conversation was not like another's. I think the human tree always bears some fruit.

I was spending a week, a short summer week, in the country, — breathing fresh airs and living along upon the bosom of the year, — when, strolling out after breakfast, one pleasant morning, the little incident occurred which reminded me of the story I shall tell. I like to take the reader into my confidence; handling at arms-length does not please me.

I had taken my portfolio, with the intention of making a sketch of a little picturesque glimpse of scenery which I had caught the day before, through the dark, hazy vista of an old, decaying barn. The heavy mass of shade I thought would make a good foreground, and contrast strikingly with the soft, retreating distances of the undulating hills beyond. But I had scarcely taken out my pencil, when the sound of voices proceeding from within the barn, attracted my attention and interested me. The new hay smelled invitingly, and I postponed my sketch and walked in upon the seedy floor. The conversation, — which I found was going on between a young man and boy, who were unloading a cart of hay, — ceased, and I became the object of interest.

I looked around me; above, the lofts were stored with hay, which hung heavily over and trailed down the cobwebbed beams; a cart, heaped up with fragrant hay, had been dragged into a nook which just admitted it, and from this the man was transferring the load to the already groaning timbers. The low doors admitted but little light, so that the upper portion of the barn was filled with a bluish mist, through which a stream of sunshine shot a silver line from a small, round hole cut through the upper board, in the angle near the roof. All seemed so dreamy, that I wondered how the man and boy could work so steadily. The soft, luxurious smell of the hay, the dim, hazy light,

seemed rather to invite repose and reverie. Upon the floor a proud cock was strutting, and every now and then a cackling hen came heavily fluttering down from the loft. Above, the dark, brown rafters were covered with cobwebs and swallows' nests; while in and out of the round hole the swallows themselves sailed and dived and curveted on their crescent wings with a ceaseless twittering; — now, with bent backs and half-closed wings, clinging around the lip of their nests, and now resting a moment upon some jutting corner. I stood watching with delight their airy circles for some time, and then addressing my companion, said,

"There are a great many swallows here."

He turned round, and directed towards me a pair of large, wandering, blue eyes. That one glance was sufficient. The dead, fishy, unapprehensive look told the whole tale, — he was simple. He said,

"Yes, sir, they be." Then resting upon his pitch-fork, he awaited any further observation from me.

"Their flight is beautifully graceful," murmured I, half to myself; then addressing him, added, "Do you believe in the popular superstition that if a swallow is killed, the milk will be bloody?"

"Some people thinks they do hurt," answered he, not apprehending my remark, "but I don't; and if they did I would n't hurt them. I love to sit and watch them flying about here, they look so pretty and so happy. They aint afraid of us, they're so tame, you see. They build their nests round in the beams here, and I like to see them."

Here our conversation ended. I turned round and looked through the door into the blue morning, and the distant hills with their silver fleece, and the sunshine playing on the ocean, like a smile on the human face, and thought. After all, God leaves nothing desolate. There is a patch of sunshine somewhere for all. Here, upon the poor, unsunned intellect of this man lie no living coals of inspiration; yet, upon his heart have the burning fingers of God left the warmth of a gentle humanity, and the tenderness of a delicate love. Many, many look down upon him as a fool, and despise his intellect, to whom he might read a lesson from the affections. Under all his simplicity there is a trace of that subtle organization, which interpenetrating a higher intellectual power, creates the poet. In his own way, it was a poem that he spoke; that same feeling, adequately expressed and clothed in harmonious words, might have taken wings and flown untiringly down into the Future. But the form alone is wanting. Yet it is all the same to him. He has the enjoyment of the sense which gave it birth, without knowing it was what we call poetry.



These simple souls are not lost,—not without their influence. This man does his duty, and does it cheerfully. Is not his life a constant rebuke to the idle and luxurious spendthrifts of time? In his soul all is bright; he is happy in his captivity, for he never roamed our broad sunshine; and his heart sings in his breast. A poor bird from a foreign clime, where the summer wind blew mildly, he has made his contented dwelling-place in a narrow cage, and utters what native notes he remembers, without peevishness or melancholy. God makes nothing in vain. And in the broken utterance of the simple, Nature writes poems, as in the grass and clover.

As a stone thrown into the water forms around itself a hundred circles, which stretch far away, widening and mingling; so this one little incident set a thousand thoughts in motion, and a thousand awakened associations flowed out of it. Among others, came into my mind a story which was told me on a cold, blasting November night, over a roaring fire. It made a deep impression upon me at the time, much of which lay in the pathos and keen discrimination of feeling with which it was told.

I had been several miles out in the country sporting, and had wandered much farther than I had intended, ere I was aware of it. The evening began to gloom around, and threatening clouds overspread the sky. I strode on steadily for home, but being unacquainted with the path, lost my way, and wandered about for an hour without meeting any person or house. The storm had now increased, and the wind began to blow furiously, when the far-off gleaming of a candle showed me a cottage was near. Thither I went, and having knocked at the door, a man of perchance forty years of age opened it. I found that I had wandered in an entirely wrong direction, and that my lodging-place was some eight miles distant. Here was by no means an agreeable prospect. I felt thoroughly disinclined, in my fatigued state, to walk so long a distance in the face of the storm. The man was hospitable, and seeing my hesitation, told me that if I could make it agreeable, he should be happy to give me lodging and a bed for the night. I gladly accepted the proposal.

I brought in my gun and dog, and, with my host, sat down before a glowing fire. Beside us sat a girl of about twenty years of age, with soft, brown hair, which curled about her neck in luxuriant ringlets. Her features were delicately cut and pale, her form lithe and graceful as a fawn. Nature had done all to make her beautiful, except to give her an intellect. Those dark, large eyes were vacant, and rolled about as sight-

less as the moon in the great blue circle of the sky. She sat fondling a cat, with expressions of childish wonder and delight, or twirling her fingers listlessly. The fierce wind stormed on the shivering pane, and rocked the great branches of the trees which stood at the door. Ever and anon a sharp gust of rain rattled fiercely past, and then nothing was heard but the groaning of the blast up the throat of the chimney. The fire within, heaped with generous logs, blazed and crackled; and, weary with my long walk, I sat by the hearth warming my hands.

My host I found to be a sharp, intelligent man, who had evidently seen better days, if one might judge from his conversation, which was full of philosophic remark, illustrated by personal anecdote. Among other subjects which we discussed, we chanced upon this idea: That at times Nature seems to bring about the most momentous issues by apparently the most trivial means.— Sometimes a momentary obstacle, interposed when our passions are urging us headlong to destruction, gives the mind pause to cool and save itself from ruin.— Sometimes, in the depth of despair, some sudden, unexpected turn,—which almost seems a chance, so wholly unexpectedly it comes,—changes the whole aspect of affairs.— Sometimes, when even leaning over the brink of destruction, a hidden power snatches us away in safety. There are times when we miss the worst fate by the lapse of a second;—times when the plank we have that moment stepped from snaps; times when the rope by which our life is suspended over the gaping gulf of death, seems worn to a single strand. Yet still Nature takes care of us, and in the wild whirl of Time some support is given.

In illustration of this thought, my host began as follows.

“My father and mother were both natives of Germany; and driven by want and flattered by fond hopes, came over to America, immediately on their marriage. Nor were their hopes disappointed. By a constant series of successes, my father came into possession of a large fortune. My brother and myself, who were his only children, were brought up in affluence, and received a good education. But this was not destined to last. Fortune changed. My father had embarked in large speculations, and suddenly the whole of his property was swamped. He never recovered from the stunning blow; and, after some years of poverty, died. We were young, and determined to try our chance at the West; and here we came and lived together for some years. We were prosperous, and had

amassed a small property, when the desire took possession of my brother to go upon a voyage to India. Never shall I forget the day when we parted. Standing upon the door-step, he shook hands with me, and said, 'This may be the last time we ever meet.' The ship in which he sailed never reached her port; and I supposed him lost. Years ripened the doubt into a certainty; and I often thought of his prophetic words.

"A year after he went, I married, and invested all my property in a house, in which we lived. But this sunshine of prosperity had generated a cloud, which began to frown mutteringly over me. One night, as we were gaily talking together, my house caught on fire. All our efforts to save it were useless, and with my barn it was utterly consumed. The whole earnings of years of labor went like a passing cloud. Misfortunes never come alone. With the first a thousand others are linked, its necessary consequences. The fear and exposure of that night violently agitated my wife; and a week after, she died in giving birth to this poor idiot child. Yes, she is a poor idiot; but she was the last flower that remained to me upon the barren waste of life. How strongly the fibres of my heart were twined around that child no one can tell. As a drowning man grasps a straw, so clasped I that one joy to me in a shifting sea of chance. She was beautiful, and I loved her the more for her misfortune.

"It was long after that, — some ten years; the rain was beating against my cottage, and the sullen roar of the pines, shaken by the surges of the wind, sounded like the moaning of a distant sea, — that I was sitting over my fire as I am now. No one was near me in my solitude but Lucy. She was then about ten years of age; her hair was lighter than it now is, but her mind was no clearer. Life had been a bitter, up-hill labor to me since my wife died, and my utmost effort had only sufficed to give us bread and clothing. I looked around upon my home, a small, half-made log-hut; only one small tallow candle burned on the rough table, and cast a flickering light around, while every now and then the up-shooting tongues of the fire traced fantastic figures across the bare walls. I looked about in sadness and discontent. I was poor, and unhappy, and alone. I thought how gradually, one by one, the bright schemes which a youthful fancy had planned, had vanished. How Hope's glittering bubbles had broken into air; — how happiness, like a dancing wave, had sunk away beneath me; — how all my prospects had failed, and I had fallen lower and lower with every attempt to rise. I thought of my loss of property when least expected. I remembered how death had come to my hearth and singled out the fair-

est. These were the two great miseries; but it was not these that pressed me down. We can bear up against one strong shock; we can nerve ourselves to meet a blow; but it is the succession of little disappointments, the repetition of little failures, the wearing of little vexations, that saps the temper, and takes all the marrow of self-reliance out of the soul. This is what we cannot resist, because we see nothing to oppose. It is like fighting with the wind. Looking back upon my life, I thought that it had been filled with constant wants of success, rather than striking misfortunes. Some invisible weight had pressed me backward, as in a nightmare, when we seem to be slipping down and down, without any recuperative power, over a shelf of ice, upon which others fearlessly and safely tread. Oh, if life, thought I, would come like a visible giant, my soul would grow to meet him; I would wrestle, then, for the great prize of happiness with mad vigor. But now, but now, I can do nothing, — am worth nothing; I have lost my faith, that heart of action; fear unnerves me for every contest and struggle.

"How well suited the storm to my mad, impotent mood! It howled in the trees, like a wild spirit. I clenched my fist; I could not pray, so heavy a weight lay stifflingly upon my breast; I strove to weep, but my eye-balls were hot and fiery, and my brain dry. That blessed sluice of pain would not open; only this barred feeling about the breast, — this stuffed, compressed sense of grief weighed me down with agony. The storm mocked at me, and seemed to laugh at my weakness. I gnashed my teeth, and buried my head in my hands between my knees.

"'Is there no one to help me?' cried I, aloud. 'Oh, God, is there no one to help me?' and the storm-wind, like a fury, howled 'No!' I sprang from my seat, and strode up and down the room. There sat my poor idiot girl, as you see her now; as happy, as innocent, but as unmoved by passion as now. I again sat down, and bending my head, glared into the ashes and coals.

"There are moods, sir, which are fearful; sometimes they are causeless. There are states of being when it seems as if your life was a dread, horrible tangle, — as if time was a web whose intricate threads were growing closer and tighter about you, and the pleasant, light, air-spun fabric of dreams, which had pleased your young fancy, was changing into an iron mail of bitterness, — a Nessus-shirt that gnawed you with poison to the very core. The cold blast, the loneliness of my hut, the driving of the wind, wrenched my soul from all its moorings, unstrung all my nerves, and gave

me a prey to those spirit-fiends that my memory evoked from the dead past. That night was a memorable one to me, sir; I remember it most keenly. I pray to God that I may never know such another."

"But had you no friends at all to help you?" said I.

"None! not one on whom my pride would suffer me to call,—for in all my poverty that feeling had never died.

"I looked around for some straw of comfort, some little support on which to lean my weary soul. As I was in this whirlpool of thoughts, I heard the loud knocking of some one at the door. I turned round and saw that Lucy had fallen asleep. Taking up the candle, I went to the door and opened it. The sharp sleet cut in across my face and instantly extinguished my light. A stranger spoke:

"Will you tell me, friend, if I am on the right road to L——? I have been travelling some hours, and have lost my way."

"No, sir. You should have taken the turning to the right, some three miles back, and then it is a walk of about six miles."

"He paused and hesitated, and then said,

"Can you give me a lodging for the night?"

"What I have you are welcome to; but it is poor accommodation. I can only give you a ragged straw-bed. This is my palace, sir," added I, bitterly, "and poverty and want are my inmates already."

"I shall be obliged to you for a shelter, at least," answered he, "and that, in this drenching rain, is a great deal."

"He came in dripping. I gave him an old coat to wrap himself up in, lighted my candle, and pulled out a log for him to sit upon. After a few sentences we sat silently, on either side the fire.

"My candle was dim, and the fire had burned down. I cared little for the visitor; such were of no rare occurrence in this wild and desolate spot. I had nothing to offer him to eat,—we had eaten the last loaf that very day. But the last drop of brandy in a small flask, which he had brought, we shared. I was sullen and uncompanionable, and I told him that I was not in a mood to talk. He complained of great fatigue, and taking off his cloak and coat, threw himself on the little straw pallet in the corner, and was soon wrapped in profound sleep. I listened to his heavy and prolonged breathing, sitting by my embers, and envied him that calm and quiet which sleep had brought.

"I was alone awake in the chamber. My poor girl was still fast asleep, and the stranger's entrance had not waked her. I walked round and looked into her face; it was calm as a summer evening sky; not a

shadow of fear or consciousness passed over it, only a faint smile lingered like sunlight around her lips, which it seemed as if a breath would disturb. Oh, God, thought I, is she of my flesh and blood, and thus sleeping so calmly, while I am so racked by pain? Poor child! Well, sleep away; thou art where sorrow cannot touch thee, nor pain; perhaps thy soul is freed from its dark prison of sense and walks in the sunlight of Paradise, a happy, enjoying spirit. I leaned down and pushing back her soft, yellow hair, kissed her on her forehead. Poor, poor child! born to poverty. What can I do for you? How give you the necessary bread to keep your life within your body? God has given you no sense or power to help yourself. You poor, fragile blossom, which contains not the germ which shall ever ripen into fruit. And oh, how unconscious of the cloud that now lowers over your head, you lie in your calm, placid slumber! How different a being now is yours and mine; oh, what a space between our souls, and so small an interval between our bodies! These dark questionings of Fate, these fears of the Future, that trouble the depths of my soul, reach not to you,—you peacefully havened bark. And yet, with one motion of this hand can I take your spirit out of paradise, as one would pluck a flower out of a green field.

"I paced across the room and looked at the sleeping traveller. His head was buried in his crooked arm, and his long, black hair fell over his brow and partly concealed his face. I had now opportunity and desire to examine his dress, which was simple, though the watch and gold chain which lay beside it indicated a competence at least, if not a fortune. I stood looking at him. I could not but contrast our lots, our fortunes. Oh, is it right, is it right that I should be so miserable, so poor,—steeped to the lips in the gall of life,—and you lying there, perhaps without my sensitiveness, without my strivings and labors, so happy and so fortunate? What have I done that this bitter cup should be given me to drain? that this gaunt, haggard spectre of Famine should stare in upon me through the chinks of this weather-beaten hut? And what has this man done to be so fortunate? Has he striven and struggled harder? Does he feel poverty and pinching want more severely? And yet one half of his store would make me happy for a time, and give me vantage ground to run anew the race.

"And now, sir, for the first time the question was suddenly, startlingly asked internally, Why not equalize, by force, our lots? Why not take from his abundance and add to our deficiencies?

"But the thought was indignantly repelled. No, not to be a thief! anything but

dishonor. Thank heaven, I have never been dishonest.

"But the thought came back strongly, like a wave that slips from the shore and gathering strength again climbs up the beach. Is it the will of Nature to heap misery on one and an overplus of fortune on another? or is this the evil-doing of society? Has not man a right even to steal under certain circumstances? The question was hard to answer, but I dared not trust reason, and I repelled it. Still, a strong curiosity impelled me to examine the pockets of the coat, to see what its contents were. I raised the coat and thrust my hand into his pockets. At this moment he moved in his sleep, and threw his arm over towards me. I started like a guilty person. My blood stopped, and then tingled to every extremity. I looked up and saw the dark shadow of my stooping figure over against the wall, strange and wild. The attitude shocked me. No! no! said I, this is wrong, I will not trifle with temptation.

"I went back and seated myself before the table, and covered my face. Oh, sir, the agony of that next half hour, I cannot describe to you. The warring of duty and inclination in my heart shook me as a tree is shaken by the blast. The storm had now abated, and the wind sighed and groaned up the chimney. My mind grew calmer, but it was the calmness of despair. The whole of my former life came back to me. I saw the fair and unconscious landscape of youth, when there was no doubt, no distrust, but all was hopeful and bright. I saw the darkening of manhood, the gathering and swarming of misfortunes, the disappointments, the trials; and like a fanning breath the recollection spurred the jaded passion which reason had curbed. Turning from that far-off scene, so bright, to this dark reality, I felt my heart revolt at the contrast. Life seemed a terrible weight, which I could not bear. At this moment I saw a hunting knife lying on the table before me; I took it up, and felt its point with the tip of my finger; it was sharp and keen-edged to cut athwart the thread of life. Over this little narrow bridge can I walk into another land, out of this world of sorrow and despair. I held it to my heart, and knew that one sudden thrust would end all; only one short, sharp pain, and all the lingering numbness of disappointment be over. And why not? The power that we have over our life, indicates the right to make use of it. I pulled aside my shirt, and held the knife to my heart; I pricked the skin,—an inch deep lay my life. I paused a moment, and glanced round the room; my eye fell upon my poor sleeping child, and the crushing thought of her helplessness overturned my determination. One moment more, and

what should I have been?—what a distance between us!—And I could never have reached out this hand to her, to help her in her unguided wanderings. How could the scentless blossom survive the wretched trunk from which it flowered?

"I gave vent to my feelings in a long, suppressed breath. We were still together, but together to starve; that was the thought that stared me in the face. I had no hope, no confidence; all the future looked dark as the past had been.

"Now, sir, again the thought urged me, that it was my duty to take from the abundance of my guest what would suffice to keep my child and myself from starving. Nature, thought I, in strong emergencies converts the wrong into the right. Common-places of propriety do not reach my case. The right to property is a conventional right, growing out of a law of society, and not of God. Shall this shadow of right, this ghost of duty, interfere to snatch from our mouths our birthright by nature? No! Thou poor child, for thy sake I abjure this foolish prejudice. How slight a difference to him can these few shillings make;—how great a difference to me!

"I got up and strode to the corner where the traveller was lying. His slumber was profound; he moved not. I hesitated not, for reasonings of necessity had stifled the voice of conscience. I bent down and looked upon his eyes; his face was half covered. I stole around behind him, and thrust my hand into his pocket. He moved in his sleep, and seemed agitated. I stopped and looked intently at him. He muttered unintelligibly some broken words, and then changing to the opposite side, was again quiet. I listened a moment attentively: the storm had ceased, the wind died away, all was still; nothing could I hear but the regular heaving breath of the sleeper, and the loud beating of my own startled heart. It throbbed and beat against my breast like a prisoned bird against the bars of its cage. The dark current of my thoughts, during all this night, is indelibly impressed upon my recollection;—every feeling, every thought, every emotion, every incident. It was one of those times in the life of man, when he feels as if his whole soul was in motion with conflicting passions; one of those whirlpools where the two adverse currents, meeting and opposing, foam and boil in wild tumult.

"All was still, as I said; and again I stooped down to take the pocket-book, when I heard a light rustle from the other corner of the chamber. Startled, I threw a sudden look in that direction, and saw the two large blue eyes of my poor idiot child fixed upon me. She had waked, and rising upon one arm, was intently gazing at me. Never

shall I forget the wild thrill that went like an icy wind all over me. I seemed as if I were struck by an invisible hand. The cold, wild light that glared from her great, rebuking eyes, held me as in a vice. My whole guilty soul seemed bare before them, as is the sea before the moon. Some strange spirit looked through them that I had never seen there before,—so unsympathizing, so cold, that it dispersed in a moment the fiery passions. At once the whole truth of my situation broke upon me, and some upward voice sounded in my soul, trumpet-like, the stern commandment of God, 'Thou shalt not steal.' How mean, how abject I stood before that child's simple presence. She did not know my crime; Nature had made her an unconscious instrument to effect its purpose. I felt that I had been drawn back from the brink of a horrible precipice, over which, even the moment before, I had tottered.

"All this rushed through my mind. In an instant I dropped the hand that was to steal, and stood up, a stronger man, a saved man."

"The moon! the moon!" cried the child, and clapped her hands in delight.

"At this moment the clouds had separated, and through the little window shot a gleam of moonlight upon her pallet of straw and illuminated her face. It seemed to me like the rejoicing of Nature over the saving of my soul, in a beautiful emblem. Far into the dark chamber of my heart that simple child's spirit had shone, with healing and grace in its beams. I came back to the table an altered man."

"I have little more to tell. My internal conflict had left me exhausted; and after laying myself down, I soon fell asleep, and forgot all."

"The cool, autumnal morning dawned in beauty upon earth. The sun rose over the wood, and strayed pleasantly in through the window of the hut. In the damp shadows the dew hung upon the fingers of the fern, and the early breeze stirred the thousand tinted leaves, into which the sun had woven his rainbows. My guest rose early, and then, for the first time, in the broad, clear light of day, I seemed to recognize a certain familiarity in his smile, as he spoke, which reminded me of other days. He thanked me for my kindness and hospitality, and had enjoyed a good night's rest, he said. Alas! he little knew the chances which had hung over him; nor the dreadful voyage which my weary soul had performed. Yet I could shake hands with him, and know that I was saved."

"After some conversation, upon starting to go, he asked,

"Do you know whether a man by the name of J— D—, who used to live somewhere in this direction, is alive? If he is, can you direct me to his house?"

"Yes, sir," said I, "I am J— D—, and here is my house."

"Have you ever heard of your brother John, since he sailed for India?"

"No. He was lost at sea, I suppose, in the violent gale which wrecked so many vessels, about a month after. We never received any letter or news from him after he sailed. We gave him up for lost, after a year."

"That you need not have done, for I am he, safe and sound," said the traveller, grasping my hand most cordially and shaking it. "I'm somewhat altered; but time makes changes, you know, and this long beard. Let me see, it's about ten years since I saw you; and you have grown old, too."

"But where have you been for so long a time?"

"That's a long story, which I'll tell you, if you'll come into the house, as I've concluded not to go any further, this morning," said he, laughing.

"We went in, sir, and he told me his story, which has nothing to do with ours. He had made a very pretty little fortune, and had returned to share it with me. After that day, sir, all went prosperously along, and heaven smiled upon us. I never told to any one before the story I have told you; but I thank God that I was saved from that sin by so apparently trivial a chance."

"I feel how utterly inadequate these words are to express the dreadful conflict of emotion, and the strange revolution of feeling which was effected by so simple an incident. Our speech, be it ever so diffuse, must necessarily only touch successive points, while the life itself which prompts the utterance is long and continuous. There are a thousand changes and shiftings in the mind, a thousand influences and modifications of thought and emotion, which will escape the closest scrutiny, and which, even when felt, are too delicate for expression. To describe perfectly the birth and life of an idea in the mind, is impossible in language; it is so interwoven with a thousand threads, that the consciousness becomes blended and involved. To work out a subtle idea into form by means of words, is like the effort to forge a slender silver flower with the large forehammer of the blacksmith. I am sorry if I have failed to interest you in the narrative of that night of temptation."

## THE CANARY.

WITH AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.

I FIRST saw Caroline Leslie at a party. As a mutual friend brought me to her for my introduction, she was just taking leave of her cousin, a fine looking young man, who was to depart, the next morning, for his health, for the south of Europe. The solemnities, if there had been any, of their parting were over, for as I came up I heard her say, "Good bye, Hal, and remember, I do love a Canary, notwithstanding your eloquence." There appeared to have been a discussion, for he replied, as he pressed her hand, with a meaning look,—as we always say of a glance which we cannot interpret,—“I am afraid you would soon forget to love it. Good bye, Carrie,” and as she gave a farewell smile, with an expression deprecating his doubt, he drew himself off, and the field was left to me.

How beautiful is the relation of cousins, when one is one of those relations himself! But how impertinent does it seem when one sees it in others! That bewitching familiarity,—that open look of confiding pleasure, with which the creature for whose single smile one would give his little finger, presses a hand or leans on the shoulder of a man who is neither brother, husband, or lover! Of all the weapons woman has to use, to check or to lead on suitors too backward or too hasty, a cousin is the surest and the best. If she would pique us, she may flirt with him for a whole season, and no one need make any remark; nor are her pretensions to the perfect heroine in an after “first love” compromised. If she would flatter us, she may sympathize with us as we laugh at his *gaucherie*, or lead us on to caricature any of his failings; and the useful being still remains her friend; and we may not complain that he is called on in preference to us in any emergency because he is a cousin.

Happy was it for Harry Leslie that night, if the unuttered imprecations of a crossed man have any avail, that I knew that he was his cousin's cousin. Those apparently recognized smiles, that dear pressure of the hands, although both subdued as became the public presence of a ball-room, I could not have borne had I not known their relationship. That explained, that accounted. I understood the philosophy of cousinship,—on which I would still further enlarge, but that I will one day write an essay upon it, which may be full and complete, and not come in in a parenthesis,—and knew that that might easily be the foundation of all this tenderness, without the necessity of

supposing any secret understanding or hidden sympathy.

And yet I was glad he was gone. If she smiled now, it must be upon me. If she wished to lean upon any arm, here was mine, and just now mine only, ready for her service; and I stood willing to assume all the duties, responsibilities and delights of cousinship,—which, indeed, as I shall develop in my essay, is a relation which may be adopted without the accident of blood and birth, with the mutual consent of both parties,—and to put myself upon any ground of connexion and sympathy which she would vouchsafe me. We were, however, but just on the threshold of an acquaintance. She stood, as if still thinking of the cousin, looking down at her little foot, which was beating time to the quadrille the band was playing; and I felt that I had the conversation to begin. Now, notwithstanding what I and others may have said of the obtuseness of facts and the stupidity of a conversation made up by the recounting of observed realities to each other, by the most intellectual or brilliant individuals, we always do need some one fact, some one known object of interest to the person we address, on which to hinge our opening remark. An acquaintance never begins, until we have fairly got hold of some topic which we can handle together, if it be only to lay it on the shelf.

I only knew that Caroline Leslie was a very beautiful girl,—very,—and that she would “love a Canary bird.” Time was short and I was above deceit, so I at once remarked that “I never could see the poetry of Canary birds.”

She lifted her large, dark eyes to my face, and was pleased not to understand what I meant. This was as good as if she did. I could have talked nonsense forever, then, to have stood and looked at her. I explained, however. All birds were beautiful to me, and I therefore saw *poetry* in all; but I would not acknowledge that that was a bird which we kept shut up in a cage, any more than I would pretend that I had a cataract in my wash-basin at the hotel in Niagara. We might shut up the little body of the songster, but we should find, as when we brought home shells and stones from the sea-beach, or grass blades and mosses from our favorite mossy nooks, that

“We cannot bring home the river and sky.”

She was in for a reply. She pleaded the singing, which I would not allow was







music, from a cage and in the house; and she fell back upon that argument which women use so fondly, and ah, how often, so wickedly, "that it was at least something to love."

Who can tell her, who, with open heart, is stretching out her warm arms for some object that she may embrace, that she should not seek one? Who can say to such a bright "child of earth," in the first moment of his first acquaintance, "Oh, if you seek something to love, love me!" I could not; so I said, reserving this ground for after use, that these birds were not things to love,—they gave no return, no sympathy. That they were next in coldness to the goldfishes that swam in globes without power of expressing affection if they felt it; and that all that the birds could express, they lavished on all who spoke to them alike. *That* I did not call love worth having. Neither did she; so she changed her ground, and spoke of the warm delight there would be in attending and cherishing and loving a bird given us by one we loved. Whether distance or conventionality separated us, here was something on which we might expend those outward acts of affection, in which love finds so much happiness and so much food.

Her eyes sparkled and her cheek burned with a deeper glow. I could not argue with her, nay, I believed her, and we now went on together, and tint by tint together brought out this picture of simple happiness. From this we went on. The one necessary point of agreement was found. Theory after theory of love and of friendship, thoughts coolly drawn out from my brain, and feelings gushing at once from her heart, were brought to heap up our now common treasure. More of that conversation I will not, would not if I could, detail. It ran on and on, without labor and without thought, over wider and wider fields, while time flew rapidly and unmarked away. I drank in the charm of her purity, her simplicity, her artless wit, and her winning sweetness, and I gazed upon her beauty till it seemed that I had but one thought and one feeling; and the gay scene around us, and the music, and our other friends, seemed only a distant background to the one object which occupied my whole soul. Lovely Carrie Leslie!

It was time to go home, and we parted; and I smiled afterwards as I recollected how I was brought back to the opening of our acquaintance, which was already a friendship, and said, "Good evening, Miss Leslie; I shall always remember your love for the poor caged Canary." She smiled, and, as if with half a challenge to me, said she feared I should soon forget all about it, and bade me good night. I smiled, too, to think that I had parted with nearly the same words

as "the cousin," but now I thought of him without a sigh.

What were the stars to me that night? for I saw them not, though I sat at my window gazing at them for two full hours before retiring to my bed. Bright and pure they shone, but brighter and purer and more calm and holy than that soft evening in the lingering autumn, was her image before me. I had entered upon a bright dream of light and love. I went over and over our whole evening's intercourse, and then on and on into the wildest imaginings. I seemed to press her warm hand, to whisper to her the purest affection, and to see smiled back the kindest returns. Then I went back and measured her every word, her every look. What had she meant? how much had she meant? And thus the mind began to reassume its prerogative, and feelings faded down into question and thought. When, how, could I see her first again? What could I do to connect myself with her thoughts? What could I do to contribute to her peaceful, natural happiness? I wished for some task to show her how I loved her. I longed for morning, that I might at least tell her my love.

Morning came, and I waked to possibilities. I was not yet a madman, and I must restrain my passion into the mere forms of courtesy. That day I did not go near her; but as I yet longed to give her some token of remembrance, I set off for a neighboring town and procured for her a beautiful Canary bird, who, I thought, might well recall our sympathizing conversation,—a perfectly trained creature,—and brought him to my room. Here was another difficulty: I had no right to send her a present of any sort, and her careful parents would be trundling it home upon me the next day. A little thought did away with this objection. Under cover of the evening my faithful boy Tim delivered the cage, with its messenger of love within, as an anonymous gift to Miss Caroline. Well might I know, after all that had been said of remembering and forgetting, that she would need no monitor to tell her from whom it came.

But I had no messenger in return, nor could, with all my ingenuity, conjure up a hope of one. I had done all I could, and it seemed that I was left only to brood over my now enthralling day-dream. With imaginations whose want of reality I continually felt, with doubts and hopes and fears, I filled my whole time. This pre-occupation racked me with a constant anxiety, and yet

"All other pleasures were not worth its pains."

With her image in my mind, and avoiding

all other intercourse, the day after the next, I sauntered towards her house, which was some half-mile from the village where I was living. It was a mild, soft morning in the "Indian Summer,"—a season which I will not attempt to describe, for we must feel it, in all its magic beauty, to understand its real though sad inspiration. Many of the leaves had already fallen from the trees, but lay yet uncrushed upon the path and rustled beneath the feet and in the soft, passing breeze. The remaining foliage was brilliant with its most gorgeous autumn coloring. The air was fresh and clear, but with an almost unnatural warmth and blandness. It was a day to conceive a great poem or to do a great deed. It was a day to ride or sail or shoot, or to laugh and talk with friends, or to dance in the grove upon the crisped leaves. It was a day to lie on a sunny bank looking out on river and hill and sky, while the hours flew by like moments and left no record but dreams. But above all, it was a day to feel one's love, and to cherish with more and more fond devotion the glimmer of hope that one was beloved in return.

At last in my walk I reached the hedge that encircled the grounds about her dwelling. I had never been within it, and I now sat myself down on the low stone wall beneath it, and putting aside some of the acacia branches looked in upon the house. Scarcely had I taken my position when a white hand put aside the curtains from a balcony window, and in a moment she stood gazing out between them. I had hardly time to feel the first bound of my heart as its pulse quickened at this unexpected sight, when she turned aside and I saw for the first time my cage hanging on the wall. Yes, my cage, my bird!

It seemed but a moment, that half hour that I remained fixed there, gazing on her as she stood, nearly the whole of her beautiful form revealed, her delicate head just bent aside, as if to display its most bewitching tounure, her fair hand extended to offer some morsel to the happy creature, whose sunny notes of rejoicing came even to my ears through the clear morning air. Now she carefully opened the cage, and as she placed her finger invitingly before his proud breast, true to his training he leapt upon it, and she drew him to her and pressed him to her lips and bosom. Who would not sing on such a perch and to such a listener? And I was almost as happy and merry as he. All this affection I felt was spoken through him, though unwittingly, to me. I lay concealed by the hedge, with my eyes strained upon her fair form, till she shut him again in the cage, threw him a farewell kiss from her fingers, and closed the curtains and retired. Long afterwards even, I re-

mained gazing at the window, but she did not come again.

I pass rapidly over the days in which I watched long and often without again seeing her come to the bird; I could not come at the right time. At last I went to see her. We met with a mutually warm greeting, but fell back into the cold and commonplace as we turned to common-places for conversation.

Suddenly her eye brightened and a blush spread over her cheek as she told me, and I thought with a hidden implied knowledge of the giver, of her recent gift. She brought me the bird and exhibited him; she was loud, even more, she was fond, in her praises of him. She pressed him to her, she kissed him, she called him "her own bird," and seemed overflowing with joy that there was anything to whom she might express her feelings for their real object without restraint.

I accepted the proffered demonstrations of sympathy. Not only on that visit, but afterwards, I too showed my love for the bird who had been to me the messenger who had both told my love and brought back its answer of joy. Caroline and I became fast friends. We leapt over at one bound all the frigid periods of acquaintance. We seemed to become at once brother and sister.

I ought to mention an incident that happened not long after. Caroline received another Canary, sent to her anonymously. She wondered, together we wondered, whence he could have come; but we both agreed that the new "Jacky" was not half so pretty or loveable as the old friend "Bobby," and exchanging glances which almost spoke our reasons for cherishing him, we determined that the new-comer should be hung up, out of sight, at the back of the house. This little occurrence referred me back to that opening scene of our acquaintance. Had she not said then that she would cherish a bird as a remembrance of him who gave it? and had she not done so? How many thousand expressions of endearment to that simple gift of mine, went straight to my heart; while the quiet banishment of its brother, who had no associations to recommend him, was a renewed assurance to me of the truth of my deductions. Even if a man must know he is loved before he dares to love, what a happy man was I!

My visits had for some weeks become constant, and I depended upon seeing Caroline every day. It had grown to be a necessary part of my being. I did not dare to ask myself what this craving for her society was. On the first night of our acquaintance, when I had come home reveling in the recollection of her deep, dark eyes, of her bright, enchanting smile, of the whole of her winning beauty, I had not

hesitated to say to myself that I loved her with my whole heart and soul. I had long since given up this self-sincerity. I no longer confessed to myself that I loved her. I had learned to delight in, to depend upon her companionship, but I had learned to guard myself against too much frankness even to myself. She was my friend; she was a bright and beautiful woman; she was one from whose pure spirit I delighted to study; but to acknowledge that I loved, — love is so exacting, — was a step too far. I shrank even from self-committal.

These men who are "looking out for wives"! How enviable, and yet how dangerous is their position. Looking around to see whom they may marry! In spite of all the traps and plans of which our modern novels would make them the object, how comparatively safe their condition. A friend of mine was married a few days since, (God bless him and his fair wife!) and another friend who was speaking to me about him, said, "I did not think T. would have got the start of *you*." Innocent being! "the start"! as if the whole effort of a susceptible young man, in this world of beauty and enchantment, were not *not* to get married! What a castle of love and of happiness could I not have built, had I dared to make marriage its corner stone. As it was, and I leave reasons prudent and prudential to the reader, I would not think of such a *denouement* of that which was fast becoming my romance, but in my reveries called Caroline my friend.

We saw each other every day. We walked, we rode, we sat together. I looked to her for the poetry of my existence. And yet we never spoke of love. Although we were much alone together, and although we shunned the admission of others to our meetings, and together planned avoiding them, and laughed over our skill in giving them the cut direct or the cut courteous, yet we never — and I say it with the confidence of one who expects to be believed — said that which third persons might not have heard or have participated in. Our intercourse was open and warm and confidential; I did not disguise the interest I felt in her, and my heart beat quick as I received the confidence and interest she gave to me. Yet we never spoke of love. If this were acknowledged at all, it was like one of those secrets which two people hold in common yet may not mention to each other. Each may refer to matters connected with it, with the assurance that the other will understand and sympathize; but the fact which each knows has been confided to the other, neither may mention or allude to.

One point of our conversations I may allow, since I am on my confessions, approached to the roseate hue of sentiment;

and that was the bird. It seemed to be especially one of those palpable secrets of which I have spoken, that I had sent him to her. She had never said she knew it, I had never asked her. Yet she ever told me of his fondness, or of his adventures or sufferings. She delighted to make him sing to me, to caress him before me, and to praise him. She contrived to let me know how great a consolation he was to her in her solitude, and how much he cheered her, and she loved him. I acknowledge that here we trenched upon dangerous ground. "Bob," the Canary, was like the ethereal being in the story, whom the hero loved as the fairest of women, and the heroine as the most angelic of men, until it drew away from between them and left them to fall into each other's arms. I should not have said that *all* our intercourse might have taken place "before folk."

Such was our position when, in the course of a few days, I was again and again brought to feel that we live in a gossiping world. Were I not now hurrying to a close, I would enlarge upon the fallaciousness of that reasoning which so magnifies our neighbor's business that it seems always of so much more importance than our own. But I may not; the mere fact is, that I met the report in every quarter that I was "engaged" to Caroline. My constant visits, our extended walks, our rambling rides, our joy at meeting, and our confidential discourses, often long protracted, when others were bored by and boring each other, had been interpreted and misinterpreted according to the way of the world. The worst was my own consciousness, — I dared not meet these attacks of friends with a bold front, and the common-place "I wish it were so." I was obliged to confess to myself that I had put myself in a false position.

I began to accuse, and then to excuse myself. I argued that I did not love Caroline, (*en parenthese*, sure sign that I did;) but I acknowledged that I might have been deceiving *her*. It is easy to conjure up the belief that we are loved, and I began to tremble as I thought of the consequences. Whatever was the case, I knew that the sooner we came to an explanation the better. I set out at my customary time to meet her in our morning walk, turning over and over within myself plan after plan for opening to her the subject that filled my mind. I was far from wishing to break off our intercourse; on the contrary I had long since learned to depend upon it as part of my every-day life. But how to explain, to account for it. If I wished a justification hereafter, either for myself or others, she must be made to understand that I sought her society, not as an accepted lover, not

even as an anxious suitor, but merely as a friend.

"A friend," — "we are friends!" These are dangerous words for a young man of twenty-two and a fair girl of eighteen. And yet what more holy and beautiful than the relation! To have a sweet being who will sympathize with your most intimate plans and feelings, — who will cheer you in your successes, and soothe you with her bright words and her kind heart, in your moments of disappointment and distrust, — who will smile with you and laugh with you over the petty occurrences of your everyday life, or sit hand in hand under the pale moonlight in the soft evenings of autumn, and revel, as only a woman knows how, in the magic witchery of the hour; — who will be gay when you are gay, droop her lids and drop her tears when you are sad, and ask no more and expect no more, — this is a blessing man may rarely experience, and which above all he should never boast of having experienced. Men may boast of their loves and their conquests, if men have such, and may tell how their love has met with refusal, or scorn, or pity; but the intercourse of these spirit-sisters is for ourselves and to ourselves, and is the last secret which other confidence can draw from our breast.

You may see that I had arranged my oration. I did not meet Caroline in her usual path, and unwillingly I went to her house. Unwillingly, because I would not add another open attention to those I was hereafter to disown. I found her alone, and sat down by her on a sofa; I felt as if I should never be able to "speak my speech as it was set down."

"I *thought* you would come here, to-day," said she, cheerfully.

"Why so," said I, "for I did not intend to come." She did not answer, but she lifted her long, dark lashes, and her deep, glancing eyes, turned full on mine, said, "Why not?" as plainly as words could speak, and I went on.

"I wanted to see you very much, to-day, for I had something in particular to say to you, and yet I did not wish to come here."

Again the eyes.

"Are we not enough friends," said I, "for me to say to you exactly what I mean?" and I took her hand in mine, and again, as she returned the pressure, her dark eyes answered without a word, and I went on.

"We have been very happy together, Carrie, or I have, and I vainly thought it might last. But the busy world has a busy tongue, and is always ready to say that those who take an innocent delight in each other's society —"

About so far had I got, when she drew her hand from mine and drew herself back

to her full height. Her eyes flashed fire, and her cheeks reddened. Her lips were half parted and drawn down; her bosom heaved as her breath came quick and full; and as her glance shot through me, I trembled as I suddenly saw myself, as in a glass, a guilty thing. My hypocrisy to myself was exposed to me. I saw, I felt how I loved her, and there she was sitting as if in scorn of one who had thought to reject her love. In a flash, my thoughts of prudence, my plans of speech were vanished, — some forgotten, some cursed, — I seized both her hands and drew her towards me.

"Oh, Carrie!" I cried, "if you could know what I would have said, and in what madness I resolved on it! But I cannot. There are truths that we must speak. Whatever I would, I can only say, what you must already know, that I love you entirely, only and forever; that I have learned to entwine your image with my whole existence, and that long as I have borne to cherish it as an ill-concealed secret, I can no longer restrain myself from telling you my love, and asking you, yes, begging you, for yours."

She had drawn away her hands, and now sat leaning back, though her eyes no longer gleamed indignation, but drooped as she said, "I must not hear this."

"Will you doubt me?" I cried, as I pressed towards her. "Oh, from the first moment that I saw you, through all our long and dear intercourse, while —"

Here she interrupted me. "I ought not to have heard you so far, G——," said she, "but I was surprised, confused. I cannot now explain, understand it. Oh, did you not know, had you not heard, can it be possible that all this time you were ignorant that — that —" and she bowed her head and sank her eyes, "that I am engaged to my cousin Hal?"

Engaged! to Hal! We had never mentioned his name since he left her on the first evening of our acquaintance. I thought I had known her every feeling, and here was this most engrossing one I had never seen! How I said this, I do not, for I cannot, tell. With desperate leaps at explanation, we plunged on, and were as soon as possible in the clear field of accounting for the past. She soothed and pitied, and I wondered and all but wept. As I had before studiously avoided committing myself, I had of course never committed her. Yet there had been tender passages, and especially about the Canary, and I put them to her, as I gradually drew myself out of my predicament.

"Your Canary! Jack! Bob! did you send me Bob?" cried she, "I thought that was *Hal's* bird! Oh, oh! he must have sent Jack after he got out to the Islands, as he said he should; and I thought, how could

I, that —" and she hung her head in grief at her self-deception.

I repent my smile,—for it was wicked to smile,—as I thought how she had fondled the stranger's bird and neglected his; but it was natural. Under cover of that smile I took my leave. In a tender farewell we vowed to be eternal friends, to let this explosion make no difference in our intercourse, and—I never saw her more.

The next evening, for curiosity's sake, I went up to take a peep through the hedge, not at Caroline, but at the cage where *Bob* hung. The cages were changed! Master

Jack was hanging in pride and pomp by the parlor window. I crept round behind the house, and there, on the eastern wall, in sad and solitary state, brooded the forgotten favorite, the foregone object of caresses and kisses, my own *Bob*. He shivered for his master's faults.

Late that night my boy Tim came in with flushed countenance to tell me that he had scaled the wall, had opened the cage, and set *Bob* free. Whether Tim did this from the mere mischief of boyhood,—and it *was* mischievous,—I leave the reader to determine.

G. Q.

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### THE VISIONARY LOVER.

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A YOUNG Florentine is attached to a lady of higher rank, to whom he is personally a stranger. One night he dreams that he has been presented to her; the next day he meets her in the street, wearing a garland of the flowers called *Belle-de-Nuit*, which implies consent. On the strength of this coincidence he sends her the following verses:

Oh, fairer, fresher than the face  
Of morn, when first, in maiden grace,  
With half-averted eyes,  
O'er lawns, besprent with dewy drops,  
Or on the misty mountain tops,  
She sees the sun arise!

Say, why those radiant locks enfold  
Within their mazy threads of gold  
The pale-faced belle of night,  
When Flora's most resplendent glow  
Would hardly match that marble brow  
And eye of sapphire light.

Ah, might I hope that mystic flower,  
Which suits so ill thy beauty's power,  
Were meant to be the sign  
Of some fond time, when twilight pale,  
Sweet saint! shall lift the virgin veil  
From Love's propitious shrine!

Too daring thought! then let me rest,  
Content on fair Illusion's breast  
To slumber life away;  
Content, (perforce,) at least by night,  
To clasp in dreams the vision bright  
I worship all the day.

THE HAPPY HOURS.

WORDS BY BARRY CORNWALL.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK, BY GEORGE J. WEBB.

**Voice.**

*Andante con espressione.*

**Piano Forte.**

*pia.*

O, the hours, the hap - py

hours, When there shone the light of love, And all the



sky was blue a - - - bove, And the earth was full of flow'rs.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Happy Hours'. It consists of a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5, then a quarter note D5, and continues with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

Why should time and toil, The worth and beauty spoil

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment features more complex chords and arpeggiated figures in both hands, with some triplets in the right hand.

Of such hap-py hours? Why should time and toil The worth and beauty spoil

ritard.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with a final note. The piano accompaniment includes a 'ritard.' (ritardando) marking, indicating a gradual deceleration of the tempo. The score ends with a final chord in the piano part.

ad lib.

Of such happy, hap-py hours? Of such happy, hap-py hours?

colla voce. *f*

## 2

O, the hours, the spring-time hours,  
 When the soul doth forward bend,  
 And dream the sweet world hath no end,  
 Neither spot, nor shade, nor showers.  
 Can we ne'er resume  
 The love, the light, the bloom,  
 Of those vernal hours?

## 3

Ever do the year's bright hours  
 Come, with laughing April, round,  
 And with her walk the grassy ground,  
 When she calleth forth the flowers.  
 But no new springs bear  
 To us, thoughts half so fair,  
 As the by-gone hours.

# BOSTON MISCELLANY.

## AMERICAN SCULPTORS IN ITALY.—NO. II.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

HAVING spoken of Mr. Greenough and his productions, in a former number under this title, we propose to devote the present to some remarks on the works of Mr. Powers, another distinguished American sculptor, residing in Italy. Although it is but a few years since Mr. Powers can be said to have commenced the pursuit of his art, he is already to be regarded less as a sculptor of the highest promise, than as one of the highest reputation. It is but about three years since he went to Florence. Before that period, he had scarcely executed anything in marble; and since his arrival in Italy, he has given much of his attention to the busts which he had modelled in America; and yet he has already attained the name and standing of a master. We do not know any way in which we can do justice to Mr. Powers, and convey to our readers a just idea of his merit, and of the estimation in which he is held by good judges abroad, so effectually as by translating an article from the *Giornale Arcadico*, for the month of October, 1840. This is a highly respectable scientific and literary journal, published at Rome. The article which we propose to lay before our readers, is written by Professor Migliarini, of the Grand Ducal Gallery at Florence, one of the most learned archæologists of the day. The biographical facts were probably furnished to him by some well informed American, and are in the main correct. We translate the article for the most part literally, but have occasionally added a few

words, for the sake of rendering the sense more apparent. It is entitled,

### *The Young American Sculptor, Mr. Hiram Powers.*

The history of the fine arts, expatiating in a region most delightful to the human mind, has constantly awakened more and more of the attention of observers, presenting them a succession of pleasing results, almost entirely free from the sources of painful reflection, so frequently encountered in other narrations. The portion which regards the preliminary training, designed to put the pupil on the road which will conduct him to the desired goal, was early attended to for the direction of studious youth; and among the various suggestions to this end, we find expressions of the admiration excited by some rare geniuses, who have attained celebrity without the guidance of a skilful master. I propose, at present, to treat this last topic, in reference to Sculpture exclusively.

Pliny,\* upon the authority of Duris, relates of Lysippus, that he became a great master without having been a disciple of any one; although he informs us that Cicero differed on this point. If the passage of Cicero which Pliny had in his mind, is that with which we are all familiar, we must suppose Pliny to have misapprehended its

\* Lysippum Sicyonium, Duris negat. Tullius fuisse discipulum affirmat. Plin. H. N. xxxiv., 19, 6.

purport. Cicero says that Lysippus recognized the *lance-bearer* of Polycletus as his master.\* He could not, however, have intended, that a single statue of a young man had served him as a guide in the great variety of characters required for his very numerous productions. Neither is there reason to suppose, that in any of his lost works, Cicero expressed a different opinion on the subject of Lysippus, from what he has done in this passage, which, as far as it bears on the question, whether Lysippus had a master, in the ordinary sense of the word, would rather lead to an inference directly opposite to that which Pliny drew from it.

It may be advantageous, meantime, to retrace the few traditions which remain to us of Lysippus.† In the first place, we know that in his youth he was employed in the establishment of a bronze founder. Here we may suppose that he was led by inclination to make a commencement in sculpture. Doubtful, however, as to the choice of a preceptor, he determined to take counsel of a competent and unprejudiced adviser. For this purpose, he applied to Eupompus, an aged painter, the master of Pamphilus, who was at that time the teacher of the young Apelles. Eupompus was probably acquainted with the disposition of Lysippus, and when asked by the latter whom he should follow of preceding masters, Eupompus replied by pointing to a group of men who stood near; wishing to teach him that Nature herself was to be imitated in her immense variety, and not artists in their peculiar manner. "He who follows another," says the great Michael Angelo, "will never get before him." It may be considered, therefore, as a principle, that the imitation of any former master, however excellent, is to be avoided, in order that the artist may not become the grandchild rather than the child of Nature. This rule, however, is not to prevent the young young artist from learning of masters how to imitate Nature in the best and shortest way, taking advantage of their long experience.

This principle, at the present day, requires a little farther explanation, to guard it against the misconceptions of those who recommend an imitation of nature as it is, without choice or judgment, not to mention that there are some who even extol nature in her defects. But we are not to lose sight of what has been so often mentioned as to

the great diversity between the Greeks and ourselves,—between their manners and ours; and how much more easy it was with them to procure models than with us; and consequently how much less difficulty attended the imitation of nature's choicest forms. But let us look a little farther, and see the sort of imitation of nature which Lysippus practiced. He reached such celebrity, as to be included in the trio that had the exclusive privilege of making the likeness of Alexander the Great.\* He himself was accustomed to say, "that his predecessors had represented men as they are, but he had represented them as they ought to be"†; a description of his style which has passed without contradiction. We are not to infer from this description of his own manner, that Lysippus was not a diligent student of nature; but that, in his study of nature, he sought the *ideal*,—that perfect form of which nature is too avaricious to bestow it, in all its parts, on any one individual. The reader will pardon this digression, while I return to my theme.

It is also narrated of Silanion, that he acquired fame without the guide of a master.‡ To this proposition, Falconet subjoins the following judicious observation: "In order to make this circumstance astonishing, it would be necessary to suppose that Silanion was born and lived in a corner of the earth, where he had never seen statues or pictures; but in the centre of Greece, and among the chef-d'œuvres of art, in the age of Alexander, when he was surrounded by the most famous artists, there is nothing to be surprised at in such a fact."

But the example which I am now going to relate, includes the conditions required by Falconet, and may be considered as without a parallel, and therefore worthy of all attention.

In a remote, and, as far as the fine arts are concerned, uncultivated part of America, inhabited by husbandmen and shepherds, in the village of Woodstock, in Vermont, Mr. Hiram Powers was born, about the year 1805. It happened to him in his youth, to be removed to the neighborhood of Cincinnati, in Ohio, then a village, but now a considerable city. By this change of place, he gained little or nothing, in reference to the developement of his latent capacity. On the contrary, he soon had the misfortune to be deprived of his father, and left without means of support. Constrained by this

\* Polycleti Doryphorum sibi Lysippus aiebat magistrum fuisse. Cicero in Brut. 86.

† Sed primo ærarium fabrum audendi rationem cepisse pictoris Eupompi responso. Eum enim interrogantem quem sequeretur antecedentium, dixisse demonstrata hominum multitudine, Naturam ipsam, imitandam esse non artificem. Plin. loc. cit.

\* Apelles in painting, Lysippus in bronze statues, and Pirgoteles in intaglios.

† Vulgoque dicebat, ab illis factos quales essent homines; a se quales viderentur esse. Plin. loc. cit.

‡ Silanion. In hoc mirabile, quod nullo doctore nobilis fuit ipse. Plin. xxxiv. .5 19.

disaster to embrace whatever mode of liveliness first offered itself, he engaged in the construction and superintendence of the mechanism of a public exhibition, at Cincinnati.

An inward feeling, however, convinced him that this was not his destiny; he formed a conception in his mind of something like sculpture, while yet ignorant of the very existence of that art. So strong was this passion, that if he had not afterwards found the art in use, he would himself have invented it. The flexible materials on which he made his first experiments, particularly wax, did not give him full satisfaction. He reached the age of seventeen years, in this state of restless desire; when he saw a single bust in plaster, the head of Washington, an ordinary work, which, however, attracted his profound attention.

After a considerable interval and many struggles, he met, at Cincinnati, with an individual, who possessed some knowledge of the art of sculpture, and modelled in clay the likenesses of one or two public characters. He learned from him the general method, the material adapted to it, and the mode of taking a cast from a model. This was for Powers a most happy discovery, and one that seemed to realize his vision.

Eagerly to endeavor to imitate the works of this individual; then to make an attempt from life, first with a view to equal and then to surpass what he had seen; finally, to succeed in making beautiful likenesses, such certainly as he had witnessed no example of before;—all this was so rapidly accomplished, that it is not easy to relate the steps of the progress, so swift was his flight, borne on the pinions of a happy genius.

If this artist, urged by native inclination, had succeeded in imitating nature servilely, though with exactness, it would not have been matter of great astonishment. But at the very first glance, Mr. Powers rose to the just conception of a kind of representation which should contain, in union with all the characteristic parts, the natural and expressive spirit of each individual. He has dedicated himself to the preservation of the whole character, while at the same time he imitates the porosities and habitual wrinkles of the skin; so that he might be called the Denner of Sculpture. He spares no pains to make every head preserve, in every the smallest part, that harmonious type,—composed at once of unity and variety,—which belongs to itself;—a special quality of nature, which escapes the eye of many. Such a union of rare capacities becomes marvellous in one who could have no previous knowledge of the labors of the Greeks; nor of the works of Donatello, of Mino di Fiesole, and Gambarelli.

Employing himself with ever new delight in modelling in clay, he passed through several considerable cities of his native country, and reached Washington at a fortunate moment. Congress was then in session, composed of some of the most respectable persons in the United States. Among its members and the men of distinction collected at Washington at the same time, Mr. Powers had ample opportunity to exercise his talent in making busts. Among those whose acquaintance he made at the seat of Government, were persons who had visited Europe and possessed some notions of the fine arts. This is equivalent to saying, that he here met with those who were competent judges of the merit of his labors.

Perceiving that he was not likely to want employment, he wisely determined to repair to Italy, for the purpose of executing his works in marble, and perfecting himself in his art. Arrived at Florence, he applied himself to the management of the marble with the same zeal which had animated him in the previous steps of his progress. When the accustomed instruments employed by sculptors seemed to him not as perfect as they might be, he contrived others. He proceeded rapidly in executing the busts which he had brought with him, in a style which commanded the admiration of the connoisseurs who beheld them.

The reputation of the portraits of Apelles is well known.\* They were considered so like their originals, in all respects, that the physiognomists of that day were able to form their prognostics upon them as accurately as on the examination of the living individual. In like manner, the busts of Mr. Powers challenge a similar scrutiny, on the part of those, who, under other names, and with other objects, employ themselves in similar judgments of character, at the present day; and who will find great reason to maintain that his heads may be studied like the portraits of Apelles, though destitute of those indications of character which depend on changes of color.

In fact, on a certain occasion, when I was carefully examining the busts of Mr. Powers, there was an individual present who had perhaps some tincture of this science,† and who said to me, with enthusiasm, "Do you see that head? What penetration! How expressive those features! That must be a new Demosthenes! This has the undoubted likeness of an incorruptible guardi-

\* *Imagines adeo similitudinis indiscretæ pinxit, ut (incredibile dictu,) Apion grammaticus scriptum reliquerit, quendam ex facie hominum divinantem (quos metoposcopos vocant) ex iis dixisse aut futuræ mortis annos aut præteritæ. Plin. xxxv. 36, 14.*

† Phrenology.

an of the laws. That full of calm, though mixed with energy, has the qualities of a dictator, &c." As I was occupied solely with the art, I listened with little attention to these remarks, and took but little interest in them, as I was unacquainted even with the names of the individuals whose busts I was contemplating. If the conjectures of character made by this person in my hearing, and by others who have examined in the like manner the heads of Mr. Powers, approach the truth, the fact would furnish a new illustration of Pliny's remark, that it is the admirable prerogative of the art of sculpture, that it gives greater celebrity to famous men.\*

There are few examples of works like these at the present day, because many artists have thought it best to execute busts in the heroic style, (as did many of the ancients,) without seeking extreme individual likeness. Though rare, however, there are some distinguished modern instances. And in this connection, I cannot pass in silence the magnificent and I may say colossal likeness of Pope Rezzonico, in St. Peter's, by Canova. With the permission of the detractors of that celebrated artist, it cannot be denied that he has surpassed himself in this venerable image, where devotion is identified with the character of the head, on whose vast superficies the artist had ample room to express the most fugitive movements of the skin, preserving, however, the *grandiose* character of the whole in a manner that makes it rather seem the work of the pencil of Titian, than that of a sculptor's chisel.

I will endeavor, in conclusion, to anticipate the timid judgment of those sophistical critics, who admitting, — what many connoisseurs have cordially granted, — the superiority of Mr. Powers as a skilful maker of busts, may yet be slow to allow him the name of a perfect sculptor, in consequence of his not having produced works in the more important branches of the art. To such objectors I would reply, that they must consider that his progress has been so rapid and impetuous, in the field in which he commenced, as to have left him no leisure as yet for other labors. Meantime, he no longer inhabits a distant region, where the arts are in their infancy; nor does he any longer want the aid of examples of excellence, and the necessary information. He who has been able to make such progress without a master, will easily achieve whatever is yet wanting, now that he is placed in a situation more favorable to his progress. It may be also added, that he has already

commenced the model of a nude statue, which we may well flatter ourselves will be carried on to its perfection, equally with any other work which Mr. Powers may undertake.

Wherever there is the gift of a happy genius, joined with assiduity and a passion for the chosen art, together with the modesty necessary for a constant search after improvement, there it is safe to predict a complete and easy success.

A. M. MIGLIARINI.

The foregoing estimate of the talent of our distinguished countryman becomes still more satisfactory, when we reflect that it is a characteristic of the Italians, remarked upon two centuries ago by Milton,\* not to be "forward to bestow written encomiums on men of this side the Alps." We have not the least wish to receive ungraciously the praise of Mr. Migliarini, which, we are sure, is bestowed in good faith and with good will; but it is not only not the language of a panegyrist, but evidently framed with some care to avoid shocking national partialities and the sensibility of eminent contemporaries, among his own countrymen. He weighs every word in the golden scales of a learned criticism; and yet not only institutes an elaborate comparison between Mr. Powers' case and that of Lysippus, but justly states that the case of our countryman, in attaining so high a degree of excellence not only without a master properly so called, but without the advantage of a general contemplation of the works of other sculptors, is *without a parallel*.

A few statements in Mr. Migliarini's article, invite one or two words by way of explanation.

The mechanical exhibition at Cincinnati, in the construction and superintendence of which Mr. Powers passed some years of his youth, though seemingly an humble field, required a high degree of talent. Nothing could be more successful in its way, no great proof, it is true, of merit. Mr. Powers lavished on the wax-work figures and groups the first energies of that plastic skill, which will live forever in his marble. Some of his moving figures were brought to perfection by months of assiduous labor, and the application of the most ingenious mechanical contrivances. There is no doubt that his noviciate in this humble sphere was an excellent school for the development of the mechanical skill, which he possesses in an eminent degree. He was, at a later period, employed by Maelzel to repair some of his automata. Mr. Migliarini alludes to the

\* *Mirumque in hac arte est, quod nobiles viros nobiliores facit.* Plin. xxxiv. 19, 14.

\* Reason of Church Government urged against Prelates.

readiness with which Mr. Powers contrived new instruments of sculpture, when those in common use failed to give him the effect which he desired to produce. He has invented and manufactured several such instruments, both for the clay and marble, to the use of which may be ascribed a portion of the wonderful softness which he gives to his flesh.

It is stated by Mr. Migliarini, that Mr. Powers represents in his marble the "porosities and habitual wrinkles of the skin."—Without explanation, a statement like this would convey an erroneous idea of his manner. Should Mr. Powers become, — as he already is, to some extent, — the acknowledged head of a school of art, his injudicious disciples might run into *such* an imitation; as the characteristic excellence of every great master is sure to be pushed by his followers to extremes. His principle, as practiced by himself, we understand to be to reproduce the man, in the best and most accustomed expression of his character. To attain this end, whatever is essentially characteristic in the original, must be preserved, whether it be great or small, feature or wrinkle. The consummate skill of the artist is shown in thus selecting what is thus characteristic, — however seemingly inconsiderable, — and still more in making these innumerable details work together toward the uniform and appropriate expression and life of the whole. The affair of "porosities" reduces itself to this: Many of the ancient sculptors, and perhaps most of those who flourished at the revival of the art, polished the surface of their statues and busts. However appropriate this may be to the conceptions formed of the bodies of the ancient heathen divinities, the glassy effect impairs the resemblance of works representing human originals. Some modern artists accordingly do not polish the surface of the marble, although they give it a smoothness unlike the natural appearance at least of those portions of the skin exposed to the air. Mr. Powers, with instruments of his own contrivance, gives to the surface of his marble a delicate roughness, (if roughness it can be called,) which absolutely counterfeits flesh, and produces an illusion not merely beyond anything we have seen in the works of Donatello, Mino di Fiesole, or Gambarelli, (whom Mr. Migliarini names in this connection,) but beyond anything we have witnessed from the chisel of any other artist.

Since the article we have just laid before our readers was written, Mr. Powers has very nearly completed the model of the statue alluded to in its conclusion; he has executed in marble an ideal head of great beauty; and has projected two or three other works. The first statue represents

the mother of mankind, contemplating the apple, which she holds in her right hand, after having so far listened to the tempter as to pluck the fruit. It is a moment not dwelt upon by Milton; but it seems to us a fine conception to establish an interval between plucking and eating the fruit. The face and form, as becomes the parent of our race at this period, before the fatal act is consummated, are intended to exhibit a specimen of perfect symmetry and beauty. The countenance combines the expression of an ardent desire to enjoy the forbidden fruit, with that of thoughtlessness at the consequences which had been denounced. The left hand holds the fruit which she reserves for Adam. The hair falls partly down the back, and is partly arrested on the right shoulder; and in the plan of the work the insidious foe, — not yet modelled, — pressing close to her person, but not full in her view, watches with devilish eagerness the workings of her mind. We conceive that it would be improper, in the present state of this great work, to make it the subject even of a complimentary criticism. We will only add, that it is thus far the fruit of the most laborious study, the acutest observation, and profound thought. It contains nothing traditional, — nothing copied from the Grecian or the Italian antique. It is a fresh conception, an original study of nature, examined with the most unwearied attention, with the purest taste, and a sound judgment.

The ideal head named above, of which Mr. Powers has executed more than one copy in marble, was undertaken by him as the most effectual answer which could be given to those who questioned his possessing any other talent than that of a maker of busts. It is usually called "Ginevra," and the conception was suggested by the lovely and well known description in Mr. Rogers' Italy. Mr. Powers has preserved as much of the picture sketched by the Nestor of the English Parnassus, as is adapted to representation in marble, and could be introduced into a bust: —

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,  
Her lips half open, and her finger up,  
As though she said "beware!" —  
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,  
A coronet of pearls.

But then her face  
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,  
The overflowings of an innocent heart,  
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,  
Like some wild melody.

She was an only child, her name Ginevra,  
The joy, the pride of an indulgent father,  
And in her fifteenth year became a bride.  
She was all gentleness, all gaiety.

There is nothing in the sculpture intended to recall the tragical part of the story. — Faultless beauty, bridal gentleness, the



gaiety of the only daughter of her father, the sweet innocence of the morning of life, these are the elements of Mr. Powers' idealization of Ginevra.

Mr. Powers has planned some other works, among them a sea-boy on the shore, holding a shell to his ear, and listening to the forebodings which it gives of the storm. This is not a recent conception on his part, which we mention by way of establishing his claim to the originality of the idea, as the subject of a work of art. He has also projected a work representing a Grecian maiden, exposed for sale in a Turkish slave-market. Our readers will perceive at once the extreme beauty and capacity of these subjects.

Our country has much to boast of in Mr. Powers; we hope he will have as much to be grateful for to his country. The bust of the late Chief Justice Marshall, of heroic size, — a most splendid work, — for which the price paid by Congress was but little more than the value of the marble, labor, and time, at journeymen's wages, bestowed upon it, is hitherto the extent of the public patronage accorded to him. We are sure this can only be, because opportunities have not presented themselves for more important commissions. It is not thus that America means to encourage her Lysippuses. It is really cruel to keep a master like this on the drudgery of private bust-making, which, after all, at the usual prices, is labor poorly paid.

Meantime, and till something more worthy of Mr. Powers' talent is proposed, we would observe that he has now on hand very perfect models of the busts of Presidents John Quincy Adams and Van Buren,

and an admirable bust of General Jackson in marble, of heroic size. What could Congress do better than order these three busts on suitable pedestals, at handsome prices, for the rotunda of the Capitol, with Clevenger's bust of General Harrison to accompany them? A row of the busts of the Presidents of the United States, to be placed around that magnificent hall, between the pictures, or at a proper distance in front of them, would furnish a very appropriate ornament for the rotunda, and surround, in a very becoming manner, the statue of Washington in the centre. President Jefferson's bust, by Caracchi, might be removed from the library to the rotunda, to take its place in the row. The other Presidents, — Adams the elder, Madison, and Monroe, — could at any time be added. As to the four named, — one of which, Jackson, is already finished, and the other three modelled, — they could be furnished in three months. This, we trust, is an affair which could, in no case, awaken any political feeling; but it happens luckily that the four Presidents are equally divided between the two parties.

Will not the State of Vermont assert her peculiar interest in Powers, as the State which gave him birth? North Carolina has gained herself the highest praise by employing, at great expense, the chisel of an Italian artist to furnish her a statue of Washington. If Vermont should call upon her gifted son to execute for her State-House statues of the heroes of Ticonderoga and Bennington, she would both do herself lasting honor, and bestow upon the country works of art which would do no discredit to the studio either of Canova or any living sculptor.

#### SONNET.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

LIKE some black mountain glooming huge aloof,  
Grassed with tall pines, friend of the thoughtful crowd  
Of stars, yet thereof seeming nothing proud,  
Calm granite pillar of God's own home-roof,  
Thrilling me through with infinite reproof,  
Yet so wrapt round with twilight's awful shroud  
That I may wellnigh deem it but a cloud  
Or even some strand of fantasy's vast woof  
Wrought by the lurid moonrise, — even so  
Stands the great asking for some afterwork,  
Which Earth and Custom vainly strive to shirk,  
Making all other toils seem mean and low,  
And sweetest rhymes of what I am or was,  
A cricket's chirp among the easeful grass.

Oct. 1841.

## THE FEAST OF BACCHUS.

*Καὶ σὺ μὲν οὕτω χαίρει, πολυστάφυλ' ὦ Διώνυσσ  
 Δός δ' ἡμῶς χαιρόντας ἰς ᾠρὰς ᾠτίς ἰκισθαί.*

*Homer Fragm.*

THE song that I have to sing  
 By a Theban maid was sung,  
 When Cadmus was Bæotia's king,  
 And the golden world was young ;  
 With festive shouts the temples rung,  
 Their walls with myrtle and with roses hung,  
 For the birth-day rites of Bacchus now  
 Called the simple people there,  
 Before his leafy shrine to bow  
 With offered hymn and prayer.

Troops of children, ivy-clad,  
 Chanted round a ruddy lad,  
 Who, with eye divinely glad,  
 Bacchus-like, his tiny thyrsus wielding,  
 Ruled the homage they were yielding ;  
 And, when the music melted away,  
 The virgin thus began her lay.

## SONG.

## 1.

To the god of gods a god was born,  
 Bacchus, the boy of Jove ;  
 And to-day we worship his natal morn,  
 In Dionysa's grove.  
 Dionysa ! deathless maiden,  
 She, before our Thebes was built,  
 With love and anguish over-laden,  
 Found the willing way to guilt.

'T was the new-born god that won her,  
 Feverish kisses raining on her ;  
 Gifted with too precocious art,  
 Softly to storm the stubborn heart.  
 One day's life he had not known,  
 Ere, with refusal weary grown,  
 The victim-nymph became his own.  
 And hither, punctual to the day,  
 Of Jove and Semele the son  
 From all his heavenly loves shall stray,  
 To dream upon that earthly one.

Strange ! that Bacchus has the power  
 To recall that amorous hour,  
 Since Jove in kindness had forbidden  
 The boon of Memory to his child ;  
 Yet, in his secret soul is hidden  
 The thought of her whom he beguiled.  
 Happy Bacchus ! he remembers  
 Naught of trouble, naught of pain,  
 Yet, beneath their faithful embers,  
 Love's undying fires remain.

Pour then, oh, blooming band  
 Of garland-wearing youth,  
 The juice with lavish hand  
 That quells the pangs of truth ;  
 That speeds the winged soul  
 Care's dismal sphere above,  
 For Memory, sinking in the bowl,  
 Is drowned, and turns to Love.

## II.

Man, who looks with sober eye  
 On the rude, repulsive day,  
 Sees that half his pleasures fly  
 Long before the locks are grey ;  
 Long before the wrinkles come,  
 Or the lip hath lost its color,  
 Friendship falters, Mirth is dumb,  
 Hope's faint ray grows daily duller.

Dim before him, — dim behind,  
 Seems the view that once enchanted ;  
 Night and day his moody mind  
 By distressful shapes is haunted.  
 Weightier on his drooping head  
 Beareth Labor's load of lead,  
 His thoughts are so sad,  
 And his wishes so mad,  
 And his passions so bad,  
 That he envies the passionless dead.

Touch ! oh, touch his trembling lips,  
 Bacchus ! and the soul's eclipse  
 Like a vapor shall vanish away.  
 He smiles as he sips,  
 He laughs when he quaffs,  
 And thanks the darkness that produced such day.

## III.

Age, whose wan and shrivelled limbs  
 Warn him of their dry decay,  
 Tries with unconsoling hymns  
 To be devoutly gay.  
 With many a soothing psalm  
 His spirit he fain would calm,  
 But music no more to his senses is balm,  
 And vainly, vainly sweetest minstrels play.

Truth, truth is far more strong  
 Than his presuming song ;  
 Legs will shake and shiver,  
 Arms will quake and quiver,  
 Feet will trip and stumble,  
 Fingers fail and fumble ;  
 Autumn groweth gloomy,  
 Spring is raw and rheumy,  
 Summer's breath is cold,  
 The poor, poor, feeble, cheerless man is old.  
 From the red nipples of the vine,  
 Such milk as heroes love to suck  
 Now pour him, and his eyes shall shine  
 As he were wonder-struck !

With firmer tread he staff-less walks,  
 With storied tongue he briskly talks,  
 And, hark! some recollected note  
 Trickleth from his thawing throat.  
 He makes companions of the young,  
 Aside the cloak, the crutch are flung,  
 Gravity defunct awhile,  
 He wakes the long-lost art to smile,  
 And burns like any stripling now  
 To kiss the blush from beauty's brow.  
 As on the dancer girls he gazes,  
 Wavering in ambiguous mazes,  
 One from the rest he singles,  
 Whose foam-like motion, form and face  
 Recall some scarce remembered grace  
 That with his rapture mingles.

Now his boyhood glimmers o'er him,  
 Old enjoyments flit before him,  
 And *one* athwart his dreams doth glide  
 Whose wishes with his own were wove,  
 For Memory, dead to all beside,  
 Is faithful still to Love.  
 Who but Bacchus, — who but he  
 Could so liquefy the soul?  
 Sovereign lord of Jollity,  
 Gentle despot of the bowl.

Here ceased the virgin, failed the fire,  
 On the pavement fell the lyre,  
 Ecstasy herself must tire,  
 Even the echoes of the choir  
 In a low strain expire.

Then, — for it chanced in early times,  
 Ere wine and happiness were crimes, —  
 All, as the lofty anthem ended,  
 Their minstrel to the meads attended;  
 Where, at the bidding of the king,  
 A fountain had been made,  
 Instead of water from the spring,  
 A ruby rain of wine to fling  
 Around the fresh-mown shade.  
 The air, the shrubs, the grass were wet  
 By the tossed bubbles from the jet;  
 The fir, the fig-tree limbs were dripping,  
 The insects on their leaves were sipping;  
 The flies on daisy-down that dine,  
 Drenched their little meal with wine;  
 It seemed the wedding day of Earth  
 With the divinity of Mirth;  
 The bridemen were fullness and gladness,  
 The bridesmaids were music and madness;  
 Nor till the morning star arose,  
 With its cold eye of temperate sadness,  
 Thebes and her drowsy children sought repose.

## THE APPROACH TO WEST POINT.

EXTRACT FROM THE TRAVELLING JOURNAL OF G. Q.

*Friday night, (or rather Saturday morning,) 2 1-2 o'clock.*

MY flickering tallow bed-candle hardly gives light enough even to this cramped up little room, to enable me to set down the account of the day and its troubles. Anger and vexation have spent themselves and exhausted all my powers, and I can but just mark out the skeleton of the ill-fated occurrences which the few last hours have strung together and heaped upon our devoted heads.

The steamer Swallow had brought us rapidly up the river, hardly giving us time to admire the glorious and ever-changing scenery through which it passes; and the rays of a modest and but half-grown moon were but just beginning to contend with the advancing shades of twilight, when I called to my companion,

"Here, Bill, is West Point; there will be a rush, so if you will get seats in the coach, I will take care of the baggage."

Then leaving the promenade deck, where we had been battling with the thickly falling cinders, and gazing on the only two fair faces which the crowded boat contained, I plunged down the gangway and seized upon a porter: "This way,—my trunks are here."

"That place is locked up, I've nothing to do with that; them's the *Albany* baggage," he broke out by degrees, in answer to my urgent desire that he would bestir himself.

"Sorry, sir, but sha'n't be able to get it out before we are under way again.—There, we've left the dock."

We had gone by West Point without landing. There was nothing to do but to go and abuse the Captain, which we accordingly did. He was sure it was not his fault. No, but certainly it was; he had expressly told me it made no difference in which place the trunks were left. He recollected this; he was very busy giving out tickets for berths; he was assailed by two disappointed and angry injured ones, and, no wonder, he lost his temper. He could leave us at Newburgh, nine miles further on, where we could take the return boat; that was all he could do; as for paying the fare down, he should n't do it, that's poz.

"Don't get into a passion, Captain; there is no use in getting angry; I only want to tell you the plain state of the case."

"I sha'n't,—I can't,—I'm busy,—I can't talk now—"

"Keep cool, Captain; only say when you can talk to us; there's nothing to get out of

temper for." (All eyes on the Captain, and the passengers thronging around for berths and sport.)

"Well, wait five minutes."

We continued standing in the office with our eyes on his. In perfect silence he dealt out the tickets. If the demand for them ceased, he gazed from the window and appeared to see some one approaching from a distance, to occupy the time. At last there were no more to come. We watched his agony, and exchanged signs of recognition, but suppressed our smiles. He took out his box and helped himself to tobacco. Still no one came. He then drew a card from a drawer at his side, and wrote an order to the Captain of the return boat to take us to the Point.

"Thank you, sir; that's all we wished. Good night."

"So much," says Bill, "for perseverance."

We drew up at Newburgh, this time all ready. 'T was about ten o'clock, and pitch dark. The other boat would not be down for two hours, and we must wait for it, sleepy, hungry and cross. We hid our baggage and strolled out. I can't suffer myself, to-night, to describe this place, the seat of Washington's headquarters on the Hudson, nor to narrate our adventures in it, (neither few nor uninteresting,) in my present humor. The people were in a state of general jovialty from some unknown cause, and our feelings were by degrees in some manner enlivened. As our time elapsed we found ourselves sitting by the baggage-office on the dock, gazing at the stars and building huge castles in the air. The clocks around us struck twelve, and then the quick, hard sound of a steamboat bell was heard, and the down boat came rushing and clattering to the wharf.

We hurried down; there was no one to take the trunks, but unwilling to be late this time, we seized them ourselves and dragged them on board. The small tinkle of the pilot's bell was heard, the roar of the steam ceased, the wheels dashed through the water, and we were again rapidly passing down stream. "Well," said I, "one *must* be pretty careful on these North-River boats, but we have saved *ourselves* this time. Now we'll show the Captain our order."

We did. He read it, pushed it back to me, and went on writing, saying quietly, "Yes, sir."

"Sha'n't we want some tickets to show on landing?"

"That don't go here," he answered, "*this is the opposition boat.*"

I smothered my vexation, and added as blandly as I could, "Well, give me a couple of tickets to the Point."

"West Point is not one of our stopping places."

Two feet were stamped upon the deck, and two oaths muttered, while the delighted Captain of the opposition placidly wrote on. We must go on to Caldwell's, nine miles below West Point, and wait till the morning. We should get there by two; he would be sure to have us called.

A record of the way in which we passed

the interval, of our dialogues, our monologues, or our inward despair, would be too dark a picture. It *may* be imagined.

Here we are, at Caldwell's, — hot rooms, eight feet square, — no great chance of a good breakfast, and nothing to do to-morrow. I never expect to see West Point. It appears to fly my approach like an *ignis-fatuus*; and though it rose before me but a few hours ago as if I might have clutched it, it has faded away like the heart-breaking mirage, and left me parching in the desert. But my companion's heaving sleep warns me that the land of dreams is still open to me.

## AN ODE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### I.

IN the old days of awe and keen-eyed wonder  
The Poet's song with blood-warm truth was rife,  
He saw the mysteries which circle under  
The outward shell and skin of daily life.

Nothing to him were fleeting time and fashion,  
His soul was led by the eternal law;  
There was in him no hope of fame, no passion,  
But, with calm, godlike eyes, he only saw.

To know the heart of all things was his duty,  
All things did sing to him to make him wise,  
And, with a sorrowful and conquering beauty,  
The soul of all looked grandly from his eyes.

He gazed on all within him and without him,  
He watched the flowing of Time's steady tide,  
And shapes of glory floated all about him  
And whispered to him, and he prophesied.

Than all men he more fearless was and freer,  
And all his brethren cried with one accord, —  
"Behold the holy man! Behold the Seer!  
Him who hath spoken with the unseen Lord!"

He to his heart with large embrace had taken  
The universal sorrow of mankind,  
And from that root, a shelter never shaken,  
The tree of wisdom grew with sturdy rind.

He could interpret well the wondrous voices  
Which to the calm and silent spirit come ;  
He knew that the one soul no more rejoices  
In the star's anthem than the insect's hum.

He in his heart was ever meek and humble,  
And yet with kingly pomp his numbers ran  
As he foresaw how all things false should crumble  
Before the free, uplifted soul of man.

And, when he was made full to overflowing  
Of all the loveliness of heaven and earth,  
Outrushed his song, like molten iron glowing,  
To show God sitting by the humblest hearth.

With calmest courage he was ever ready  
To teach that action was the truth of thought,  
And, with strong arm and purpose firm and steady,  
The anchor of the drifting world he wrought.

So did he make the meanest man partaker  
Of all his brother-gods unto him gave ;  
All souls did reverence him and name him Maker,  
And when he died heaped temples on his grave.

And still his deathless words of light are swimming  
Serene throughout the great, deep infinite  
Of human soul, unwaning and undimming,  
To cheer and guide the mariner at night.

—  
II.

But now the Poet is an empty rhymers  
Who lies with idle elbow on the grass,  
And fits his singing, like a cunning timer,  
To all men's prides and fancies as they pass.

Not his the song which in its metre holy  
Chimes with the music of the eternal stars,  
Humbling the tyrant, lifting up the lowly,  
And sending sun through the soul's prison-bars.

Maker no more, — oh, no ! unmaker rather,  
For he unmakes who doth not all put forth  
The power given by one loving Father  
To show the body's dross, the spirit's worth.

Awake ! great spirit of the ages olden !  
Shiver the mists that hide thy starry lyre,  
And let man's soul be yet again beholden  
To thee for wings to soar to her desire.

Oh, prophesy no more to-morrow's splendor,  
Be no more shamefaced to speak out for Truth,  
Lay on her altar all the gushings tender,  
The hope, the fire, the loving faith of youth !

Oh, prophesy no more the Maker's coming,  
Say not his onward footsteps thou canst hear  
In the dim void, like to the awful humming  
Of the great wings of some new-lighted sphere ;

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AN ODE.

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Oh, prophesy no more, but *be* the Poet ;  
This longing was but granted unto thee  
That, when all beauty thou couldst feel and know it,  
That beauty in its highest thou couldst *be*.

Oh, thou who moanest tost with seallike longings,  
Who dimly hearest voices call on thee,  
Whose soul is overfilled with mighty throngings  
Of love and fear and glorious agony,

Thou of the toilstrung hands and iron sinews  
And soul by Mother Earth with freedom fed,  
In whom the hero-spirit yet continues,  
The old free nature is not chained or dead,

Arouse ! let thy soul break in music-thunder,  
Let loose the ocean that is in thee pent,  
Pour forth thy hope, thy fear, thy love, thy wonder,  
And tell the age what all its signs have meant.

Sit thou enthronèd, where the Poet's mountain  
Above the thunder lifts its silent peak,  
And roll thy songs down like a gathering fountain,  
That all may drink and find the rest they seek.

Sing ! there shall silence grow in earth and heaven,  
A silence of deep awe and wondering,  
For listening gladly bend the angels even  
To hear a mortal like an angel sing.

—  
III.

Among the toilworn poor my soul is seeking  
For one to bring the Maker's name to light,  
To be the voice of that almighty speaking  
Which every age demands to do it right.

Proprieties our silken bard environ ;  
He who would be the tongue of this wide land  
Must string his harp with chords of sturdy iron  
And strike it with a toil-embrownèd hand.

One who hath dwelt with Nature well-attended,  
Who hath learnt wisdom from her mystic books,  
Whose soul with all her countless lives hath blended,  
So that all beauty awes us in his looks ;

Who not with body's waste his soul hath pampered,  
Who as the clear northwestern wind is free,  
Who walks with Form's observances unhampered,  
And follows the One Will obediently ;

Whose eyes, like windows on a breezy summit,  
Control a lovely prospect everyway ;  
Who doth not sound God's sea with earthly plummet,  
And find a bottom still of worthless clay ;

Who heeds not how the lower gusts are working,  
Knowing that one sure wind blows on above,  
And sees beneath the foulest faces lurking  
One God-built shrine of reverence and love ;

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Who sees all stars that wheel their shining marches  
 Around the centre fix'd of Destiny,  
 Where the encircling soul serene o'erarches  
 The moving globe of being like a sky ;

This, this is he for whom the world is waiting  
 To sing the beatings of its mighty heart,  
 Too long hath it been patient with the grating  
 Of scrannel-pipes, and heard it misnamed Art.

To him the smiling soul of man shall listen,  
 Laying awhile its crown of thorns aside,  
 And once again in every eye shall glisten  
 The glory of a nature satisfied.

His verse shall have a great commanding motion,  
 Heaving and swelling with a melody  
 Learnt of the sky, the river, and the ocean,  
 And all the pure, majestic things that be.

Awake then thou ! we pine for thy great presence  
 To make us feel the soul once more sublime,  
 We are of far too infinite an Essence  
 To rest contented with the lies of Time.

Speak out ! and lo, a hush of deepest wonder  
 Shall sink o'er all this manyvoicèd scene,  
 As when a sudden burst of rattling thunder  
 Shatters the blueness of a sky serene.

December, 1841.

### ERAS IN WOMAN'S LIFE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE MISCELLANY FROM THE GERMAN OF ZCHOCKE.

My father formed at the University an intimate friendship with a young and very gifted man named Waldern. When they left the high school, the night before their separation, with tearful eyes they pledged each other over a glass of punch and swore to remain true to each other even to their last moments ; and whatever might be their future lot, if it were in any manner possible, they agreed to see each other every year. There have been many friendships sworn, and faith often pledged, over a glass of punch or wine, but people return to a more quiet state of mind, — they look back upon youthful enthusiasm, and smile at it, — they forget themselves. The times change, and men change with them.

Yet it was different with my father and young Waldern. They kept their word and faith. They grew sober, but their hearts

beat warmly, even in riper years. Their paths in life were very distinct, but their souls always turned toward each other, notwithstanding the distance which separated them. They married, but they never forgot their brotherlike tenderness. Once every year they visited each other, notwithstanding they were separated by a three days' journey. And even when they each had the engagements of an office, and a family of children, they devoted two or three weeks to their annual visit.

For several years, at first, the visits took place alternately at their different homes. Afterwards, it was usually my father who made the journey and was entertained by his friends. I do not know how this happened ; but Waldern was rich by marriage and inheritance, dwelt in the city, and held an office at court, which gave him a great

deal of occupation; these reasons might have kept him at home. My father held the office of head Forester in a village; his house had no superfluous room for guests accustomed to luxury; perhaps it was more pleasant to him to see, once a year, the varied bustle of the city, than for the courtier to inspect the woodcutting in a forest, or the table in a village; for some reason, however, it came at last to be the custom for my father, every summer, to take a journey and visit his friend.

I might have been a boy of ten years old, when my mother dressed me in new clothes from head to foot, and my father said,

"Gustavus, you shall go with me to the city, this time. My brother Waldern has long desired to see you."

Who was so gay as I! The mama travelled with us this time. For a quarter of a year we looked forward to the journey. I was the only child remaining to my parents; they enjoyed my childish anticipations of the wonders of the city.

In fact, there was enough for me to see and hear in the city. It seemed to me like life in a fairy tale, every day something new. Waldern was an exceedingly agreeable man, but he had an only daughter, just as old as I was, named Augustina, who seemed to me much more agreeable even than he was. She jumped and danced incessantly before me, and her first question was, "Gustavus, have you seen my new doll?" Then she seized me by the arm, and I was obliged to admire the doll, whose splendid dresses, of which she had at least a dozen, were changed every day. I was also called to express my delight at the sight of the doll's furniture, her tables and chairs. The second day, however, Augustina let the doll repose, and rambled with me about the grounds. She taught me to dance, and I taught her to play soldier in the garden, with flower stalks for guns. We were never separated, and from morning till evening in an incessant frolic and play.

"Listen, old friend," said Waldern, one evening, at supper, to my father; "we have charming children."

At these words I looked at Augustina, for I had not yet thought whether she were pretty or not. And to be sure her dark locks, confined only by a simple rose-colored band, — the delicate oval of her fine face, — the black, animated, roguish, good humored eyes, — her red, plump lips, — the graceful motions of her whole body, — all appeared to me to be really pretty.

"Papa," cried Augustina, with a face wonderfully between sour and sweet, "if I only had such pretty hair and eyes as Gus-

tavus, you would certainly think I should do very well."

"Old friend," continued Waldern, without suffering himself to be interrupted by the little vanity of Augustina, "Our friendship must descend to our children, and they shall make a couple; it is plain they are intended for each other."

My father nodded smilingly, and raised his wine-glass. The old people touched glasses. I did not exactly understand what the Chamberlain meant by the inheritance. But Augustina explained it by a question she put to her father:

"Indeed, little papa," cried she, "do you mean that Gustavus shall be my husband? Oh, that is most charming. I shall certainly love him dearly. Oh, yes, papa, let it be so; do not you like it, Gustavus?"

A loud laugh went round the table. The next day we played man and wife. — We had a wedding, but before that we had a betrothal. In the garden, which was bordered by grape vines, we had our church between two acacia trees, which were then rare in Germany. A wooden garden bench was the altar; a cousin of Augustina's, somewhat older than we were, who often came to play with us, was the priest. Augustina had arranged everything; two pewter rings, set with green and red glass stones, had been purchased; these were exchanged before the altar, and because on account of their large size they tumbled from our fingers, they had ribbon wound about them on the under side.

After the wedding, we went to a wedding feast in a corner of the garden. Table and chairs were placed, sugar plums of all kinds, cake and milk, were served up in a doll's tea-set by the bride herself. Everything went off bravely. After the feast, we had a dance, the cousin being musician.

Yet why should all this childish nonsense be repeated. Three weeks passed away in the city like a dream to me. And when we separated, there was sorrow and crying between the husband and wife. We begged them not to separate us, but our parents consoled us, laughed at our emotion, and at last took us from each other with the promise that we should soon have another visit.

We did not go back again so soon to the city as I wished. At home everything seemed empty, dead, and solitary. For some time I wept in secret for Augustina. And even when I ceased to grieve, and became accustomed again to the quiet house of my parents, and the stillness of the village and the forest, — for this soon happened, — all was not yet right in every corner.

For this reason I was well pleased that a change took place. My father placed me

at school in a neighboring city. I was delivered over to his acquaintance, the Rector of the school,—an old, worthy, learned man,—as a pupil and a boarder. My mother wept bitterly when I went away from home. She packed my trunk closely with my clothes and books, but I found room enough to stow Augustina's pewter ring between the folds of a handkerchief. My good mother herself first carefully wrapped it up in paper.

A life of study with the Rector was not at first altogether pleasant to me, but I soon came to like the bustle of the boys in school. Multiplication, division, conjugations, definitions, extemporising, all now went briskly along, and time went along with it. As the city where my education was conducted was only three miles from my native village, I was often at home. This was always a high festival for me, for I could only be there a day at a time. Oh, maternal love! oh, heart of a father! How unspeakably happy was I every time I returned to the scene of my youthful sports.

The Rector, my master, was an excellent man; I loved him like a second father. His learning made him seem to me like a superior being. He had not much intercourse with the inhabitants of his little city. He delighted rather to live with the exalted spirits of other days, and with his youthful pupils; "for," said he, "there I see the perfected, and you bear in your hearts the seeds of perfection. Many of you will deceive my hopes; yet I hope by some to work in the world, when I no longer breathe under the heavens."

I now approached through the porch of the grammar into the holy of holies of ancient wisdom. How did Homer and Curtius excite me, but above all others Plutarch. I could have wept over the great world of the past. How merciful seemed to me the men of our own times, still, in fact, barbarians on whom may be seen the scars of the strong hand, of slavery, and the dust of the people's wanderings. I read, I translated, I wrote verses, I was happy, as knowledge makes every young man.

I had nothing to do with the journeys to the city, though my father regularly made his visits there, in conformity to his old customs. I no longer sighed after it; I had altogether forgotten my little wife there. I should have lost her little pewter ring, if I had not put it aside with some other toys in a little bag, where it lay undisturbed for years. My vacations I usually spent at home, in company with some of my fellow students, or made journeys to visit them at theirs.

Thus the years passed away. In my nineteenth, the Rector considered me prepared for the University, and my father sent me

there. It was a bitter parting, for I was unwilling to leave the worthy man, who, in forming my mind, had laid the foundation of all my inward happiness. Still more unwillingly did I bid adieu to the neighboring home of my father, from which I should now be fourteen miles distant. Now, everything which I had prized and loved as a child, became more dear. I visited again all the scenes of my sports; and as I was one day packing up for my journey, I did not neglect the little bag containing my playthings. I took out the smallest articles, as memorials and reliques of my departed childhood, and laid them near Homer and Horace in my trunk. Augustina's pewter ring was among them.

Notwithstanding I made verses in which the moon above and tender love, the young heart gay, the sun's bright ray, hearts and smarts, figured largely, yet of the ring of the little maiden and the city, I retained no distinct impression. I looked rather for the eyes of modest virgins, on which I could honorably pay a couple of Petrarchian sonnets; but this I did with fear and trembling. And I cannot say that any one pair of the many eyes whose lightning glance I often met, ever inspired me to write an ode. And yet, among the Pandects, and Institutions, and other forms of science with which I was surrounded, because my father desired to see me a head forester, my mind still sighed for something. I did not know what it was, but I did not find it.

I had advanced so far, during the three years which I had passed at the University, that I was able to become *Doctor utriusque juris*. I was advised, after having taken my decree, to apply for a professorship, and give private lectures. But my father, as head forester, considered no office in the State so honorable as a forest Councillor; and through the influence of the Chamberlain, Waldern, I was established as *Refendarius* in a provincial city.

Before I went to my post, I wished to visit my parents. I had been to see them once a year, during all the time which I had passed at the University. My father wrote to me to meet him in the city, where he with my mother were going to visit our old friend Waldern. I had some farther directions respecting my office to receive from the latter.

I hastened thither, in compliance with these directions. On the journey I thought sometimes of Augustina, but always with aversion, as if I were ashamed of our childish jests. Meanwhile, thought I, she must be pretty well grown, and perhaps she is still handsome. But the thought was odious to me, that our parents would perhaps make

a serious matter of these jests, and might couple us together in earnest. It seemed to me this meeting had been contrived for no other purpose. I took a mental oath this should never be.

And I kept my oath, but certainly against my will. For, after the first hearty embraces on entering Waldern's house, I looked round the apartment, and there, standing ready to salute every one, was a young lady, beautiful as a Hebe, with black, piercing eyes, into which I could no more look than into the noonday sun, without incurring the danger of being struck blind. Ah, I was already blind; I only saw that she saluted me with a bow and with blushing cheeks. What I replied to this, I do not know. I wished myself a thousand miles off, that I might collect my thoughts; and yet I should have rather died than have gone away.

I was fortunately relieved from my embarrassment by the embraces and questions of my parents and their friends. I was obliged to answer, and thus by degrees recovered my self-possession. I heard Mr. Waldern say to the charming unknown, "Augustina, is supper ready?" Alas, thought I, is that indeed Augustina? I had not courage to believe that this unearthly creature was once, in times past, my little wife. Such a thought seemed almost blasphemous.

We went into the supper room. Mr. Waldern offered my mother his arm, my father his to Madame Waldern,—Augustina remained for me. I tremblingly advanced to give her mine. She had better have offered me hers, for certainly I needed a support.

"How you have grown," said she. "I should never have known you."

"And I,—and I,—" stammered I. "I wish we were still little." This I said in all sadness. It was the silliest thing I could have thought of, for what girl of nineteen would wish to be a little miss again?

"Indeed! why do you wish that?" said she, in astonishment.

"Then I was so happy; oh, happy as now I shall never dare to be." Here a sigh burst from me, and I touched my left hand to her right, which was lying on my arm. Augustina remained an answer in my debt. Perhaps I had again said something foolish. I was ashamed of myself.

At supper the company were gay and lively. I became accustomed to Augustina's glances. I could even give her a reasonable answer, but eating was in spite of all reason, entirely out of the question. The more I looked, the more beautiful she seemed. The next day she was still more so; and the third, still more. It was manifest witchcraft. I repented my oath, which

I had far too hastily made, in the post-chaise, on my journey, and resolved, without hesitation, to become perjured at some future time.

On the evening of the third day it happened, I know not how, that we found ourselves together in the garden. I had for some time desired to say something to her, but did not exactly know what it should be. We reached the grape-vine walk. I remembered it well. "Oh, how large the two young acacias have grown," said I; "their branches now meet."

"Do you still remember these trees?" said Augustina, timidly.

"Could I forget my happiness?" said I. "Oh, how often have my thoughts been here! Ah, you were often in this walk, I suppose, without thinking of your little Gustavus, who shed so many tears in parting from you."

"How do you know that," said she, with a gentle, sinking voice.

We entered into the grape-vine walk; it was darkened by the shade of the acacias. I looked about me. All the world of my youth revived within me. I looked silently at Augustina. Ah, how different was everything now! Her eyes sunk to the ground. I took her hand. "Here was once the church."

She pointed to the green garden bench, and lisped, "There the altar; I know it all."

"Actually all?" said I,— "Ah, Augustina, all?"

"Oh, Gustavus!" stammered she.

After a moment, I drew out the pewter ring of betrothal. "Do you remember this, Augustina?"

When she saw it, her countenance brightened. She took it, looked long at it, and her eyes grew moist. "It is the same," said she, and examined it again with extreme emotion. "Oh, Gustavus, you are better than I am." When she became more calm, she drew a gold ring from her finger, placed it on my hand, and put the pewter one on her own. "This I keep. I am thine forever; art thou also mine, Gustavus?"

It will be understood that I answered as a poet of the age of twenty can answer. We swore by sun, moon, and stars, by the upper and the lower world, to love each other and belong to each other, on this side and the other side of the grave. Yet why should I relate all this circumstantially? Every one knows the use lovers make of time and eternity, heaven and earth. Love placed the Paradise of Adam and Eve about us. Three weeks passed away in innocence and bliss like a summer's dream. Then the talk was of parting. Good heavens! it seemed to me that I had but just arrived!

I wondered at the inattention of our parents. They might have seen what was passing between us. Our looks, our actions, everything betrayed that we were now going over in earnest what we played ten years before. And yet the Director Waldern never said at supper what he said ten years before: "Old friend, our children must inherit our friendship; we must make a couple of them."

With Augustina I had never the courage to speak of a formal engagement with our parents,—of promise of marriage,—of legal betrothal,—a wedding, and such prosaic accidents of true love, which are demanded by common souls; this was all too little, too profane for us. We supposed our parents had settled all such business between themselves.

Meantime the parting hour came, which we had dreaded for three days before. My father could be urged to stay no longer. The morning of my departure, we two lovers, before sunrise, were in the dear grape-walk, to speak to each other once more alone, and explain all our feelings. With tears and vows the holy union was renewed. The vine-walk was actually changed to the church, the bench to the altar. We fell despairingly upon our knees, stretched our hands in prayer to heaven, and made the most solemn promises. I assured Augustina that as soon as I reached home, I would speak to my father, and then, returning to the city, would receive from her parents her hand. Augustina blushed crimson when I called her my bride, my future wife. She hid her face in my bosom, and stammered, "Only Gustavus."

Thus we separated.

I had no sooner reached our village with my parents, than I seized the first opportunity to speak with my father alone, and reveal to him all my wishes and hopes of happiness. He, as well as my mother, had, during our journey, joked with me upon Augustina's conquest, when I had been lost in reveries. This gave me occasion for confession.

My father, a very sensible and upright man, and a tender parent, listened to me quietly and patiently; and patience he certainly needed, for I talked to him a whole hour, that I might explain to him the inviolable vow Augustina and I had made to each other.

"Child," said he, "I have nothing against it. I honor the feelings of both of you. I am glad you and Augustina love each other. The thought of her will guard you from many wrong thoughts and feelings. Yet I advise you not to be too hasty at this time. You are still young, hardly more than two

and twenty. You have yet no office which will give you a support. But this is necessary before marriage. Augustina is rich, to be sure, but you would not be supported by your wife. Nothing is more dishonorable than for a man to make himself dependent upon the property of a wife, and have to thank her for a fortune. The husband should be a man, and by his wealth and his labors support his wife and children. I myself, from my office of Forester, derive but a moderate income. I can only give or leave you a small property. You must first labor for yourself, as I have labored for myself.

"These circumstances may perhaps have the effect of causing my friend Waldern to refuse you, at least for the present, the hand of Augustina. She, brought up in the bosom of luxury, is accustomed to certain conveniences, that have become necessities to her. You are not in a condition to provide her with these necessities. Yet another circumstance is added to all these. The ages of both of you are not favorable for a long continued happy marriage. Augustina is about as old as you are. This is not well. Woman comes to maturity earlier, but she fades also earlier than man. You would be unhappy to have an old wife when you are still in the fullness of your manly strength. Between a man and woman of the same age, there is always a difference of at least ten years."

In this manner spoke my father. Every one will perceive he was manifestly wrong. I proved it to him as clear as the sun, and was very much astonished that he did not admit the force of my reasoning. I appealed to my mother.

"Gustavus, you are right," said she, "I must own you are right. Augustina is an angel; I do not wish for a better daughter-in-law. But your father is right, too. I can advise you nothing better than he has done. God help you," said she, weeping and tenderly kissing me.

We had now daily conversations and consultations. We never came to any conclusion. I suffered unspeakably in silence. After a week or two, when I was making preparations to begin my journey to the city, and from there to the little town where I was to shine as a Refendary, a letter came from Waldern to my father. Mr. Waldern's letter was full of complaints and lamentations about Augustina, who, after my departure, was inconsolable, and was obliged to take to her bed with a fever. She had now become more tranquil. But he adjured me, now that I had no possession by which I could, without making myself ridiculous, think of a serious engagement with his daughter, not to visit the city again. I should only, by doing so, fruitlessly renew her sorrow and endanger her health. He

repeated to me what he had already said to his daughter, that he did not object at all to our union, if I were in any office which would afford me a considerable income, and which I could not fail to be in, in a few years. Still farther, he had no objection to my keeping up a correspondence with Augustina, to make up for our separation, if I wished it.

This letter at first entirely overpowered me. I raved and raged against the tyranny and cruelty of men, till from fatigue I became quiet. I then began to think that Waldern had written very sensibly, and had promised me more than, from what my parents had said to me, I had a right to expect. The letter gave me, even, a sort of triumph over my father. I blessed Waldern. I resolved to act like a man, and to win the hand of Augustina by my exertions. The permission to correspond by letter, I availed myself of at once. I wrote Augustina a letter three pages long, and a short one to Mr. Waldern filled with my grateful emotions.

Waldern had worldly wisdom. He knew the human heart, and did not strive to dam up the violent stream of youthful inclination. The stream would only have become more furious and powerful and destructive. Now it flowed more quietly.

I did not journey toward the city, but went to the place where, as Refendary, I was to enter the course which was to lead me to an office of more profit and trust. The parting from my dear parents, the diversions of the journey, the first entrance into my new abode, and the beginning of the business of my office, had no small effect in bringing me to a more tranquil state of mind.

I labored with the most untiring diligence to perform in the most perfect manner the duties of my calling. My exertions were noticed. Every one did honor to my knowledge of business. I had but one fault, I was too young. I must first reach the *annum canonicum*. Oh, how I sighed for my five-and-twentieth year!

At last I reached it. One lives up to any age, if he does not die first! But there was sorrow here. My good mother died at that time, and a few months after her my father also. Yet my father had the pleasure, before his death, of seeing me Assessor in a Provincial College, with the title of counsellor, and endowed with a small salary. — A great step toward the summit of my wishes, the hand of Augustina.

My correspondence with my beloved was in a good way. To be sure, during the first years we never wrote a letter which was not three pages long. In the course of the second year, we cut off at least half; and by the third, it was reduced to a single page.

Time does wonders, but it does not extinguish true love. Augustina had, in the mean time, refused several young men who had paid their addresses to her. My letters were generally filled with regrets that I was not yet in a situation to ask her hand. My present salary was barely sufficient for my own personal expenses. The little inheritance from my father was nearly expended. She on her part assured me her parents were daily becoming more and more desirous she should accept some of the proposals of marriage which were made her, because she would soon have reached a certain age, when she would not be in so much demand, and would be called an old maid.

I felt her parents were right; and my understanding with Augustina being clear, I forgot the former proposal, and wrote to Mr. Waldern with regard to Augustina, that though I was not yet able to support a wife, yet I was consoled by the brightest hopes. This consolation did not go far with Waldern. He, in the meantime, refused again to give me Augustina, and gave me to understand that I made his daughter unhappy by these useless negotiations, since she was now in the middle of the twenties, and was advancing with a quick step toward the thirties.

On receiving this letter, I sighed sorrowfully. "The man is right, perfectly right," said I; and I was magnanimous enough to acknowledge this to Augustina herself. I wrote to her, that as I could not see with any certainty the time when I could with propriety ask for her hand, she should not sacrifice her best years for me. I should not love her less, even if she were the wife of another; and my happiness would be increased, if I only knew she were more happy.

This gave materials for a correspondence that lasted for nearly a year, and in which the same circumstances were considered on all sides. We wished to exceed each other in love and generosity. But at last I gained the victory, or rather Time, the wonder-worker, gained it, for Augustina was already six-and-twenty years old, a fatal period for maidens who would not increase the number of the eleven thousand in heaven.

However, very unexpectedly I received a letter from the city in an unknown hand. A counsellor of justice, Von Winter, thanked me in the tenderest and most feeling manner for my magnanimity, for Augustina was now his wedded wife. He begged for my friendship, and Augustina herself added a few pretty lines to the letter of her "dear husband," as she called him.

When I read this, it seemed as if I had fallen from the clouds. I cursed my untimely magnanimity, and Augustina's faithlessness. But what was to be done? Au-

gustina was six-and-twenty years old. She was not altogether in the wrong. Notwithstanding, I was filled with extreme vexation on her account, which was increased when, a year after, her father died, by which event she arrived at free power over her hand and wealth. If she had only waited one year longer. Now it was all too late. I wrote not another line to her, nor she to me. We became to each other as if we had never met.

Partly in revenge and retaliation for Augustina's faithlessness, partly to amuse my mind, I looked about among the daughters of the land. Lovely roses were blooming there; willingly would I have gathered one of them, but alas the money!

Fortune now favored me. I was in a better place, in another city. Some of my labors drew the attention of the minister of State. I was employed in several important causes, and the success of these operated in such a manner, that when I had reached my thirtieth year, I received the honorable appointment of President of the criminal court, in the province in which I had until now been laboring. I had, beside the honor, a liberal salary,—was able to keep house handsomely,—visited the best families in the neighborhood, even where there were grown up daughters.

Thoughts of the city sometimes drove the blood to my cheeks, though I imagined I had forgotten Augustina, or I should rather say Madame Von Winter. As far as I could hear from travellers, her husband was a somewhat old gentleman of noble family; and the gracious lady lived, as they say in the court cities, upon the *court footing*, surrounded by admirers, every day engaged in parties of the nobility, pic-nics, rondos, assemblies, ridottos, concerts, &c. The old simplicity of her father's house was gone. I was grieved when I heard these things. I could not accustom myself to think of the good, the celestial Augustina as so employed. Sometimes I could not but think, "Thank God, that she is not my wife."

A second letter from the Minister of Justice made it necessary for me to take a journey to the city, which I had not visited for many years. I was received by the Minister, and even by the Monarch, in the most flattering manner. I had been three days in the city, without having found a moment in which I could visit Augustina, although I had intended it. One morning I received the following note:

"My dearest Mr. President,—Must your old friend learn first from the papers that you are here? Under fear of my displeasure, I command you to come this evening and sup with me, in company with some good friends. Do not fail."

"Yours, attached, A. VON WINTER."

Natural enough! who would fail? But yet the tone in which she asked me, did not exactly please me. I had imagined her first address very differently, for there had come over me a peculiar anxiety and fear when I, on the previous days had thought, "I must go and see her." The separation for so many years, the various succeeding events in this interval of time, the old passion, and since then the changes between us two; these ideas all filled me with peculiar, and I may say, contradictory emotions, which made me dread the first meeting with my former love.

With a violent heart-beating I entered the coach, and alighted before the old Waldern house, now the house of Winter. Over the door I saw the coat of arms of a nobleman cut in the stone. Within, everything was new and elegant, so much so that I hardly knew myself there; but two quick-footed servants in pale green and gold livery, conducted me in the right direction, up the broad staircase, and into a spacious saloon filled with company.

The lady of the house, the gracious lady, received me standing at the entrance of the apartment. It was Augustina,—yes, it was she; and yet it was not exactly herself. Certainly not the fresh beauty of a girl of nineteen; but yet she was charming as a woman of thirty, full, majestic, easy. I could scarcely stammer out a word or two, I was so surprised, so bewildered. Her eyes, too, her blushes, told me of her quickened emotions. But she was so entirely her own mistress, so self-possessed, that she saluted me in the most agreeable manner possible, drew me from my embarrassment, reproved me sportively for having neglected an old acquaintance for so long a time, and taking me by the hand led me to the company, and presented me as a good friend whom she had not seen for ten years.

I soon recovered myself in the confusion of a general sprightly conversation. The lady of the house must do the honors of the house. She was equally kind, pleasant and amiable to all. As she came again for a moment near me, she said,

"How long do we have the pleasure, Mr. President, of keeping you in our city?"

And meeting me afterward again, "Excellent, my dearest, I tell you once for all, I expect you here every day, and appoint you for the whole time of your stay my *Cavaliere servente*."

I now made my request to her to present me to her husband. "Indeed," cried she, "I cannot tell you where he is; I believe, however, he is on a party in the country, with the royal master of the hunt. Apropos," added she, "are you married?"

The evening passed away. There was no opportunity for any confidential conver-



sation with Augustina. We danced, we feasted; wit and folly reigned, and pomp and elegance dazzled.

I had, the next day, the happiness of seeing the husband of Augustina. The Counsellor of Justice was a man over fifty, very fine, very polite, nice, but sickly, feeble and meagre in his appearance. "Not so, my brave sir," said Augustina once in passing me. "You look very proud near my dog of a husband, and think to humble my taste a little, but I assure you, on my honor, he is, after all, a very good sort of a person."

The tone of the house did not please me, and nothing but the urgency of Augustina that I would be at all her parties, as much as my business would allow me, could have moved me to go there. She did not please me; and yet I found her so amiable, her lively manner, her grace, her wit, drew me there again, often when old recollections and a comparison of the present with the past would have held me back. I even felt she might be dangerous to me, in spite of her levity and her fashionable airs.

"But are you indeed happy, my gracious lady?" said I to her, one evening, when I at last sat alone with her in her box at the opera.

"What do you call happy?" replied she.

I took her hand, pressed it affectionately, and said, "I call that happiness which you once gave my heart. Are you happy?"

"Do you doubt it, Mr. President?"

"Then I am happy, if you speak truly."

"Speak truly? So, my little President, are you still the same old enthusiast. It befits you very well. But do not forget that an opera box is not a confessional. To tell you what you want to hear, we must be by ourselves. Visit me to-morrow morning, at breakfast."

I pressed her hand in gratitude. After the opera, we went together to the house of a friend of Augustina, a lady of the court, to join a supper party.

The next morning I was at her house at eight o'clock. The gracious lady was still asleep. At ten I was admitted. She was in a morning dress, but only the more lovely for that. Now came the confession, as she called it. I learned that when one has passed the sentimental season of girlhood, she must seek her happiness in solid things. She was very well contented with her husband, because he was reasonable enough to leave her undisturbed to her own occupations. The old-fashioned ideas which we have in our childish years, vanish when our understanding comes. To be sure, she could not deny that she had not by any means loved her husband as she had loved me; and she added with a roguish smile, "old love does not rust. I like you still

very well, but believe me I had rather have you for a lover than a husband."

I had much to say in contradiction of this, but she answered it all with laughter. Meantime her woman came and announced that breakfast was ready. She took my arm, and we went into the well known garden.

Ah, the dear garden, I no longer recognized it. The old flower beds were gone; instead of them there were clumps of foreign shrubs and trees arranged after the so called English taste, between green grass plats, single paths wound about them. The vine bower was changed into a close Chinese temple, shaded by the two acacias. We entered it. It was the prettiest boudoir in the world. Instead of the green wooden bench, a well-stuffed mahogany sofa offered us a seat before a japan table, on which was placed coffee, chocolate, and sweetmeats.

"Oh, the beautiful holy vine bower, our church, our altar, our childish blessedness, oh, where is it all?" sighed I, and gave a glance to Augustina, filled with sad reproach.

"Does happiness, then, depend upon the vine bower," said she, smiling. "I suppose, for the same reason, I am not half so dear to you as I was ten years ago, because I no longer wear the same dress."

"But, Augustina, — yes, I must call you so once more, and this place gives me the right, — have not certain memorials of those divine moments always remained with you? For example, see here your gold ring, which ten years since you placed upon my finger. I have constantly worn it since as a holy treasure."

"And I, to honor you, also, at least at breakfast to-day, have the well known pewter ring," said Augustina, and she held her hand before my face. "You see it has turned black, and yet I place it in my jewel case, a jewel among jewels."

As I looked at the ring, a bitter feeling came over me. I took her beautiful hand, which the ring made more beautiful, and impressed upon it a kiss of gratitude. Augustina withdrew her hand, and said,

"Gustavus, you are still the same impatient enthusiast; it is not well for you to be near me. With you I might perhaps have been happier."

After we had breakfasted, we left the Chinese temple, while she held up her finger with a threatening air, and said,

"Ah, Mr. President, it is not well to confess to you."

She then resumed her usual sportive manner of conversing, and reminded me of the hour when I should meet her at a ball in the evening.



Though I remained fourteen days longer in the city, I had no farther opportunity to see Augustina alone, perhaps because I avoided any. Notwithstanding, from the moment I left the Chinese temple, I felt the last spark of love extinguished in my breast. I could not conceal from myself that there might be danger in our meeting in this way. The time of my departure came. Oh, how different the parting from that of ten years ago! We separated with drums and trumpets, at a ridotto, which I left early because I was to set out on my journey the next day. We had waltzed with each other, and said many pretty things. She accompanied me to the door, and called after me an *adieu mon ami*, while she was reaching her hand to another partner in the dance.

I was glad at heart to fly from the wearisome bustle of the great world, and belong again to myself. I mused at my ease over what was to be my future life, as I travelled through fields and forests, through cities and villages. I mused upon the future,—the past with Augustina had become painful to me. Oh, how time had changed everything! My journey,—I was four days in reaching my home,—was somewhat tedious, for it was without any adventure. The last day I met with one of a very pleasing kind.

My servant stopped in the morning, in a village, before an inn, to feed his horses. I went into the house, and heard the sound of quarreling. The host and a half-drunken hired coachman, whose carriage was before the door, were disputing. A young, well-dressed lady, in a riding habit, sat weeping at a seat near the table. The difficulty had arisen because the driver would not carry the lady to the place where she maintained he had agreed to take her, but insisted upon going to a little town away from the principal road, where he had other business. He declared that he had, in the first bargain, agreed to carry her to this place. The host had taken the part of the young, timid beauty. On hearing she was the daughter of the minister of a village an hour's ride from my home, and but little out of my way there, I soon set the matter right. The lady, after some hesitation, (I told her where I was going, and who I was,) yielded to my request, and became my companion.

On the way there was much conversation. She had a sweet, soft voice, the purest, most angelic innocence in all her looks. In my whole life no ideal pictured beauty had I ever seen with such loving, kind and trusting eyes. I learnt she was called Adela. Her brother, two weeks before, had carried her to a small town where she had been visiting at the Burgomaster's, her father's brother. A misunderstanding had doubtless

arisen in giving the directions to the stage-coachman, to which I was indebted for a very pleasant day. Adela with all her good humor appeared to have much natural wit. She was, however, rather too timid. When I reached her father's village, and I gave her to him, a stout, active old man, with what ecstasy did she throw her arms about his neck. I almost wished myself her father. Then appeared for the first time her natural and true manner. I was not able to stay long, notwithstanding the worthy pastor besought me to do so. I promised, however, to renew my visit; which, however, I did not very soon. I forgot it between business and amusement.

At a ball, about half a year after, I saw among the dancers another lady,—for in the thirty-first year of an unmarried man, ladies become of the greatest importance, one trembles more and more at the number of years,—I saw, as I remarked, a dancer that might be called incontestably the queen of all the beauties present. The young men fluttered like butterflies about her. It warmed my heart, if the eyes of the pretty Sylphide sometimes turned toward me; and to my astonishment that happened often. But at last it seemed to me as if I had seen this lovely figure in some company before, perhaps in the city, at Augustina's. I asked my neighbor who she was.—Heavens! it was Adela! very different, certainly, in her ball dress from herself in her riding veil. As she went to rest after the last dance, I, a butterfly of thirty-one, approached the young lady, and she was so kind as to recognize her travelling companion. We danced. I inquired after the health of her father, regretted that business had prevented me from visiting him,—an exaggeration, perhaps, but before such an angel one must wash himself clean. I promised myself soon the pleasure of a visit, with a pleasant freedom. She assured me a visit from me would give her father great pleasure.

The ball caused a great revolution in me. The President of the Criminal Court became again a poet. I could not sleep for the whole night long; I saw nothing but celestial glances, dancing seraphim, and Adela floating between them. I wondered that so lovely, so amiable, so bewitching a maiden had not yet found a husband. Her father, they say, is as worthy as she is beautiful; but, alas, he has not much wealth! Oh, the fools! After a few days I went to visit the minister,—repeated the visit from week to week. Soon I was considered as a friend of the family; Adela would even reproach me if I staid away beyond the usual day, and once the tears came into her eyes when I pretended that perhaps she would prefer I should not come so often. We quarrelled sometimes, for the sake of making up again,

and once in the course of the reconciliation I gave her a kiss, which did not renew the quarrel. She was silent, and her cheeks glowed with the deepest red. In short, I loved and was beloved. The worthy father shrugged his shoulders, and said, "You have no treasure with her but love, virtue and economy; but he who knows how to value these, has more than a ton of gold."

With the first flowers of spring, I wove the bridal wreath for my Adela. Her father himself blessed our union before the altar of his village church. And now, by the side of my noble little wife, I was the happiest of the happy.

In time we saw ourselves surrounded by blooming children, — angels of love, — who united us more tenderly to each other. Adela became more and more lovely every day; a young mother is certainly more lovely than the most beautiful girl. The pure soul of Adela elevated my own ideas to a point they had never reached before. Man is never entirely happy, until he has the courage to be virtuous. Before my marriage, I had only thought of saving and amassing wealth; but when some years of our wedded life had passed, Adela's excellent management had made me feel that if I were to lose all I was worth, I could never be unhappy while Adela and my children were left me.

I now found that my departed father was entirely right in what he said when dissuading me from my pursuit of Augustina, in regard to the relative age of a husband and wife. For, when I had reached my fortieth year, and Adela her thirtieth, and we had children of six and eight years old frolicking about us, Adela was still a handsome woman, who might have made conquests. Augustina, on the contrary, had arrived at a matronly age.

I seldom heard from the latter. We ourselves never wrote to each other. I heard sometimes from strangers, that she was somewhat faded, but that she was surrounded by a coterie of young men, particularly poets and artists, to whom her open table was very agreeable. Then I learned that her husband was dead, and the poets who formed her court were middle-aged enthusiasts and mystics, protestant catholics, and that Augustina herself was much given to romancing, and some of her poetical effusions had graced the last Almanac of the Muses.

At the same time in which I received a new order from the Minister to visit the court, I also had a letter from Augustina, consulting me on a lawsuit in which she had become involved with some of the relatives of her late husband, and requesting my advice and presence in the affair. I was glad that my approaching visit to the

city gave me an opportunity to comply with her request.

I was forty, Augustina the same. She could not be so dangerous to me as she was ten years before. This time I went the second day after my arrival in the city, without any heart-beating, to her house. I had sent before to know what time she would receive me, because I had been told she was seldom alone, being generally surrounded by fashionable poets, listening to or reading romantic jingle, talking religious mysticism, or at the card table with ancient ladies and gentlemen, — for play had become her passion. Her former friends, male and female, whom I had seen about her ten years before, had fallen off from her, for they were no longer sufficient for her. She was known throughout the city for her venomous tongue, was at enmity with everybody, and if one wished to know the city news, Madame von Winter was the person to visit. This I had heard from two of the former friends of Augustina, whom ten years before I used to meet at her house. Hum, — thought I, — but these good friends are also ten years older, and perhaps have themselves some disposition to slander, or as they call it in the city, scandal.

It was a summer evening, and as I entered Augustina's house, the servant told me her lady was with company in the garden. I went; — ah! the well known garden of my childhood! For the sake of affording the subject for a little joke with Augustina, I wore her gold ring, which she had twenty years before given me in exchange for the pewter one. Now the garden and the ring, the Chinese temple before me, I could not remain entirely unmoved.

"Is your lady alone?" I said to the servant on the way.

"No, she has company, only a few persons."

I entered the temple. There sat, at two tables, two parties, engaged so deeply in playing cards, that they hardly saw me. I recognized Augustina. — Oh, all-powerful Time! how changed! No, there was no danger now. I reflected with delight on my Adela.

Augustina was so engrossed in play, that she only saluted me, and begged me to excuse her a moment until she could finish the game. When this was over, she arose, overpowered me with civil speeches and questions, ordered refreshments for me, and offered me cards. I declined this, as I did not understand the game.

"In heaven's name," said she, "then how do you kill time, if you do not play cards? It seems unaccountable in a man of your spirit."

She resumed her play; the game was faro. The banker had great luck; all the

money of the players soon lay before him. Every passion here shone out in the burning cheeks, the piercing eyes, the compressed lips. The banker was radiant with pleasure.

"I have stripped you all quickly," said he. "We were speaking, just now, of my very costly diamond," and he displayed a ring on his finger. "I will stake it in a lottery against all the rings in the company."

Eagerly and with longing eyes they all viewed the diamond. They accepted the proposal. Madame von Winter said,

"Rings trouble me at cards; I have none on." But she looked at me; "apropos, my friend, you are very kind, and will lend me yours for the moment."

Surprised at the request, I drew off Augustina's ring and reached it to her. "You see, my lady, it is yours; you may remember it."

She looked hastily at it, and saying, "So much the better," threw it into the pool with the rest, and fixed her eyes upon the diamond. But the rings were all lost. The banker won. Even the holy ring of our first love was gone, and on the very spot where in tears I had received it. Oh, all-powerful Time, how dost thou overturn everything!

We went to supper. The guests were in good humor; Augustina forced herself to appear gay, which gave to her aged features a disagreeable contortion. The wine was applied to, to raise the tone of conversation; it became more gay, but not more wise. The news of the city was discussed; their acquaintances and the secret histories of them passed in review. The conversation did not lack wit so much as charity, and to my great grief Augustina was the most full in wicked remarks. She did not hesitate, sometimes, to bear hard upon her own guests. Ah, could I have thought the adored, angelic being of fourteen would ever have reached this point? I felt weary and disgusted; and when, after supper, the cards were resumed, I took my leave.

It distressed me to find myself in the city, or rather to have seen Augustina so changed. I visited her once or twice with reference to the progress of her lawsuit, but I did not find her more agreeable than at first. In spite of the wrinkles in her face, she was not willing to be thought old. She freely applied rouge. I acted as if I did not perceive it. She now and then appeared willing to talk sentimentally of our former tender relation to each other, but it was disgusting to me. When I once let fall a word of her being forty years old, she looked at me with astonishment.

"I believe you are dreaming, Mr. President," said she, "your memory fails before

its time. When we were first acquainted, you were ten and I five years old. I was still playing with my dolls,—I remember it perfectly. A girl of ten years thinks no longer of her dolls, but on more serious matters. Therefore I am now five-and-thirty; and, between ourselves, it is not impossible that I should marry again. A very excellent man, one of our first poets, has been long seeking for my hand. All his poems to the Madonna, to the saints,—all his holy legends, breathe the sweet fire of pure affection for me."

I gave my good wishes to the success of "the sweet fire of pure affection," and was glad to leave the neighborhood of the court, and return again to my Adela and her children.

One does not realize he is old until he sees the ravages of time in the well-known faces of his youthful friends. I returned from the city older than I went there. But as I embraced again my true, my faithful Adela, and my children clamoring about me, I unpacked first this thing and then that, which I had brought as presents from the city; then I grew young again. In the domestic circle of innocence and love, is eternal youth.

"In the course of time, many go before us into the better and enduring and higher world of spirits, and our hearts bleed for them. But even these separations make life and the world more important to us; they join the Here and There more firmly in our minds, and carry something more spiritual, more exalted, into our thoughts, wishes and actions. The child is well pleased with a flower, a colored stone, a narrow play-ground, and grieves himself little about the pursuits of grown up men. The young man and the young maiden press out into the broad world and the free air. The nursery becomes too narrow for them. They would have something more. They win, they lose, they strive, they never are satisfied. They would gain all the good of the earth; at last even this is not enough. With years life grows broader, and our views of life. To the child, the flower and the colored stone become too little; to the man and woman the enjoyment of all honor, all wealth, indifferent; the earth has too little for the spirit,—it stretches out its arms into the universe,—it demands and it receives eternity."

These were the words which the respected father of Adela said to us, on his death-bed. We wept, as we stood over the departed, but we loved him with a still more earnest, holy love, which sanctified ourselves. Adela and I lived a higher life,

since there was no barrier between us and eternity, and we had something to love there as here.

The purest of all joys comes to us from our children. I accompanied my eldest son to the University; and it was the most agreeable surprise to Adela and myself, when I received, on my fiftieth birth-day, the royal appointment to the easy and honorable office which I now hold. This office made it necessary for me to live in the city; and from there to the University, where my son was pursuing his studies, was only a moderate day's ride. We were together as often as we wished.

Adela, indeed, left with regret her native city; but of the court residence she had heard often, and it had a charm for her maternal heart in its proximity to her first-born son. She was in her fortieth year, — no longer the ideal beauty which I thought her, when, at our first meeting, I saw her beside me in the carriage; but her features had acquired more exalted charms, her form had added dignity to grace. The heart of Adela had retained its youth. I loved her with the first love. Her lovely face, distorted by no passion in her youth, needed no false coloring to make it charming.

She knew my early relations with Augustina, and when we came to the city, she was very curious to become acquainted with my first love.

Three or four months passed away before I visited Madame Von Winter, for I felt little inclination to do so. We were told she no longer received company, that she lived extremely retired, and had become in her later years as avaricious as she had before been extravagant. This change of feeling might be considered as a consequence of her passion for gaming, to which she gave herself up, when she was no longer young enough for gallantry. She was most frequently found at mass, for, some years before, excited by the romantic poets of the fashionable school, she had thrown herself into the bosom of the only true church, and had become a catholic.

When I visited her now for the first time, I was conducted again into the garden. As I passed through the house, I had seen pictures of the saints hanging on the dusty walls. The garden was like a wilderness, and thorns grew where Augustina and I once enjoyed the marriage feast. The acacias had been cut down, out of economy, to make firewood. The Chinese temple had lost all its outward ornaments, and was covered with honest dutch tiles; little pointed gothic windows of colored glass, like the church windows of the times of romance, and a cross on the top of the roof, made the little house resemble a chapel.

And so it was. As I entered, I saw an altar, a crucifix, and an eternal lamp. Madame Winter, fifty years old, clad in a very simple matronly dress, just risen from her devotions, came to meet me, her rosary in her hand, and the murmur of prayer on her lips.

I stood still before her. She knew me, and seemed pleased. I could not conquer my feelings, but without moving I took her hand, and with moistened eyes pointed to the chapel. "Ah, Augustina," cried I, "when the light vine-bower stood here, when we in happy childhood exchanged our pewter rings, — when, ten years after, lover and beloved, we gave and received the first kiss of our innocent love, and vowed before heaven —"

"I beseech you, think no more of such vain children's play," interrupted she.

"Ah, Augustina, it was not well to change the simple vine-bower into the splendid boudoir; still worse that I should see the golden ring of love thrown away at the faro table; and now a chapel!"

"Sir," said Madame Winter, "we are cured at last of the intoxication of the world and its vain pleasures. You wound my heart by such recollections. If your salvation is dear to you, follow my example, learn to forsake a false world, and call upon the saints in heaven for their intercession."

When I returned home, I said to Adela, "No, dearest, we will not go to see her. I no longer know her. She has become a bigoted devotee. — Oh, all-powerful Time!"

## OLDEN MEMORIES.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

THEY are jewels of the mind,  
They are tendrils of the heart, —  
With our being are entwined,  
Of our very selves a part ;  
They are records of our youth,  
Kept to read in riper years ;  
They are Manhood's well of Truth,  
Filled with Childhood's early tears :  
Like the low and plaintive moan  
Of the night-wind 'mongst the trees, —  
Sweet to hear, though sad and lone,  
Are those "Olden Memories."

Like the dim traditions, hoary,  
Of our loved and native clime ;  
Like some half-forgotten story,  
Read or heard in olden time ;  
Like the fresh'ning dew of even  
To the parched and drooping flower ;  
Like the peaceful thoughts of Heaven  
In life's tempest-stricken hour ;  
Like the cadence of a song, —  
Yet, oh, sweeter far than these,  
Are the thoughts that round us throng  
With those "Olden Memories!"

In the solitude of even,  
When the spirit, lone and dreary,  
Turns from earth away to heaven,  
As the refuge of the weary ;  
In the dreamy twilight hour,  
When the world is still and calm,  
And light zephyrs gently shower  
All their plenitude of balm ;  
Oh, then, sweeter than perfume  
Borne on aromatic breeze,  
To the softened spirit come  
Those dear "Olden Memories!"

In our days of mirth and gladness  
We may spurn their faint control,  
But they come, in hours of sadness,  
Like sweet music to the soul ;  
And in sorrow, o'er us stealing  
In their gentleness and calm,  
They are leaves of precious healing,  
They are fruits of choicest balm :  
Ever, till thy soul departs  
To its mansion in the skies,  
Cherish, in thine heart of hearts,  
All thine "Olden Memories!"

Cincinnati, Ohio.



## THE ESCAPE.

I HAD just turned over in my berth, in hopes to resume a very pleasant dream, the thread of which had been broken by some noise on deck, and was about closing my senses to external objects, when a cry of "Sail, ho!" caused me to jump up and make haste on deck. I met Mr. Tomkins in the gangway, coming down to call me. "Where is she, sir?"

"On the lee beam."

"A ship?"

"No, sir, I believe a schooner, but I can't make her out."

"Steward, hand up my glass."

The day had scarcely dawned, and by the grey and uncertain light, unassisted by the glass, I could only make out an object; but the moment I put my telescope to her, I saw she was a schooner, with raking masts, standing to the South-Westward, with square sail set. We were heading South, close hauled, with a light air from the Eastward, momentarily expecting the Trade Wind. As the day dawned more perfectly, and we were perceived by the stranger, his square sail came in, and he hauled his wind with such celerity that I did not hesitate to pronounce him a slaver or a pirate, which indeed are synonymous terms in blue water.

"Call all hands, Mr. Tomkins; hoist our colors."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The stranger shewed Portuguese colors in reply to ours. This did not relieve the anxiety which had seized on me the moment I had a fair view of the schooner, for that nation was still actively engaged in the slave-trade, and we were just in the track of outward-bound vessels to the coast of Africa, and the Cape de Verd Islands, also, where they often touch to refresh and refit. Our crew, consisting of only ten men, besides officers, cook, and steward, were soon mustered aft.

"I have called you, my boys," said I, "to state my intentions with regard to that vessel to leeward, which I suspect to be a *rogue*. We will prepare for as stout a resistance as possible. *If he is honest* I shall still see by your actions which of you I can depend upon, and there will be nothing lost; and *if a rogue*, we must take it for granted, that if we give up like cowards, we shall still have our throats cut; and as this is to be our fate whether we resist or not, if he boards us, let us make up our minds to sell our lives as dearly as possible; and remember, men, one man devoted to a good cause is able to beat off a dozen engaged in robbery and murder." They gave a simultane-

ous shout of approbation, and went forward again, apparently in good spirits.

It was now broad daylight, and we could plainly perceive that the stranger gained to windward, though he dropped astern a little, rendering it somewhat doubtful whether he was much superior to us in sailing. Our bonny barque was reputed a first-rate sailer on the wind, when in her best trim; but she was pretty deeply laden with a full cargo of cotton bale goods and about one hundred thousand dollars in specie, and it could not be supposed that we could sail with a clipper schooner on the wind, or any other way. Our ship's armament consisted of two six-pounders, twelve muskets, and the same number of boarding pikes, and a brace or two of pistols; my private armament consisted of a good rifle, a large ducking gun, a double-barrel Joe Manton, a pair of duelling pistols, and a patent pistol capable of discharging six balls in as many seconds; and I accounted myself a good shot with all of them.

At eight o'clock it was nearly calm, the chace about two miles on the lee quarter, and heading directly for us.

Mr. Tomkins was a six-footer, a real down-east Yankee, who had been *mate* of the Ark, for all I knew, and who was equal to any man in that capacity; and although he might be taken for twenty years of age, if seen going aloft, there were people who had known him at least that time as chief mate. He always obeyed orders promptly, never failed to have an answer ready, and exacted from all under him the same prompt and strict obedience that he paid to his superior officer. The second mate, Mr. Turner, was a young man of good education, looking forward to promotion, and promising to do honor to himself as a commander, after a few years more experience. My crew were all active young men, and the cook, (or *Doctor*, as he was called,) was a real live specimen of a first-rate runaway Virginia slave; he could cook as well as he could fiddle, and of a Saturday night he would amuse all hands by a tale of a 'possum hunt or a deer drive. Having now described our crew, our vessel, and all we know of the stranger, I will hasten to put the patient reader in possession of the facts for which he is anxiously looking. My orders were as follows, and they were obeyed in as short a time as I shall take to write them: "Mr. Tomkins, load the small arms, one ball and four buckshot in each; look to the flints; also load the *great* guns with round and canister."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Doctor, put two iron bolts in the fire, and keep them red hot, and fill your coppers with boiling water. Mr. Turner, muster all the hats and pea-jackets, and stick one of each on a handspike near about the ports; it will make him think that we are well manned; and trice up all the ports, sir, and put a log of wood out of each, and give them a dab of black paint. Mr. Tomkins, send old Brown to the helm and tell him to 'steer small.'"

"Aye, aye, sir."

These arrangements being completed, I went down below, and loaded my arms; and on examining the "Doctor," I found he was quite familiar with that implement of death, the rifle; I accordingly gave him my flask and bag of balls, and other materials, telling him I should call upon him to load for me when the time came.

"Oh, neber fear, Massa, gib us breeze and him not catch us so easy," said he, grinning from ear to ear, and whetting his long knife on a stone.

I put a ball and four slugs into my double barrel, and a half handful of buckshot into my "ducker," and *quantum sufficit* of balls into the pistols. I had scarcely made these arrangements when Tomkins called,

"He's sweeping his bow off, sir, and I reckon he's going to slap 'long Tom' into us."

I jumped on deck, and as it was now dead calm it was too evident this was his intention.

"Down flat upon deck, every soul of you!" shouted I. All obeyed except Tomkins, who coolly looked through the glass.

"There she flashes, sir," and in another instant a heavy shot whistled through our maintop-gallant-sail.

"He shoots well, that's a fact," said Tomkins.

I looked as the smoke lazily curled away, and saw that he had not the same flag flying. "Tomkins, what's that at his peak?"

"It looks, sir, like a red shirt with the Doctor's head in it, and a couple of bones rigged across his chin."

Sure enough, it was a red flag, with a black Death's-head and marrow bones painted on it. I cannot say that I felt relieved at these symptoms; yet my mind was made up *that we were lost*, and it remained only for us to die game. There seemed nothing short of Providence to save us; if it remained calm, he would bore us through with his long gun; if it breezed up, he could outsail us.

"Mr. Tomkins, keep an eye to him, and let me know of any movement. Mr. Turner, bend on the weather studding-sails, all ready to run out; perhaps we can outsail him off the wind when the breeze comes."

This order was scarcely obeyed, when Tomkins reported, "They are *gitting* a tackle on the fore-yard and another in the main riggin', sir, to hoist out their launch and board us, by heavens!" "I like that, Mr. Tomkins, for the rascally captain and half his crew will come in her, certain of an easy prey; but if my aim don't fail me, few of that boat's crew will return, be they more or less. Mr. Turner, hoist those two guns up on the poop deck at once, for if we want them at all, it will be over the stern. Are you a good shot, Mr. Tomkins?"

"When I was younger, sir, I was called a *leetle* the best shot in Kennebunk, and I guess I could fetch a turkey at a hundred yards now, with a straight rifle."

"Then, sir, do you take charge of the twelve muskets, and let Jim load for you, as fast as you fire, while the Doctor and I will keep my own tools busy."

The pirate's launch was now manned, and pulling ten oars for us lustily, while a group of men were collected forward and in the stern sheets of her, perhaps twenty or twenty-five altogether, scarcely a mile astern, and as we were almost entirely becalmed, she gained rapidly on us. There was no occasion to call the people aft to give my orders, for they were collected round the capstan with anxious faces and blanched cheeks.

"If they succeed in getting alongside, boys," said I, "we will retreat with our arms into the cabin, and let them board us, and through the windows and cabin door we may clear the decks; if not, I shall reserve my last pistol for the powder magazine, which is at hand, and we will all go together, and disappoint the rascals. But I trust it will not be necessary to come to that. Nail down the fore-scuttle, Mr. Turner; if they get alongside, mind, *every one retreat to the cabin, or die like a dog on deck if he pleases.*"

"There they shout, sir, and pull ahead as if after a whale," said the mate; "and here comes a little breeze, too, perhaps it will strike us before the villains get near enough."

"They are in range of the rifle, sir."

"No, sir, wait until they get near enough to be sure of the leader, — within an hundred yards. There she breezes, thank God! 'Good full,' Brown, and nothing off. We have the breeze before the schooner, but it is very light yet, and the launch gains fast. Now, Doctor, stand by, mind you ram the balls home, be cool, never mind the patches. Stand by Tomkins, aim at the group in the bow, while I take the stern; — are you ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fire!" and down went the rascal at the tiller, and one also at the bow.

"Load her quick, Doctor, and let me give them Joe Manton; in the meantime, fire away, Tomkins, as fast as you please, only take good aim, — be cool."

"Cool as a cucumber, sir."

My double-barrelled gun dropped one oar in the water, and caused some confusion in the after part of the boat. "Put it into them, sir; we have not lost a ball yet. Give me the rifle, Doctor."

"Yes, sir, he all ready. I spit on de ball for luck."

This discharge caused them, with the increasing breeze, to lay on the oars an instant, and then pull round for the schooner, with only six oars out. "Three cheers, my lads, and fire as long as you can reach them. There, the schooner begins to feel the breeze. Mr. Turner, run up the weather studding-sails, keep her off two points, for he must pick up his boat. There, she breezes, thank Heaven! — Steady, Brown, steady."

"Steady, sir."

"Keep her straight, for your life! Steward, give the lads a glass of grog at once."

By the time the schooner had picked up her boat and hoisted her on board, we had gained a mile or two, and we were now going eight or nine knots, with a free wind.

"Watch her close, Tomkins; let me know if she gains on us."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Mr. Turner, we are a little by the stern; carry everything portable chock forward, — carpenter's chest, harness cask; roll those two after casks forward, — be lively, sir. Swab those guns out, Doctor, we'll have another dab at them yet, I fear, for he sails like a witch."

"Yes, sir, him going to Africa for *ivory and gold dust*, — dat's what dey call nigger trading."

"She gains, sir, but slowly; he has n't got the best of the breeze yet, perhaps."

"So, that will do, Mr. Turner; now get a small pull of your weather top-sail and top-gallant braces. Well, sir, — well, all!"

"They are hoisting that d—d great square sail, sir, and she springs to it like a tiger."

"Mr. Turner, slack a little of your top-mast and top-gallant backstays to windward, — carefully, sir, not too much, — and then send all hands chock forward, — every pound will help."

"Four bells, sir; hold the reel."

"No, never mind the bells, nor the reel, Tomkins; what use is it to us, now? Keep your eye on the schooner, and let me know when the six-pounders will tell on him; we may shoot away his topmast, by good luck."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Tomkins was so mechanically correct in

everything, that he would no doubt have brought his quadrant on deck and observed for the sun, if it had been noon, and I had not interfered. He was as cool as possible, and his conduct seemed to put nerve into the men.

"He gains fast, sir; I can see the red cap on the rascal at the helm, — let me give him a shot, sir."

"Well, sir, fire away, if you think you can reach him. Doctor, bring your logger-head, and when I give the word, *touch her quick*. So, lift her breech a leetle mite, Tom, so, so, — stand by, — *give it to her!*" and away went our little shot and struck the water about two-thirds of the way to the schooner.

"Load up again, Tomkins, and leave out the canister, and the shot will go straighter; aim higher than before, say for his royal, — now give it to him!"

"Plump into his square sail, sir; but forty thousand such would n't hit him hard. Oh, if we only could borrow his long Tom for an hour or two! The sar-pint is sure of us, or he would fire it himself."

At this crisis the chace was only a mile or a mile and a half astern, and could easily have bored us through; but I presume he was afraid to yaw his vessel enough to bring the gun to bear, and it would no doubt kill his wind in a considerable degree; and, as he was gaining perceptibly, he calculated to be alongside of us long before night.

"Load up again, sir, and I will try my luck, for it must be a mere chance shot that does him any harm."

"All ready, sir."

"Stand by, Doctor, and when I give the word, *touch her quick*. — Fire!"

The shot struck the water just under his bow. "Now for the other gun; I shall do better. Ready? — Fire! His topmast totters! it falls, by heavens!"

A spontaneous cheer from our crew seemed to assure us of safety. "Give me the glass, boy. They are cutting the wreck away as fast as possible, still determined to overhaul us. Keep off two points, round in the weather braces a full, run out that lower studding-sail, — be handy, lads. — Watch the rascal, Mr. Tomkins, with the glass, and let me know if we gain on him."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The breeze was now fresh, well on the quarter, and we were sure to gain on him until his top-mast could be replaced, which, with a large and active crew, bent on revenge, would cost him but an hour's work.

"She drops, sir, she drops; I can but just see that nigger's head on his flag; half an hour ago I could see the marrow-bones."

"Very well, sir, let the people now get a bite of dinner, for we shall have more work to do yet, to get clear of him, if we do at all."



"I don't know what more we can do, sir, unless we grease the bottom," said Tomkins, with a smile.

"We have yet one principal resort, my dear sir, and will go at it the moment we get something to work upon, if he gains again on us."

Tomkins put in a new quid of tobacco, of which he had made uncommonly free use that morning, and by that only did he shew any signs of anxiety. "Get your dinners, Mr. Tomkins and Mr. Turner; I can't go down to eat while that fellow is dogging us. Send me up a bit of biscuit and a glass of wine."

"Aye, aye, sir."

It was now about one o'clock, and the schooner dropping slowly, while the preparations to fit a new top-mast were actively progressing. In ten minutes all hands were again on deck, anxiously watching. As Tomkins came on deck, I heard him say to Turner,

"Consarn me, if I know what the old man is going at; we've done all human natur can do, and he's not given to praying."

"How long, Tomkins, will it take him to catch us, when he makes all sail again, at the rate he gained before?"

"Three or four hours, sir. He will be alongside before sunset, I reckon."

By two o'clock his top-sail and top-gallant were again set; and in twenty minutes more, his studding-sails, royal and ringtail, and it was evident that he began to gain apace, though now four miles astern.

"Mr. Tomkins, we will now try our last resort."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Break open the hatches, saw the rail and bulwarks off abreast of them, and tumble up those bales as fast as possible."

This idea had evidently never entered into the head of any one of the crew or officers; and the long faces with which they had seen the pirate gain on us, were instantly changed for faces full of hope. In ten minutes the cook and second mate had sawed off the rails and bulwarks, the hatches were off, and the bales coming up faster than any ever before came out of her, and overboard.

"Look well to your trim, Mr. Tomkins; do not take too many from one side. Send boy Jim on the poop to keep an account of the number as they pass by. Over with them, boys, you are now working for your lives." But no encouragement was necessary, for the men, stripped to their trowsers only, worked like tigers.

"Mr. Tomkins, cut away this stern boat, every little helps; let her go, sir, at once, — that's it. These large bales will oblige him to steer wild, or to run against them."

We continued this work for nearly an hour, before we began perceptibly to gain on the schooner. But by four o'clock, he had dropped more than half a mile; yet to make sure we did not abate our exertions until after five o'clock, when four hundred out of a thousand bales had been thrown over. During the operation I could hardly refrain from laughing at the remarks which escaped from the men, after we began to gain:

"Huzza, boys!" said one, "over with them, the underwriters are rich."

"Watch there, watch," cried another, as he rolled a bale over, "them will do for him to buy niggers with."

"I wish my old woman had a bale of that," said the Doctor.

As soon as the pirate discovered that we were gaining, he gave us several shots of his long Tom, but the distance was too great, and by sunset he was hull down from the poop; a few minutes after, he hauled in his square-sail and studding-sails, and rounded to; and when last seen, was very busy picking up the bale goods, which would no doubt come in play, though not quite so acceptable to him as the dollars would have been, sweetened with our blood. At dusk, we could but just discern the villain, still lying to.

"See all secure in the hold, Mr. Tomkins, and put on the hatches; and as we have a steady tradewind, let her go till midnight South South-West; and let all hands get some rest. I must do the same, for I am nearly done up."

The excitement being over, I was nearly prostrate, and after thanking God with more fervor and sincerity than I ever prayed before, I threw myself into my berth, but had a feverish and dreamy sleep till twelve o'clock, when my trusty mate called me according to orders.

"Twelve o'clock, sir."

"How is the wind and weather?"

"Fresh trade, sir, — clear and pleasant, — moon just rising, — going nine, large."

"Take in the lower studding-sail, Tomkins, and haul up South and East, if she'll go it good full."

"Aye, aye, sir."

It is sufficient to inform the patient reader that we saw no more of the pirate, and made much better progress now that our bonny barque was in ballast trim only. We finished our passage without farther trouble. Many were the jokes cracked by all hands, as they talked over the events of that day of excitement. The underwriters not only paid for the cargo thrown overboard at once, on receiving the news, but, on learning the particulars, voted a piece of plate for me, and a gratuity in cash for the mates and men of equal value.

In conclusion, I have merely to remark, that the above tale is founded on facts, and is not expected to interest any except nautical men, being too full of technicalities to amuse the general reader, and too imperfect to claim the notice of the literati.

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 AUTUMNAL MORNING.
 

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THE rill afar sings out its song,  
 There is no motion in the air,  
 But busily it winds along,  
 And stirs the clattering mill-wheel there.

Down in the pool the forest lies,  
 Scarce wrinkled sleeps the tremulous floor,  
 Round the smooth brim the swallow flies  
 And stirs it as he flutters o'er.

The cricket singing in the grass,  
 Time's drowsy hum that fills the ear,  
 Mark the calm moments as they pass —  
 Like the white clouds serene and clear.

Upon the green bank sitting here,  
 Loving, like nature calm and still,  
 Drinking the warm, pure atmosphere,  
 And making music of the rill,

Spend we our hours in peace together,  
 In the cool, moist autumnal morn,  
 Letting each thought a wimpling feather  
 Along the stream of life be borne.

The busy miller now and then  
 Comes out into the sunshine clear,  
 Unconscious he of cloud or glen,  
 Or we two idly dreaming here.

And round and round the mill-wheel goes,  
 The drops drip down in silver rain,  
 Smoothly the stream beneath it flows,  
 Then rising, foams along again.

Sept. 3, 1839.

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## MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

It is remarkable that many of the best books of all sorts, have been written by persons, who, at the time of writing them, had no intention of becoming authors. Indeed, with a slight inclination to systematize and exaggerate, one might be almost tempted to maintain the position, — however paradoxical it may at first blush appear, — that no good book can be written in any other way; — that the only literature of any value, is that which grows indirectly out of the real action of society, intended directly to effect some other purpose; and that when a man sits down doggedly in his study, and says to himself, "I mean to write a good book," it is certain, from the necessity of the case, that the result will be a bad one.

To illustrate this by a few examples: Shakspeare, the Greek Dramatists, Lope and Calderon, Corneille, Racine, and Molière, — in short, all the dramatic poets of much celebrity, prepared their works for actual representation, at times when the drama was the favorite amusement. Their plays, when collected, make excellent books. At a later period, when the drama had in a great measure gone out of fashion, Lord Byron, a man not inferior, perhaps, in poetical genius to any of the persons just mentioned, undertakes, — without any view to the stage, — to write a book of the same kind. What is the result? Something which, as Ninon de l'Enclos said of the young Marquis de Sévigné, has very much the character of *fricasseed snow*. Homer, again, or the Homerites, — a troop of wandering minstrels, — composed, probably without putting them to paper, certain songs and ballads, which they sung at the tables of the warriors and princes of their time. Some centuries afterwards, Pisistratus made them up into a book, which became the bible of Greece. Voltaire, whose genius was perhaps equal to that of any of the Homerites, attempted in cold blood to make just such a book; and here again, the product, — called the *Henriade*, — is no book, but another lump of *fricasseed snow*. What are all your pretended histories? Fables, jest books, satires, apologies, anything but what they profess to be. Bring together the correspondence of a distinguished public character, — a Washington, a Wellington, — and then, for the first time, you have a real history. Even in so small a matter as a common letter to a friend, if you write one for the sake of writing it, in order to produce a good letter as such, you will probably fail. Who ever read one of Pliny's

precious specimens of affectation and formality, without wishing that he had perished in the same eruption of Vesuvius that destroyed his uncle? On the contrary, let one who has anything to say to another at a distance, in the way of either business or friendship, commit his thoughts to paper merely for the purpose of communicating them, and he will not only effect his immediate object, but, however humble may be his literary pretensions, will commonly write something that may be read with pleasure by an indifferent third person. In short, experience seems to show that every book, prepared with a view to mere book-making, is necessarily a sort of counterfeit, bearing the same relation to a real book, which the juggling of the Egyptian magicians did to the miracles of Moses.

But not to push these ideas to extravagance, it may be sufficient for the present purpose to say that Madame de Sévigné, without intending to become an author, has, in fact, produced one of the most agreeable and really valuable books that have ever been written. Her letters are not sermons, or essays in disguise, but were composed, without any view to publication, for the purpose of talking on paper to a beloved daughter, with whom the writer had in a manner identified her existence. They are, therefore, a genuine thing of their kind, and besides answering the purpose for which they were originally written, may be expected, as was just now remarked, to possess an accidental value for the public, which will be greater or less according to the character of the writer. In the present case, this accidental value is very high, in consequence of the extraordinary merit and talent of Madame de Sévigné, and the elevated sphere in which she moved. It has been justly observed by Madame de Staël, that the private life of almost every individual, properly treated, would furnish materials for an interesting romance. It is easy to imagine, therefore, that a collection of letters, covering a period of half a century in the domestic history of one of the most distinguished and accomplished families in France, — written throughout in a manner which is admitted by all to be the perfection of the epistolary style, — must have the charm of a first-rate novel. But, in addition to this, they have another value, of a perfectly distinct, if not much higher kind, as a picture by a master-hand of one of the most brilliant periods in the history of civilization. Madame de Sévigné was

placed by birth and marriage in the highest circles of the Court of Louis XIV., and maintained a constant personal intercourse, more or less intimate, with all the prominent political men from the King downwards. Her superior intellect and literary tastes and habits also gave her an interest in the current literature. The popular authors and their books are among her regular topics. These new books, of which she notices the publication and first effect, are no other than the acknowledged masterpieces of modern art; their authors are Corneille, Racine, Molière and La Fontaine, De Retz and La Rochefoucault, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fléchier and Massillon.

Again; her fascinating manners and splendid conversational powers,—for she seems to have excelled as much in conversation as in writing,—rendered her a universal favorite, and the life of every circle in which she appeared. She is constantly surrounded,—abroad and at home, in town or in the country,—by the most interesting portion of the refined and cultivated classes. Thus, the varied and brilliant panorama, exhibited at the Court of Versailles during the reign of Louis XIV., is reflected in her letters with a perfect truth to nature, and a magical grace, vivacity and elegance of style. Finally, these remarkable letters derive their last and highest charm from the excellent moral tone that pervades the whole collection. Living in a society where licentiousness had ceased to be regarded as criminal, and was countenanced by the almost universal practice of the Court, Madame de Sévigné, though continually wrought upon by influences of the most seductive kind, maintained the purity of her personal character unsullied by blemish or suspicion. At a time when there was, generally speaking, no medium, in the circles in which she moved, between the avowed voluptuary and the ascetic, she avoided both extremes; and following with firmness, or rather without any apparent effort, the impulse of a naturally sound judgment and affectionate heart, united a sincere interest in religion and a scrupulously correct course of practical conduct with a cheerful and genuine enjoyment of life. She habitually read, thought and conversed on religious subjects, and often makes them the topic of her letters. She hangs with rapture upon the lips of the great pulpit orators, Bossuet, Fléchier, and particularly Bourdaloue, who seems to be her especial favorite. She has even at times a slight leaning towards a severe system of morals, from her strong attachment to *Messieurs de Port-Royal*, whose works she regularly devours as they come out; and she now and then pleasantly laments that she cannot be a *dévot*, that is, that she cannot make up her mind to retire into a con-

vent and give herself up to religious exercises, meditation and solitude. In these regrets, however, as may well be supposed, she is not more than half in earnest. Her good sense and cheerful temper prevent her from yielding to these momentary impulses, sustain her steadily in a uniform line of conduct through a life of threescore and ten years, diversified by many painful scenes, and shed a sunny glow over her whole correspondence. Her pictures of life have none of the false coloring, sometimes called *romantic*, and yet we know no book that leaves upon the mind a more agreeable impression of the character of the author and of human nature in general. We see that here are real men and women, fashioned, in all respects, as we are, and provided with an ample allowance of faults and weaknesses, but of whom the better portion sincerely love one another, and cheerfully make sacrifices for each other's welfare: this is the true, and, for that reason, the most improving and edifying as well as the most attractive view of human life.

Carlyle, in his review of Boswell's *Johnson*, represents that work as the best that was published in England during the last century. Madame de Sévigné is a sort of French Boswell; and without going, in regard to her, to the full length of Carlyle's rather extravagant eulogy upon the *John-soniad*, as he calls it, we can say with truth that we hardly know any French literary work of the last century for which we would exchange her letters. In reality, however, the letters, though published during the last century, belong to the preceding one by character, as well as date; and display the vigor of thought, and the pure taste in style, which characterized the period of Louis XIV., and of which we find so few traces even in the best French productions of subsequent times. It is amusing to remark the complete contrast, in other respects, between two works of which the general scope and object coincide so nearly as those of Boswell and Madame de Sévigné. The stolid, blundering, drunken self-sufficiency of poor Bozzy, united ridiculously enough with a most grovelling subserviency to the literary leviathan whom he had made his idol, sets off in high relief the airy though finished elegance of the *bellissima Madre*, and the graceful ease with which she handles every subject and character that comes in her way. The narrative form adopted by Boswell, and the entire sacrifice of all the other characters to the redoubtable Doctor, increase the unity and with it the interest of the work; but, for the same reason, they make it, what it indeed professes to be, a biographical rather than a historical one. In the letters of Madame de Sévigné, the

characters all appear in their just proportions; the vast canvass is not the portrait of an individual, but the panorama of an age.

These letters are so perfect in their kind that the good-natured generation of critics have been rather at a loss to know how to find fault with them. The only objection that has ever been made to the style, is, that the writer uses, perhaps half a dozen times in her twelve volumes, two or three words, which, though considered polite in her time, are now obsolete. As regards the substance, there is no unfavorable judgment of much authority, excepting that of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who pronounces the letters to be mere *tittle-tattle*, and the author something between a fine lady and an *old nurse*. When will rival wits and belles learn to do each other justice? Without disparagement to her Ladyship's taste and judgment, we incline to the opinion that the *tittle-tattle* of circles in which Condé and Corneille conversed with Louis XIV., Turenne, Bossuet, Pascal, Fenelon and Sévigné, will be thought, hereafter, at least as interesting as descriptions of Turkish manners and scenery, agreeable as these, from the elegant pen of Lady Mary, undoubtedly are.

Madame de Sévigné belonged to the noble family of Rabutin-Chautal, and was born in 1626. Her grandmother, the Baroness of Chautal, was a person of extraordinary piety. She instituted the order of *Sisters of the Visitation*, of which she established eighty-four convents in France. In the year 1767, she was canonized by Pope Clement XIV., as one of the saints of the Catholic church. Her son, and Madame de Sévigné's father, Baron Chautal, though essentially, as it appears, a good-natured person, seems to have practised a singular frankness in his epistolary style, at least if we may judge from a specimen which is preserved in the letters of his daughter. On the elevation of Mr. de Schomberg to the dignity of Marshal of France, Chautal addressed him the following laconic letter:

"*Monseigneur,*  
*Qualité : Barbe noire : familiarité.*  
 CHAUTAL."

In this rather enigmatical despatch, the Baron is understood to have intended to reproach his correspondent with being indebted for his promotion to his high birth, his beard, which was black like that of Louis XIII., and his personal acquaintance with the King. Baron Chautal commanded the French forces, which were stationed at the Isle of Rhé to repulse the attack of the English under the Duke of Buckingham, in 1627. On this occasion he sustained himself heroically for six hours in succession,

had three horses killed under him, and received twenty-seven wounds,—the last, as is said, from the hand of Oliver Cromwell, which proved fatal. His widow died in 1632, leaving their only daughter, afterwards Madame de Sévigné, an orphan six years old. She owed her education chiefly to her uncle, the Abbé de Livry, of the Coulanges family, who took a paternal care of her through life, and left her his property. He lived to an advanced age, and figures constantly in the letters under the title of *le bien bon*.

Mademoiselle de Chautal was presented at the Court of Louis XIII., at the age of about seventeen. At this time she is described as having been remarkably handsome. She was of middling stature, with a good person, a profusion of light colored hair, an uncommonly fresh and brilliant complexion, indicating luxuriant health, a musical voice, a lively and agreeable manner, and a more than ordinary skill in the elegant accomplishments that belong to a finished education. Her cousin, the notorious Count de Bussy-Rabutin, in a sort of satirical portrait of her, written in a fit of ill-humor, amused himself at the expense of her square nose and parti-colored eyelashes, to which she occasionally alludes herself in her letters. Bussy, however, in his better moods, does justice to her appearance, as well as character, and repeatedly pronounces her, in his letters, the handsomest woman in France. Her beauty, which seems to have depended on good health and a happy temperament, rather than mere regularity of features, improved with age, and she retained to a very late period of life the titles of *bellissima Madre*, and the Mother Beauty, (*mère beauté*), which were conferred upon her by her cousin Coulanges, and confirmed by the general voice of the society in which she lived. The year following her appearance at Court she married the Marquis de Sévigné, who was killed in a duel six years later, leaving her a wealthy and attractive widow of about four-and-twenty, at a Court where, as has been already remarked, licentiousness was nearly universal, and where the women of fashion passed, almost without exception, through the two periods of gallantry in early life, and ascetic devotion after the age of pleasure was over. It is no slight merit in Madame de Sévigné, considering the circumstances, that she steered clear of both these opposite excesses, and stood by general acknowledgment above suspicion. This is fairly admitted even by her enemies, or rather enemy, for her cousin Bussy was the only person who ever openly found fault with her. In order to have some apology for refusing her the credit she deserves, he ascribes her correct conduct to coldness of

temperament, as if every line of her correspondence did not prove that her heart was overflowing with kindness, and that she was habitually under the influence of impulse, quite as much as of calculation. No better proof of this will be wanted, at least by the ultra-prudent generation of New-England parents, than that she sacrificed a great part of her large fortune in establishing her son and daughter, and found herself, in her later years, reduced to comparatively quite narrow circumstances. It was her felicity, or rather her merit, that her affections, strong as they were, flowed in healthy and natural channels, instead of wasting themselves on forbidden objects. The evident ill-humor with which Lady M. W. Montague speaks of her and her writings, was probably owing, in part, to a consciousness of the great superiority in this respect of the character of Madame de Sévigné to her own.

Madame de Sévigné not only kept herself aloof from the almost universal licentiousness of her time, but steadily refused all offers of marriage, and devoted herself with exemplary assiduity to the education of her two children, a son and daughter. The latter is the person to whom the greater part of the letters are addressed. The same authorities which represent the mother as the handsomest woman in France, describe the daughter as the handsomest young lady, (*la plus jolie fille*.) She was married at eighteen to the Count de Grignan, a nobleman of high consideration and apparently excellent character, who was called on soon after to act as governor of Provence. His lady naturally accompanied him, and the separation that took place in consequence between the mother and daughter, was the immediate cause of the correspondence, which has given them both, and particularly the former, so extensive a celebrity. After a few detached letters of an earlier date, the principal series commences with the departure of Madame de Grignan for Provence, and is kept up at very short intervals, — excepting when the parties were occasionally together, sometimes for years in succession, — through the whole life of Madame de Sévigné; who, at the age of seventy, died at her daughter's residence, of small pox, brought on by excessive care and fatigue in attending upon this beloved child through a severe and protracted illness of several months: — thus, finally sacrificing her life to the strong maternal love, to which she had already sacrificed her fortune, and which had been the absorbing passion and principal source of happiness of all her riper years. This deeply affecting catastrophe crowns with a sort of poetical consistency, the beautiful and touching romance of real life, which it brings to a close.

The letters, considered merely as a sketch

of the private adventures of the parties, revolve round the circle of incidents, which made up, at that time, the history of every family of the same class. The son's achievements in the wars, — the marriage of the daughter, — her health and the birth of her children, — her husband's affairs, which became embarrassed from the necessity of keeping up an immense household as governor of Provence, without any adequate allowance from the King to cover the expense; — the establishment of her daughter's children, — together with the adventures of other more remote branches of the family, compose the outline of the plot, which is of course simple enough. The characters of the corresponding parties, and their immediate connections, are also, with the exception of Madame de Sévigné herself, rather common place. The son, who was placed at great expense to his mother in the army, seems to have made little or no figure, and retired early to a life of inactivity. The daughter Madame de Grignan, in the few of her letters which are preserved, says nothing to justify the unbounded admiration with which she is constantly spoken of by her mother, and the whole family circle. Count de Bussy is an original, but of an unpleasant kind; and is never entertaining, excepting when he makes himself ridiculous, which happens rather often. The Coulanges are mere votaries of fashion, and so of the rest. But the test of genius, as need hardly be said, is, *propriè communia dicere*, — to produce great effects with common materials, — to tell the story of life, as it really passes, in a lively, original and entertaining way. The brilliant imagination and magical pen of Madame de Sévigné threw an air of novelty over all these every-day characters and incidents, and we follow the developement of their fortunes with an interest that never flags through the whole twelve volumes.

At the present day, however, these letters, though highly agreeable as a picture of domestic life in France at the period when they were written, are, from the extraordinary importance of that period, still more valuable, as a record of contemporary events and characters. It may be amusing to the reader to cast a glance, — of course exceedingly rapid and cursory, — over some of the scenes that are successively brought before the eye in traversing this long and well-stored gallery.

The collection opens with two or three letters to Ménéage, a sort of pedant, who then enjoyed the reputation of a wit. He had some share in the education of Madame de Sévigné, and seems to have availed himself of the occasion to fall out with her. He is quietly taught

and, taking the hint, soon retires into silence and we hear no more of him.

The next personage that occupies the stage is the eccentric cousin, Bussy-Rabutin, now in the full flow of youthful impertinence and self-sufficiency, sowing his wild oats with a profuse hand in all quarters. The great Turenne, who combined with transcendent military talents, an almost childish simplicity of character, could, nevertheless, at times say a good thing, and one day informed the King that Bussy was the best officer in the army — *at a song*. The King pretty soon had occasion to know by experience the extent of Bussy's talent in this way, the latter having in one of his ballads, introduced the following highly complimentary epigram upon Louis XIV. and Madame de la Vallière, — who, it appears, had a rather wide mouth :

"Que Deodatus\* est heureux  
De baiser ce bec amoureux,  
Que d'une oreille à l'autre va  
Halleluia !"

"What a fortunate man is our gracious sovereign in being permitted to salute a mouth that stretches so invitingly from ear to ear!" The epigram, which is, after all, none of the best, cost poor Bussy pretty dear. Louis, though not very intolerant in similar cases, thought this a little *too bad*, or was, perhaps, set on by the lady, who was probably not much gratified by seeing the longitude of her mouth so nicely calculated, and sent Bussy to the Bastile. After doing penance there for a few months, he was permitted to retire to his estates, where he remained an exile from the Court for the rest of his life. He appears, from time to time, through the whole course of the letters, affecting much philosophy and resignation, but always engaged in some new effort to recover the King's favor. It is not very easy, however, for a singed moth to get back his wings. All these efforts successively failed, and Bussy died at an advanced age, as he had lived, in exile. Madame de Sévigné never entirely forgave him for his wanton and malignant attack upon her in the portrait. She receives his apologies, though conceived in the most fulsome strain of flattery and devotion, for a time with bitterness; and though at length apparently softened, maintains a constrained and formal tone in her correspondence with him to the last.

The personage next in order is one of higher political importance, the celebrated Superintendent Fouquet, the Wolsey of France. His history is well known. The immense fortune, which he had amassed in

the exercise of his office, and the ostentatious display which he made of it, were the real causes of his ruin. He had assumed for his arms a squirrel, pursued by a snake, which was the device of Colbert, with the motto, *Quò non ascendam?* This was emblazoned in every form upon the walls and furniture of his splendid residence at Vaux-le-Vicomte. The picture was prophetic of his fortune. The wily enemy was too successful in the pursuit of his indiscreet prey. Colbert, a statesman much superior in conduct to Fouquet, and the Secretary of State, Le Tellier, afterwards Marquis de Louvois, roused the jealousy of the King by representations of the inordinate wealth of the Superintendent. Shortly after an entertainment which he had given to the King and Court at Vaux, and which had exceeded in magnificence anything of the kind ever known in France, he was arrested, and his papers were seized. Among these was unfortunately found the draft of some plot against Cardinal Mazarin, formed many years before during the ministry of Louis XIV., when the different members of the royal family were at war with each other, and when it was rather difficult for any one to say what the government was, or who was in possession of it. This project, which had never been acted on, had lain forgotten among the papers of Fouquet, and was now made the pretext of his ruin. After having been kept in confinement three years, he was tried for his life by a special commission, as the author of the paper alluded to. The Court made the strongest efforts to procure a sentence of death, but could only obtain one of perpetual banishment, which the King commuted into the severer one of imprisonment for life. The fate of Fouquet, who seems to have been a vain, ambitious and corrupt man, now excites little sympathy; but the means employed to bring it about were not very creditable to the character of Louis. The Superintendent had made himself a general favorite by his profuse liberality, and his patronage of the arts, in consequence of which, and of the manifest injustice of the proceedings against him, his case called forth at the time much commiseration among the better part of society. Turenne, in particular, took a strong interest in his favor. One day, when some one was commending in his presence the moderation of Le Tellier, and blaming the violence of Colbert: "Why, yes," replied Turenne, "Colbert is rather more eager to get him hung than Le Tellier, but Le Tellier is much more afraid that he will escape than Colbert."

Madame de Sévigné had been on friendly terms with Fouquet, and had written him some letters during his prosperity. They were found among his papers, and without

\* Deodatus, (Dieu-donné,) was one of the names of Louis XIV.

throwing any imputation upon her character, made known to the Court, for the first time, the graces of her epistolary style. She was present at the trial of Fouquet, and gives in several letters a minute and highly interesting account of the proceedings. Fouquet passed a number of years in close confinement in the fortress of Pignerol; was finally released on account of the bad state of his health, and died a few months after his liberation.

The death of Turenne furnishes Madame de Sévigné with a subject for several of her finest letters. This great commander was killed nearly in the same way with General Moreau. He was at the head of the French army in the campaign of 1675; and was proceeding, one day after dinner, to examine from an eminence the position of the enemy, who were retreating before him. He had with him a large suite, including his nephew, the Count d'Elbeuf, Count Hamilton, and M. de St. Hilaire. As he approached the eminence, he said to M. d'Elbeuf, "You are too near me, nephew. You will make me known to the enemy." Immediately after, Count Hamilton said to him, "Come this way, sir, they are firing on the point where you are." To which Turenne replied, "You are right. I should not like to be killed to-day, when matters are going on so well." He had scarcely turned his horse when St. Hilaire came up to him, hat in hand, and begged him to take a look at a battery which he had just been constructing, a little in the other direction. Turenne returned, and at the same moment a ball, which also carried away the arm of St. Hilaire, struck him in the body. His horse started at the shock, and conveyed the rider back to the place where he had left his nephew. The hero had not yet fallen, but was bowed down upon his horse's neck, and when the animal stopped, sunk into the arms of the attendants, convulsively opened his eyes and mouth two or three times, and then expired. The ball had carried away a portion of his heart.

Funeral orations were delivered in honor of Turenne by the great pulpit orators, Mascaron and Fléchier, upon both of which we have commentaries from Madame de Sévigné. The former seems to have attracted rather more of her attention than the latter; and this preference has been considered as a proof of bad taste, but was probably owing to the circumstance, that she did not hear the oration of Fléchier, having been at the time ill in the country. In general, as we said before, she speaks frequently of the pulpit orators, particularly Bourdaloue. The effect of his eloquence upon his audiences seems to have been very great. One day, while he was delivering a sermon, the Marshal de Grammont was

so much struck with the truth of a particular passage, that he expressed his approbation aloud, on the spot, in the not very edifying ejaculation, *Mon Dieu, il a raison!* The princesses, who were present, burst into a loud fit of laughter, and it was some time before order could be restored.

Madame de Sévigné does full justice on various occasions to Bossuet. The magnificent funeral oration which he delivered upon the great Condé, beginning with the well-known *Dieu seul est grand*, contains a parallel between Condé and Turenne, which did not, at the time, give entire satisfaction to the Court. As Condé was a prince of the blood royal, it was thought rather indecorous that any mere nobleman, however elevated in rank, (and Turenne was himself a prince,) should be brought into competition with him. Count de Grammont, a nephew of the Marshal, said to the King after hearing Bossuet, that he had been listening to the funeral oration of M. de Turenne; and Madame de Sévigné herself remarks that M. de Meaux, in comparing *without necessity* these two great captains, gave credit to Condé for talent and good fortune, but allowed to Turenne the higher praise of prudence and good conduct. This brilliant aristocracy little thought, at the time, how soon a Corsican adventurer, with very doubtful pretensions to nobility of any kind, was to seat himself in triumph on the throne of St. Louis.

Louis XIV. figures frequently in the letters, and, to do him justice, makes a good figure wherever he appears. Like his contemporary and pensioner, Charles II., he possessed the *apropos* in discourse, and a remarkable happiness in repartee. Thus, when he was taking leave of the unfortunate James II., at his departure for Ireland on the expedition for the recovery of his crown, he said to him, "I shall always be proud and happy to receive your Majesty in my kingdom, but the greatest compliment that I can pay you at parting is to wish that I may never see you again." When the Marquis of Uxelles, who after a gallant defence had been compelled by want of powder and provisions to surrender the fortress of Mentz, returned to Paris, he was hissed, on his first appearance in the theatre. The King, by way of compensation, received him at Court with great favor, and said to him, "Sir, you defended your post like a man of spirit, and surrendered like a man of sense." One day at the King's Levée, the conversation turning upon the loss of a recent battle by the Marshal de Créquy, some one of the courtiers enquired of his majesty why the Marshal fought this battle? "Your question," said the King, in reply, "reminds me of a similar one, which was addressed to the famous Duke of Saxe-



Weimar, during the thirty years' war, by a veteran officer in a blue riband named Parabère: 'You ask me why I fought the battle,' said Weimar in reply, 'why, sir, I fought it because I thought I should win it;' and then turning to one of his aids, 'Pray,' said he, in a voice loud enough to be heard by the circle, 'who is this old fool in the blue riband?'" Bourdaloue in his sermons lashed the licentiousness of the Court at times with a good deal of freedom. On one of these occasions the courtiers made some complaint to the King. "Gentlemen," said he, in answer, "Bourdaloue has done his duty; it remains for us to do ours, and I wish we may succeed as well." At another time, Massillon had been preaching upon the conflict between the flesh and the spirit, described by St. Paul, which he represented figuratively as an internal struggle between two persons contending for the mastery. The King went forward to meet him as he descended from the pulpit, and, taking him by the hand, said to him, "*Ah, mon père! que je connais bien ces deux-hommes là!*"—Ah, my good father! I, for one, am but too well acquainted with the two gentlemen you have been speaking of!

In the satirical portrait of Madame de Sévigné by her cousin, Count de Bussy, which has been alluded to, he charges her with being too much dazzled by the pageantry of the Court, and too much elated by any little personal attention from the King or Queen. "One evening," says he, "after the King had been dancing a minuet with her, on resuming her seat, which was by my side, she remarked, 'Well, cousin, it must be owned that the King has great qualities; I think he will eclipse the glory of all his predecessors.' I could not," says Bussy, "help laughing in her face at the singularity of the *apropos*, and replied, 'After the proof of heroism which he has just given in dancing with you, my fair cousin, there can be no doubt about it.' She was on the point," adds Bussy, "of crying out *Vive le Roi*, before the whole company."

There would be no great harm in all this, if it were literally true; but as Bussy afterwards disavowed and retracted the whole portrait, it is, of course, unnecessary to attach any importance to this passage. There is no appearance in the letters of excessive admiration of the King. The tone, whenever he is mentioned, is evidently guarded, probably from an apprehension that all letters passing through the post-office were subject to inspection; but the language, though commonly laudatory, does not exceed the bounds of moderation and justice, for Louis XIV. did, in fact, possess great qualities, combined with some great weaknesses, and did eclipse the glory of most of his predecessors. Madame de Sévigné re-

peatedly gives her opinion, in pretty plain terms, upon the insane passion for war, which was the prominent vice in his character; and, when she praises him, generally does it with discrimination. She commends particularly, on several occasions, his felicity in reply, and the correctness of taste with which he kept up the decorum of his station, or, as the Empress Catherine would have said, enacted the part of king.

The chapter of the King's mistresses is treated in the letters with great discretion; a fact which alone is sufficient to refute Lady M. W. Montague's charge of tittle-tattle, since a lover of mere gossip would have made this topic the principal one throughout the whole correspondence. It is touched upon by Madame de Sévigné very sparingly, and always in the most proper manner. She seems to have had no personal acquaintance with any of the King's successive favorites, excepting Madame de Maintenon, to whom he was privately married. With her Madame de Sévigné had been somewhat intimate in earlier life, and sometimes visited her after her marriage to the King. Madame de Montespan is occasionally mentioned, and also Mademoiselle de Fontanges, who was much more remarkable for beauty than wit. "The Fontanges," said MADAME, "though her hair is rather red, is beautiful from head to foot; it is impossible to see anything prettier, and she is, withal, the best creature in the world; but she has no more wit than a kitten." The Abbé de Choisy said of her that she was as "handsome as an angel, and as silly as a basket."—(*belle comme un ange, et sotte comme un panier.*) The latter similitude is new to us; we have sometimes heard a smiling face compared to a basket of chips.

Among the ladies of the Court out of her own family, Madame de la Fayette seems to have been the most intimate companion of Madame de Sévigné. She was one of the ancestors of the distinguished friend of America, and was celebrated in her day as the author of several very popular novels. She was one of the first modern writers of fiction who had the good taste to rely for effect on the use of natural incidents and characters. Her Princess of Cleves forms the transition from the romance of chivalry to the modern novel, which is intended as a picture of real life. Madame de Cornuel is often mentioned as the wit of the circle. Several of her *bons mots* are quoted, which, however, in general are not very marvellous; one of the best, and that is merely a play on words, was occasioned by a negotiation between the King and the Pope, which was expected to terminate in the publication of certain papal bulls. While the matter was in progress, the Abbé de Polignac arrived at

Paris from Rome, bearing despatches which it was generally thought must be the wished-for documents, but which proved to be merely preliminary articles. "*Ces ne sont pas des bulles qu'il apporte,*" said Madame de Cornuel, "*mais des préambules.*"

The men of wit and letters constituted the favorite society of Madame de Sévigné, and of these she was particularly intimate with the Duke de la Rochefoucault, Cardinal de Retz, and the Abbé Arnauld. Among the poets her passion was for Corneille, whom she praises throughout the letters in the most exalted terms, and quotes upon all occasions. She preferred him to Racine, and is reported to have said, — though the remark does not appear in her letters, — that the taste for Racine was a mere whim, which would pass away, like the taste for coffee. Both have now stood the test of nearly two centuries, and seem to be gaining rather than losing ground in the public favor. Madame de Sévigné herself, at a later period, became more just to the merit of Racine, and after witnessing the representation of his Esther at Court, speaks of it in terms that must satisfy his warmest admirers. Her account of this affair is, perhaps, as agreeable a specimen as can be given of her letters :

"We went to St. Cyr on Saturday, — Madame de Coulanges, Madame de Bagnols, the Abbe Tita, and myself. On arriving we found that places had been kept for us. An attendant told Madame de Coulanges, that Madame de Maintenon had ordered a seat to be reserved for her next to herself. Think what an honor! 'As for you, Madame,' said he to me, 'take your choice.' I placed myself with Madame de Bagnols on the second bench behind the duchesses. Marshal Bellefontaine came and took a seat by my side. We listened to the piece with an attention that was remarked, and occasionally threw in, in a low tone, some complimentary expressions, which could not perhaps have been hatched under the *fontanges*\* of all the ladies present. I can give you no idea of the extreme beauty of the piece. It is something which cannot be described, and can never be imitated. It is a combination of music, poetry, song and character, so complete and perfect, that it leaves nothing to be wished. The young ladies, who act the kings and great men, seem to have been made on purpose for their parts. The attention is fixed, and no other regret is felt than that so charming a piece should ever come to an end. It is throughout at once simple, innocent, touching and sublime. The plot agrees entirely with the Scripture narrative; the chorusses, of which the words are borrowed from the Psalms and the Wisdom of Solomon, are so exquisitely beautiful, that they cannot be heard without tears. I was perfectly charmed, and so was the Marshal, who, leaving his place, went and told the King how much he was delighted, and that he had been sitting by the side of just such a lady as ought to be present at a representation of Esther. The King then came up to me and said, 'I understand, Madame, that you have been pleased.' I re-

plied without confusion, 'Sire, I have been charmed. I cannot tell you how much I have been delighted.' 'Racine,' replied the King, 'has certainly a great deal of talent.' 'That he has, Sire,' said I; 'and these young ladies have certainly a great deal, too. They play their parts as if they had never done anything else.' 'It is true enough,' replied the King. His Majesty then retired, leaving me an object of general envy. As I was almost the only person who had not been present at any preceding representation, the King was probably pleased with my sincere though quiet expressions of satisfaction. The Prince and Princess came to say a word to me; Madame de Maintenon gave me a look as she retired with the King. I was ready with answers to every one, for I was in good luck. We retired in the evening by torch-light, and supped with Madame de Coulanges, to whom the King had also spoken with great familiarity and kindness. I saw the Chevalier, and gave him an account of my little success, for I see no necessity for making a mystery of these things, as some persons do. He was highly gratified. So there you have the whole story. Mr. de Meaux (Bossuet) talked to me a great deal about you, and so did the Prince, (Condé.) I regret that you were not present, but we cannot be in two places at the same time."

This is certainly very pleasant *tittle-tattle*. On fit occasions Madame de Sévigné can discourse in a higher and more serious mood. Her letters to M. de Coulanges on the death of the Minister Louvois is an example :

"I am so much shocked by the sudden death of Mr. de Louvois, that I hardly know what to say of it. He is dead, then! — the great Minister, — the powerful man, — who held so high a place, — whose *moi*, as M. Nicole says, was so widely expanded, — who was the centre of so many interests. How much business has he not left unsettled! How many plans and projects but half executed! How many webs of secret intrigue to be unravelled! How many wars just begun to be brought to a close! How many moves still to be made upon the great political chess-board! In vain he begs for a short respite: 'Oh, my God! allow me a little more time; let me only say *check* to the Duke of Savoy, and *mate* to the Prince of Orange.' 'No, no, you shall not have a moment, — not a single moment.' Is it possible to talk on such matters? Alas, no! we must reflect upon them in the silence of the closet. This is the second Minister that has died since you went to Rome, both bound by a hundred million ties to the world: how unlike their characters! and yet how similar their fates!

"As to your faith in religion, which you say is shaken by what you see going on around you at Rome, permit me to tell you, my dear cousin, that you are altogether wrong. I have heard a person of the best judgment draw a directly opposite conclusion from what passes in that city at the election of a Pope. He was satisfied that the Christian religion must be of divine origin to be able to sustain itself in the midst of so many disorders. This, my dear cousin, is the proper view of the subject. Recollect how often this very city has been bathed in the blood of the martyrs; — that in the earlier ages of the Church, the intrigues of the Conclave always terminated in electing from among the priests the one who appeared to have the greatest share of fortitude and zeal in the cause; — that thirty-seven Popes, undismayed by the certainty of martyrdom, and that in the most cruel form, accepted the place, and were conducted successively to the stake. If you will only read the history of the Church, you must be satisfied that a religion which

\* Madame de Fontanges had given her name to a particular head-dress.

was established and continues to subsist by a perpetual miracle, cannot be a mere imagination of men. — Men do not imagine in this way. Read St. Augustine's *Truth of Religion*; read Abbadié, — inferior, it is true, to the great saint, but not unworthy to be brought into comparison with him. Ask the Abbé de Polignac, by the by, how he likes Abbadié. But, my dear cousin, let me beg of you to collect your ideas on this great subject, and not to permit yourself to be led away so lightly into false conclusions."

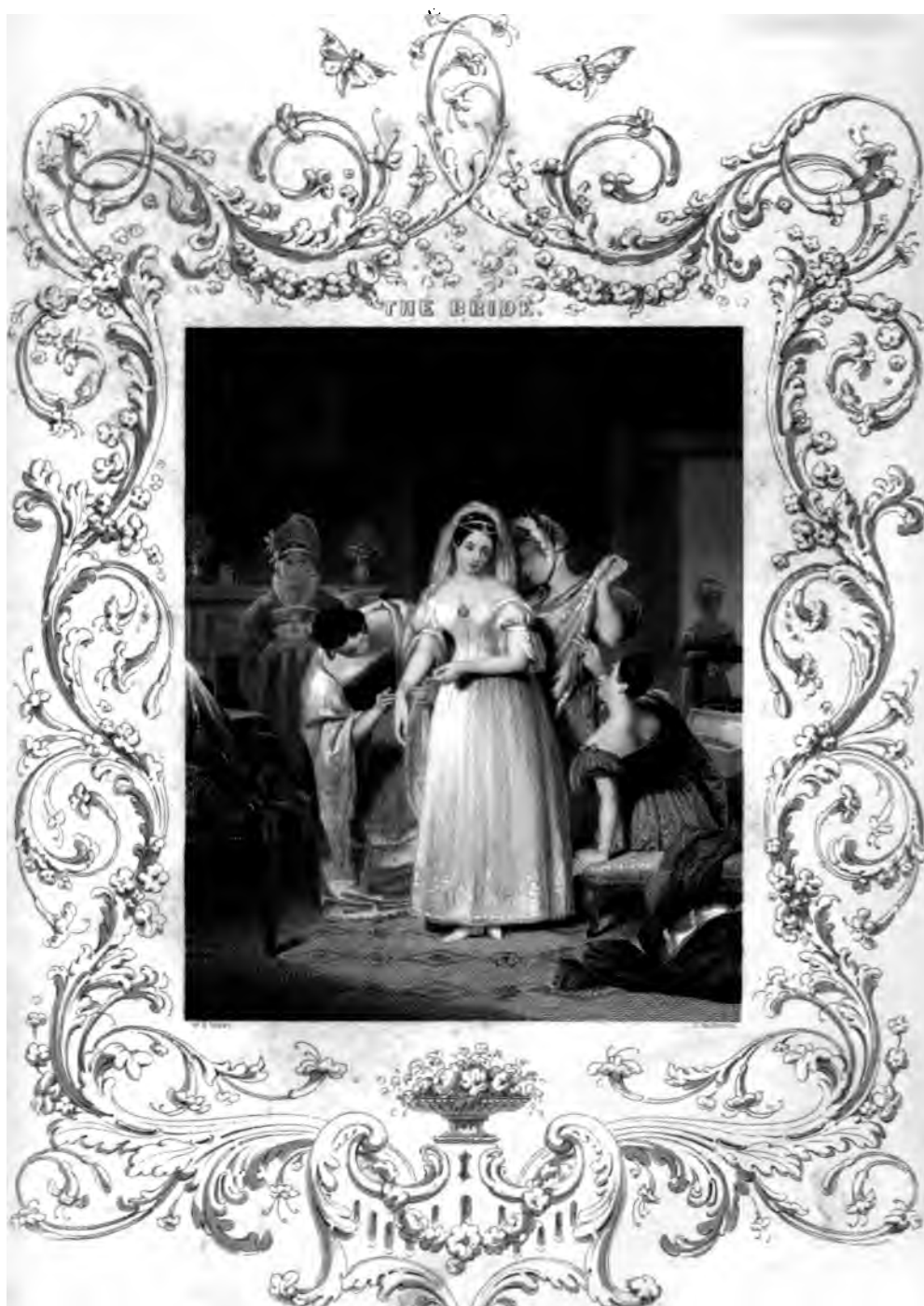
We call this pretty good sermonising for a lady. There is a great deal more to the same effect in different parts of the letters. It will be remarked that there is here nothing of the bigotry to particular forms and phrases, which constitutes the religion of so many persons. Madame de Sévigné sees and acknowledges the corruptions existing, not merely in other forms of religion, but in that to which she was herself by birth and education attached. Her correspondent Coulanges, who, like his cousin Bussy, was one of the best heads in France — *at a song*, — witnessed the same corruptions, and concluded from them that religion must be a mere fable. This was also the conclusion drawn by the French philosophers of the following century, who thought that because St. Denys did not really carry his head under his arm from Paris to his own Abbey, this universal frame must be without a mind, — as if there were the most remote connection between the two propositions. Madame de Sévigné reasons differently. She sees, through the clouds of error and corruption, that disfigure its external forms, creeds and ceremonies, the beauty of religion itself, and feels that a faith which subsists and triumphs in the midst of all these corruptions must have the essential characteristics of divinity. Having fortified herself in this conviction, she does not permit it to carry her out of the world into convents and penitentiaries; nor does she leave it at home, when she goes into the world, and disgrace her principles by joining in the fashionable vices of the day. She takes her religion with her into society, where it enables her to hold up to a licentious and frivolous Court the edifying example of a moral purity, which even foes could not venture to impeach, and a cheerful, consistent, intelligent piety, graced and made attractive by a union with the highest accomplishments and most exquisite refinements of civilized life.

We do not quite sympathize with Madame de Sévigné in her admiration of Nicole, the Arnauds, and the other "gentlemen of Port-Royal." This establishment, which was a sort of monastery, acquired a high reputation from having served for a time as a retreat and residence of the great Pascal. His name threw a kind of celebrity over the whole community, which does not seem to

be sustained by any of their published works. The Arnauds kept up the controversy, which he had commenced in his famous *Provincials* between the Molinists and the Jansenists, — the loose and strict moralists of the Catholic Church; but being no longer vivified by his genius, it degenerated into a *caput mortuum* of bitter and angry pamphlets, which were never much read, and are now forgotten. From her great partiality for the Arnauds, and personal intimacy with them, Madame de Sévigné has sometimes been called a Jansenist; and it is not improbable that the worldly fortunes of her family, which were not very brilliant, were injured by this connection; for the Jesuits were all-powerful at Court during the whole period of Louis XIV. But even on this subject she exhibits her usual good sense and good taste, and, with all her admiration of the Arnauds and of Port-Royal, never meddles in her letters with the Jansenist controversy, but on the contrary, speaks of it, whenever she alludes to it, in a tone of pleasantry as a matter in which she felt no interest.

We must now take leave of Madame de Sévigné, having, we trust, said enough to recommend her to the attention of such of our fair readers as were not before particularly acquainted with her merits. We cannot but notice, in conclusion, — if we may venture to tack a trite moral to a tedious tale, — the strong impression that remains upon the mind after a glance at the period of Louis XIV., of the prodigious superiority of literary talent over every other exercise of intellect, as a means of conferring permanent distinction on its possessors and all with whom they are connected. The age of Louis XIV. is universally considered as one of the brightest periods in the history of civilization. What gave it this splendid pre-eminence? Louis XIV. himself, although, as Madame de Sévigné justly remarks, he possessed great qualities and eclipsed the glory of most of his predecessors, now comes in for a very moderate share of the attention we bestow on the time in which he lived. His generals, Condé, Turenne, Luxemburg, and the rest, — unquestionably men of distinguished talent, — were yet in no way superior to the thunderbolts of war that have wasted mankind from age to age and are now forgotten. His ministers, Fouquet, Colbert, Louvois, have left no marked traces in history. The celebrated beauties that charmed all eyes at the Court festivals, have long since mouldered into dust. Yet we still cling with the deepest interest to the memory of the age of Louis XIV. because it was the age of Pascal and Corneille, of Racine, Molière and La Fontaine, of Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, Massillon, La Bruyère, La Rochefoucault, and Madame





de Sévigné. The time will probably come, in the progress of civilization, when the military and civic glories of this period will be still more lightly, because more correctly estimated, than they are now. When the King, who could make war upon Holland, because he was offended by the device of a burgomaster's seal, and the general who burnt the Palatinate in cold blood, will be looked upon, — with all their refinement and merit of a certain kind, — as belonging essentially to the same class of semi-barbarians with the Tamerlans and Attilas, the Rolands and the Red Jackets: — when the Fouquets and Colberts will be considered as possessing a moral value very little higher than that of the squirrels and snakes, which

they not inappropriately assumed as their emblems. But the maxims of La Rochefoucault will never lose their point, nor the poetry of Racine its charm. The graceful eloquence of Fenelon will flow forever through the pages of Telemachus, and the latest posterity will listen with as much, or even greater pleasure than their contemporaries, to the discourses of Bossuet and Massillon. The masterly productions of these great men, and their illustrious contemporaries, will perpetuate to "the last syllable of recorded time" the celebrity which they originally conferred upon the period when they lived, and crown with a light of perennial and unfading glory the age of Louis XIV.

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THE BRIDE.

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WITH AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.

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YEs, bind the veil upon your hair,  
And bid your maiden features wear  
A thoughtful, not a saddened air.

No more a child; this night shall close  
Your childhood's dreams and its repose;  
LiFE opens with its joys and woes.

You drop a mother's guiding hand,  
Deny a father his command; —  
The woman's soul alone must stand.

Not all alone; that smile exprest  
How sure your heart is of its rest, —  
Though fledged and flown, it knows its nest.

Rest safe on *him*, — no fear, no doubt.  
Even now awakes life's battle's shout!  
Together ye must fight it out.

Live, love, be happy, for from this,  
Two lives, one life, to each one, is,  
Two hearts together beat in bliss.

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## THE PARK OF BRUSSELS.

WITH AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.

We present our readers with a fine drawing of the beautiful Park of the city of Brussels, with a view of the Representatives' Hall. The Park, as a whole, forms a very extensive and magnificent range of pleasure grounds, adorned by rows of lofty trees, and containing several large and beautiful lawns ornamented with statues and fountains. Around this have been placed the most splendid edifices of the city, including the palaces, public offices, and finest private residences; and one of the most beautiful of these, the Hall of the Representatives, has been selected as the central point of our engraving.

It needs no new recapitulation of historical facts, to throw an interest around the city of Brussels. The plains of Brabant, with the dark forest of Soignies, — supposed to be a remnant of that of Ardennes, immortal in Shakspeare's "As you like it," — and the little villages of Quatre-Bras, Saint Jean, La Belle Alliance, and Waterloo, which surround it on the South and Southwest, within a few leagues, have been, since the memorable eighteenth of June, 1815, indissolubly associated with one of the great-

est political and poetical crises of modern times.

Brussels still rings with its "sound of revelry by night," and amid all changes holds its place as one of the gayest and most elegant cities of the old world. It now stands as the capital of a new kingdom, built up in the very heart of Europe, amid the jarring jealousies of the other powerful and time-beaten empires. The State of Belgium, for four centuries subjected to other powers, has achieved its independence, claimed its individual nationality, and founded a constitutional monarchy, under which religious liberty, the freedom of the press, liberty of instruction, personal liberty and the right of petition are guaranteed to the citizen.

Without entering upon any of the speculations which this her position, or the onward steps of the principle of freedom which have led to it, open, we are happy to have been able to furnish the accompanying view of one of those beautiful spots in her principal city, which time and revolutions have spared to enrich the blessings which the progress of civilization has given to her people.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

MONALDI, A TALE. By WASHINGTON ALLSTON. Boston: Little and Brown. 1841.

This is a carefully and elaborately finished work of art. It seems as if the author had turned from his canvass, and with the same pencil which drew the Spalatro and Schedoni, the Rosalie and the Baruch, had written out this tale. So strong is this feeling within us, that we can only speak of it as of a picture. Throughout, the painter's eye and hand are visible, and the inflection of his mind towards his art. Fine descriptions of scenery, and reflections upon painting, are continually opening like vistas through the passionate hurry of the plot, which lead into rare distances, over which the sunlight of art hangs in a rosy mist. The story, — which is one of love, jealousy, and crime, conducting to a tragical conclusion, — is impregnate with color, and an artist's attention to position and *chiar' oscuro* can be discerned in its whole arrangement.

The character of Maldura is drawn with great vigor; and the taint of envious passion slowly infecting a mind overshadowed by disappointed ambition, is admirably delineated. But Monaldi is the author's favorite. In the earlier stages of the story, he is a Raphael-like incarnation of an artist-soul, — sensitive and susceptible, yet strong, earnest, and loving; and though afterwards, through this very sensitiveness, the whole mental organization becomes untuned, there remains even to the end a lingering charm, as of distant music. Maldura stands as a type of the man of talent, whose mind, not self-supported, needs the sounding-board of fame; Monaldi, the man of genius, with those radiating sympathies with nature and beauty, which are the tendrils of this human plant. To us Rosalia seems to have walked forth from one of Mr. Allston's pictures, and the soul which was imaged in art, to have been reflected perfect in

literature. In both, the same delicate traits and happy gradations are perceptible; both seem to have been nursed under all refined influences, and both are pervaded with those tender emotions which are the crowning grace of woman. Rosalia, amidst the passion of the story, seems spiritual, and "makes a sunshine in a shady place." We should say that Fialto was the deep foreground shade; Monaldi, the open, mild lights; Lanzi, the demi-tints; Maldura, the slightly relieved shade and demi-shade; and Rosalia, the skiey tints and atmospheric distances.

We have received as great pleasure from the second reading as from the first, and this seems to be the test of every good work. We are often disappointed, and in re-reading a book find that in the incident lies the only interest, and that the characters are the mere puppets of circumstance,—curiously elaborated machines, set in motion by external impulses. In this story, however, we shall not find that the thrilling nature of the incidents has overshadowed the internal development and incident. It seems to have a tide within, which regulates it, though roughened and rendered stormy by circumstances. Many will read it for its passionate incident, and overlook its better portion, the subordination of those circumstances to moral and mental progression. To us, the reaction of incident upon character is the chief charm of the book.

The descriptions of scenery are full of beauty and vividness. They are distinct in outline, and full of those delicate traits which could have been only learned by accurate attention and poetic observation of nature. Measured by the colder temperament of the north, the fever heat of the story would seem almost unnatural; but beneath the quivering heat of an Italian sky, it loses all appearance of exaggeration. The contrast of character would also seem violent, but for the fine gradations of Lanzi, and the hazy beauty of Rosalia, which harmonize the group.

The style is full and flowing, and the diction refined and carefully chosen. In this fast-reading, fast-writing age, it is pleasant to see a book which bears the mark of careful revision and elaboration, after the first enthusiasm of composition.

POEMS BY W. MOTHERWELL. Boston: W. D. Ticknor. 1841.

OF all American Poets, J. G. Whittier most resembles him whose name will be the thread for such disconnected beads of criticism as time and space will allow us to string upon it. In both, the restlessness of strong feeling seems to have forced them into rhyme; and, though this, when armed in the cause of truth, often rises to the dignity of thought and reason, yet, when the sudden and sharp impression of its enthusiasm passes, we feel the want of that calmness and majesty which, like

the crown in the fairy tale, will only fit the rightful heir,—the truly great man. We do not mean to say that enthusiasm and greatness stand apart, for all history would give us the lie; but only to distinguish that enthusiasm which insists on an instant and fiery expression of itself, and that gentler and more mighty kind, which, with a silent and serene influence, bears up the hero through a long life of bitterness,—that eternal promise of God in the soul that His word shall not pass away. The passionate singer has his day; his popularity is sudden, and it is well that it is so, for he has not the heart to trust the future. But the day of the great poet is as a thousand years, and though the noise of the world may for a while drown his voice, yet he can afford to wait a century or two, for his song shall sound on forever like the clear tones of the circling spheres, and shall sink deep in the hearts of lonely men who sit on the mountains to watch the dawn of a purer day upon the world, until at last all the jarring voices of the earth shall be wooed into concord with his prophetic harmonies.

In the poems of Motherwell there is but little conscious artistic power, but there is that poetic instinct which often equals Art, and must always be the seed of that most perfect and glorious flower. Witness that exquisitely heart-breaking poem on the 43th page,—

"My heid is like to rend, Willie,"—

which is as good as the best of Burns. Another illustration of this is the verse on the 62nd page, beginning

"Oh, Lord, there was a flood of sound."

We have selected two only of the most striking instances. The first poem in the volume also is very fine, and the metre seems to us judiciously handled, the two long lines at the end of each stanza seeming like the sound of the long rolling waves singing a fitting chorus to the chaunt of the yellow-haired sea-king.

We find in these verses none of that longing and yearning, that vague yet awful presence in the soul, which haunts the true Seer, who, like Bunyan's pilgrim,

"Hears the clear bells beyond the walls of Time."

There is no love of humanity shown anywhere in the volume, and, as we might infer, the love of a single object is imperfect and desponding, for one cannot subsist long without the other. His verses, too, do not always seem to have come to him and asked for utterance, as we should suppose from what we have guessed of the impulsive structure of his mind. Often, we fancy, he wrote for the mere sake of writing; and here he has signally failed, even when he might have been most successful. "The Covenanter's Song," on the 143d page, is an instance of this.



We do not love that criticism which only welcomes kith and kin, and we can therefore cordially recommend this volume to our readers as containing much that is good, though it does not come so near our ideal of poetic excellence as many others which are yet unprinted among us. Criticism is a labor of love, and we should treat the poet as a best beloved brother, since he above all has revealed to us those feelings which compel our hearts into brotherhood. But love and truth go ever hand in hand, and before we leave the subject we must state one fact of disapproval. We must consider the spirit of despondency and want of faith shown in many pieces of the volume, as wholly unpoetical, and as proofs of that want of greatness which we before mentioned. The day has gone by when to be a genius was to be as unlike a common man as possible. The man of genius must have more of common humanity in him than any other man; else how can he understand those everyday wants and sorrows which it is the high privilege of genius to solace and satisfy? Of all sunny and hopeful beings he must be the most sunny and hopeful; for if his heart, of which faith and hope are the life-blood, despairs, where shall the soul of man find a place to lay its head? One word more of fault-finding, and we have done. We cannot help wishing that the American Editor had exercised his discretion in omitting the poem commencing on the 151st page. Our love of the beautiful forces us to say that it is truly disgusting.

The fault must lie in part at the door of our critics that the national taste in art is not more exalted. One evidence of its being still young, is the call for a reprint of a volume exclusively of the feelings; while a thoughtful native poet like Bryant has never been encouraged to write more than one small volume, and while Very's Sonnets and Hawthorne's tales are known comparatively to so few. But it is consoling to think that the true poet needs no spur but his own inward law and necessity.

**TWICE-TOLD TALES.** By *Nathaniel Hawthorne*. Vols. I. and II. Boston: James Munroe and Company. 1842.

We wish that Mr. Hawthorne, and all of our readers who are not familiar with his writings, if there are such, could have seen the smile of delight and heard the shouts of kindly greeting of a little circle of those by whom they have long been known and valued, upon the appearance of these new volumes. The Tales well deserve to be "twice-told," and we are glad to see them collected from the various more perishable quarters in which they were originally lodged, into the handsome and more permanent book before us. There are, also, if we mistake not, several tales added, which have never been published in any form before; giving promise that the active mind and pen of their author have

not been idle, while he has been devoting himself to the cause of agriculture, and wearying himself in cutting peat in the marshes of Roxbury.

Mr. Hawthorne's stories rarely contain much external action. He contents himself with unveiling the movements of the inner man, and the growth of motive and reflection, while the outward world is quiet or forgotten. Not that he does not often give to his pieces a high dramatic interest, but his favorite study is that of the affections and inward impulses of man. There is often an air of mystery about the person and actions of his characters, while they are still real characters, accurately defined and delicately shaded and colored. Ghost stories are evidently his delight; and without actually startling his readers by directly asserting the improbable, he often brings before them agents whom they almost believe to be shadows from another world, and exhibits his scenes and his actors under a light which must be miraculous and unearthly. The intense interest which he gives to his simple stories, is the result and the proof of the skill, with which he bears himself through these dangerous imaginative paths.

His writings, half tale and half essay, are unique in their form and language. The most engaging simplicity, — in which art wholly conceals the art, — the truest purity of thought and feeling, a warm and kind moral sense, and a polished ease of sentiment and expression, are their constant characteristics. They are mostly of a subdued and pensive cast; they remind us of the hours of twilight, and the fantastic shadows then thrown on our walls and ceiling by the flickering fire. Mirth and passion both come to us as if mellowed in the story of a sober and thoughtful man. He seems to have an acute perception of the ridiculous, and his humor is ready and delicate; but there is no inclination to the boisterous, and the shafts of the former seem to be tempered by a pity for its objects, and the latter seeks rather to wreath the calm face with a smile than to distort it into laughter.

We may conclude by again expressing our pleasure at seeing these tales collected, and particularly at the evidence that the volumes give, that their author has not deserted the beautiful path, which was so much his own.

**BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.** By *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*. Cambridge: John Owen. 1842.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S established reputation has been well supported by this new volume. The same grace and delicacy of thought, the same purity of sentiment and artistical elegance of rhythm and diction, which have commended his "Hymn to Night," his "Psalm of Life," and his "Footsteps of Angels," to all lovers of refined poetry, have

stamped themselves upon the contents of this volume.

The ballads are simple and ballad-like, with here and there an expression or image that one would wish away; and of whose ballads must we not say this? The translation from the Swedish claims our welcome by its domestic, quiet beauty, although it suffers in the comparison which in his preface Mr. Longfellow has drawn between it and the Hermann and Dorothea of Goethe. The translator has not been so fortunate as we should have anticipated in his hexameters, a medium heavy and cumbersome in itself, but which we think might have received more grace and ease from his skilful hand and care in versification.

Among the lyrical pieces which close the volume are several which are already favorites with a large class of readers. "The Village Blacksmith," Püzer's "Two Locks of Hair," "Blind Bartimeus," and "Excelsior," having been spread far and wide by newspaper after newspaper, are already engraved on the hearts and repeated by the rosy lips of half the maidens of our land; and for what richer meed of praise can poet ask?

We cannot close this short notice, without saying a word for the taste and skill of the publisher and printer of this volume, who have made it one of the most beautiful that has been issued by the American press. The casket is truly worthy of its contents.

*THEORY OF TEACHING, With a few Practical Illustrations.* By a Teacher. Boston: E. P. Peabody. 1841.

Books upon the subject of education, more especially female education, are fortunately, or unfortunately perhaps, not very rare at the present day. To judge from some of the works on this subject which we often meet, it cannot be a very difficult matter to prepare one of these treatises. A few hints from Dr. Combe, with a glance back to good old Dr. Dewees, help along through the physical part, which can be made even more perfect by inserting those stock cuts of the human figure, displaying the effects produced upon it by lacing. Then the counsels of Mrs. Chapone, Miss Edgworth, Mrs. Farrar and Miss Sedgwick, well mingled together, with a due quantum of religion, philosophy, &c., added, form the intellectual part, and the work can be soon ready for the publisher, to be presented by him to the public in his best style.

The work we now take pleasure in noticing, is not, however, one of these off-hand productions. The author gives proof in it of being a highly intelligent woman, who has thought deeply and practised carefully upon the education, first of her own children, and since in a more extended sphere. The most valuable contribution which can be made to the cause of education, is a record like this of the

experience of those who have been successfully engaged in the work. No one can read this book without gaining some valuable hints and obtaining assistance in the task of instruction, whether in the family or school. It is well written, and a bright, cheerful and truly religious spirit runs through the whole. The author begins by giving her views upon the philosophy of education, and closes with details in the practice of teaching which must be found valuable. Few of the larger works upon this interesting subject will be found more really useful than this unpretending little volume.

*THE STUDENT-LIFE OF GERMANY.* By William Howitt. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart. 1843.

STUDENT-LIFE anywhere is a very queer life; it would be strange if it were not. One could hardly conceive a surer course to bring about an unusual and eccentric way of spending time, than the drawing together some hundreds or thousands of young men, under such circumstances that they do not—and perhaps in justice ought not—to fail to consider themselves entirely superior to all the world around them. Germany, too, has peculiar qualifications for making any action, of which it is the scene, strange beyond rivalry; Mr. Howitt's attempt, therefore, embodies, perhaps, more of novelty, as he boasts in his preface, than any volume which has issued from the press for years.

We are mistaken if the literary men of England and America do not take in it a proportionate degree of interest. It is not, it does not really profess to be an account of the usages of all the Universities in Germany. It does not give, it does not profess to give, a vivid sketch of the manner in which time passes, day by day, in their glorious old halls. The author studied at Heidelberg; his narratives are confined more especially to that institution, from which he digresses to accounts of the others. He gives the facts from which the reader will be able to call up the realities of the student's life in his own imagination, having trusted thus much to the good sense of those who will take his volume in hand.

The book is translated, says the Preface, from the unpublished Manuscript of Dr. Cornelius; and no one need suppose any deception here, for it bears the marks of translation, made by one who, when he undertook it, was not well used to a task of such difficulty. It is, however, gratifying to find a marked improvement as one goes on; partly because the reader accustoms himself to the boldness of translation as he reads, partly because the author accustomed himself to the details of translation as he wrote. The book contains nearly forty of the most celebrated student songs, which are heralded with some pomp on the title page; they are curious, but not very well translated. They suffer materially by comparison with versions made by other authors.

## THE STAR.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY GEORGE J. WEBB.

Voice.

*Andantino.*

Piano *p*

Fortc.

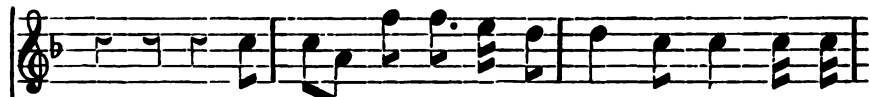
1. The star that I gazed on last with thee, Is bright in the west a -  
2. The beams of yon star, dear love, to thee, Gild top - mast, and sails, and

*p*

- - - gain; And I know, dear love, thou think'st of me,  
helm; But its plac - id light comes down to me,



Steal - ing far from the haunts of men.  
Through the top of our own tall elm.



Thine eyes are fixed on its stea - dy light, And thy  
Yet both now gaze on the self - same star, And we



thoughts are here with me; For leagues are nought when the  
view it o'er and o'er; A - las! for - get - ting how



mind takes flight, With a kin - dred mind to be. For  
lone we are, Though we meet in thought once more. A -

leagues are nought when the mind takes flight, With a kin - dred mind to be.  
- las! for - get - ting how lone we are, Though we meet in thought once more.

## BOSTON MISCELLANY.

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### LOVE BY THE WAY: OR, WHAT HAPPENED TO ME.

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I AM about to give the reader an account of an episode in my life, which took place during two days of last summer. I have but little space in which to tell my story, and I have no disposition to waste any of it by a long preamble, showing that it is absolutely necessary that I should write out the episode, or that the world should read it, or that it contains a moral, or that it is strictly true. I have confidence enough in myself and the good sense of the readers of the Miscellany, to the pages of which the confession is to be entrusted, to suppose that my tale will need no formal introduction. I shall only say, therefore, that at the end of a six weeks excursion in the heart of the lake and mountain scenery of New Hampshire, I found myself in Lancaster, one of the most beautiful of the beautiful places in the Connecticut valley, on my way homeward. At an early hour in what is called by courtesy the morning, I entered with great misgivings and disgust the stage-coach which was to take me to Springfield,—for I meant to come home by the valley of the Connecticut and the new rail-road. I am not peculiar in my tastes, but I dislike more than anything else in this happy world to ride in a stage-coach; and the worst phase of that method of travelling, according to my scale of comfort, is riding in the night. I felt, therefore, particularly vexed that I was to lose so much of a beautiful ride by thus travelling in a vehicle, the invention of which was worthy of the ingenuity of the Spanish Inquisition. No one, however, who has naturally the strong common sense that I have, willingly surrenders himself to complain of misfortunes which he cannot help; and although I felt this to be one of the greatest misfortunes of my life, I was

resolved to do all that lay in my power to alleviate it to myself and those around me.

There were in the stage, as there are in all stages, a woman with two young children nominally occupying but one seat, two men on the front seat, who got in on the way to get out on the way, and an old gentleman with green spectacles. Besides these, there were myself and two ladylike looking women, whom, from their age and their evidently belonging to the same articles of baggage, I at once discovered to be mother and daughter.

I observed these circumstances immediately, for, as I have said, I entered the coach with the philanthropic purpose of rendering the voyage as agreeable as possible to myself and those around me, by discharging readily any of the duties which might from circumstances devolve upon me before it was over. I saw, therefore, as soon as I began my journey, that one of the offices established by universal custom in New England, as appertaining to the internal police of a stage-coach, would fall upon myself. The reader, if he be a travelled person,—and who is not?—will have observed that, by common consent, some one of the inside passengers is always constituted the *cavalier servente*, or lady's man of the party; whose duty it is to attend to all the unescorted women in the stage,—a division which averages about half of the number. This appointment being once made, the other men are at liberty to do nothing but to look out for themselves, while he attends to the handboxes at all stopping places, points out to the women the objects to be looked at on the road, and occasionally takes the babies on his knee. It is a phase of the division of labor, which

has, I believe, descended from primitive times, and which no well-bred man ever attempts to break in upon. The duty generally falls on the man who occupies the best seat among the men in the stage, provided that person be of proper address and deportment; at all events, it is an office readily filled by general consent, for it is always apparent at first glance to whom it belongs. It does not presuppose any particular exertions of gallantry in its holder; this may be or not, as he chooses; he is only to controvert the constant exertions of the driver to get baggage upon the wrong coach, so as to send it back to the place whence it came; to get a large tumbler or a small pitcher of water, at every stopping place; to be the mouthpiece of the feminine part of the party in speaking to the driver; and, in well regulated stages, to tell the ladies the names of the towns through which they pass. This last, however, is frequently omitted, the more's the pity.

Into this situation, as I said, I saw that I should fall, as I sat on the middle seat, and the old gentleman, who was my left hand neighbor, was evidently unfit for its duties. As I said, too, I was not sorry for the responsibility, for I never shrink from any; so I at once took a rapid glance at my passengers; and during the two or three hours that passed on the first morning of this ride, before sunrise came, I had six times picked up the cap of the youngest child from the bottom of the carriage; had twice told the oldest child stories, in a subdued tone, till it dropped asleep; had taken down at the proper times the strap that forms the back of the middle seat;—handed our ladies out of the coach, and into the taverns, where we changed our horses;—found rocking-chairs for them to sit in, in the traveller's rooms, and had put them back into the stage again; had acquired perfectly the inventory of their baggage; and all this as a matter of course, as readily as I looked after my own valise, or paid my own fare. I had not even the slightest idea of the personal appearance of either of the women or children, farther than to know the color of their cloaks and the hoods which they drew closely over their faces.

I lost the first opening of dawn, having sunk into the first nap I had had through the night, and when I awoke fairly, the posture of things was somewhat altered. One of the men, whom I have spoken of as one of the lay figures who are always in a stage, had begun to ride on the outside; and in his place, in front of me, was the lady who had been sitting next me,—one of those whose protector and baggage-master I was, by the common law of the road. As I have said, I have travelled much, and in my day I have seen much of

the world, but I never saw so beautiful a woman. She had thrown back the hood, which all New England women like to wear, and was looking out of the window of the coach, admiring the beautiful view of Connecticut valley in the early light of morning. The fresh wind upon her cheek gave it a rich color, and her beautiful hair played gracefully over a face which was lighted up by all the animation an intelligent woman can show at the sight of the really beautiful in nature. The moment I glanced at her, I thanked my good fortune that I had selected this day for my ride, which no longer had the unpleasant character I had presupposed for it, and I rejoiced that in the duties which had fallen to me during the three last hours, I had shown that *empressement* and freedom from vexation at the necessary trouble, which has always been natural to me when I have had women's affairs in hand. If I had been churlish or cynical in the performance of these duties, how vexed I should have been afterwards.

All this I felt, as I took off my hat and pushed back my hair, professing to rouse myself from my nap. The beautiful girl who was the object of my moment's meditations, was entirely unconscious of anything around her, being quite engrossed in the contemplation of the scenery. I did not choose to disturb her by breaking the silence in the coach, but looked out on the landscape myself, feeling at the same time that I should not be sorry if she observed the admiration with which I turned to the rich beauty of the fertile intervals. Silence in a stage-coach, however, never lasts long after the sun has risen; and some jeer from one of the other men in the carriage about the unreasonable length of my nap, roused me to myself, and made me recollect that I should probably have, that day, to play the chief part in the drama of conversation. Here, by the way, is another feature of the internal police of a New England stage-coach: one person must be director of talking, or the conversation, unguided by some one hand, will flag and prove dry and stupid.

I was not sorry that the characters in the stage were such that this duty fell on me. Not that I pride myself on my conversational powers, but that man is a fool, who, through twenty-four hours of beautiful summer weather, in riding through a hundred and fifty miles of an almost terrestrial paradise, cannot make any ten people who ever lived talk pleasantly and agreeably; if, as in this instance, he can easily take their government into his own hands. We had so many women in the stage that there was no fear of our being bored with political discussion; and I very soon led off,

selecting the mother of my beautiful *ris a vis* as the prima donna of my conversational company, and making the scene opposite the subject from which we were to digress. I never spent half an hour more pleasantly than that which followed before we breakfasted. I talked well myself, and my prima donna proved to do credit to my judgment in making the arrangement I had done of my stage company; she was evidently a performer worthy of myself and of the occasion. I take credit to myself for striking out from my manuscript, as I prepare these minutes for the press, the seventeen pages in which I have recorded that conversation; the reader will not blame me, however, for he does not know what good things he has lost. She admired the scenery as much as I did. I wished for an artist's power to recall it to myself at some future time. She spoke of some of Allston's beautiful landscapes; I had seen some pictures of Carlo Dolce, a few weeks before. She had been through the principal galleries of Europe; I envied her that pleasure, and spoke of Florence and Rome. She had passed (here was a gentle sigh) some of the pleasantest days of her life there, — there and in Greece. I was, as I always am, very enthusiastic in my expressions about Greece, modern and ancient; and was really so much interested in the conversation, that nothing but the merest accident prevented a most ridiculous *faux-pas*: I had so neglected the course of events that we might have both been in spirit in the Parthenon two thousand years ago, at the very moment we were called upon to recruit our bodies, as the stage stopped for breakfast, at the Granite House in Littleton. As it was, I had to make all haste in leading her to speak of her voyages in the Mediterranean, in alluding, myself, to their occasional monotony; in making her speak of the still more tiresome monotony of a Mississippi steamer, in comparing to that the usual tedium of a stage-coach drive in New England, — that we might all be, spiritually as well as bodily, in our places at the moment the driver drew up at the hotel. The other persons in the stage said little or nothing during this half hour; my beautiful neighbor occasionally assented with a smile or a glance to what was said by myself or her mother; and I found, once or twice, that I was talking to her or for her, quite as much as for any one. She said very little, however; indeed, when we sat down to breakfast, I was vexed with myself that I could not recall any of her observations, or even the sound of her voice, though I felt that I should have known what that was perfectly well, even if I never had heard it. It could not be out of character with those beautiful blue eyes, that delicious smile and the whole mild and kind expres-

sion of her face. The other members of the stage company, although they said nothing, were not, I think, aware that the conversation was confined to so few of us. As it had nothing tête-à-têish in its character, no one of them perceived that he or his neighbors were not joining in it, for every one knew that he spoke, and had full opportunity to speak, whenever he had anything to say.

I had made no attempt whatever to ascertain any particulars respecting the origin or objects of any of my companions, though, as the reader will see, such knowledge was absolutely necessary to me in my character of leader of the conversation. It is always best in such cases, however, to get such particulars as far as possible from the way-bill; and, as our stop at Littleton was to come so soon, I had preferred to wait till that time before obtaining the requisite information. At Littleton I accordingly made a study of the official document, and put some inquiries to the driver; it appeared that the names of the agreeable widow and her pretty daughter were Marshal; — they were "to go through" to Hartford, so that I knew I should have them for companions through the remaining two days of my ride. Although it was necessary for me to know who my other companions were, and to guess their character, and objects in travelling, from their names, destination, and baggage, it is not necessary that the readers of the Miscellany should have any such information; and from motives of tenderness, therefore, I omit the conclusions I arrived at.

If I had been pleased with Mrs. Marshal and her daughter before, I was certainly no less so while we stopped at Littleton. A traveller shows his character more during half an hour at a hotel, than in a day of travel-proper; and the perfect, lady-like deportment of my two friends, was such as to silence the fears even of a connoisseur like myself. They walked with me, at my invitation, on the piazza, whence there is a pretty, though somewhat limited view; and as Miss Marshal's personal appearance had struck me when I saw her cloaked and hooded in the stage, I was still more struck now with the perfect beauty and grace of her figure and movement.

You never wait long for your meals when you are on a stage-route, and we were soon summoned to breakfast by the tones of the ponderous bell. Mrs. Marshal was as chatty as before; her daughter passed, triumphantly, the last ordeal that a pretty woman can go through: she ate, so to speak, like a fairy. I felt a weight off my mind, when I saw the perfect propriety of her conduct at the breakfast-table. It is not one woman, but a whole family, that is not a lady



there. I felt a weight off my mind, I say; for, although the Marshals were nothing to me and I was nothing to them, I had insensibly taken an interest in them and their proceedings, which would have been sadly shocked had they sunk to any inaccuracies of behavior, by showing unwomanly appetite when breakfasting.

I say I had insensibly taken an interest in them, for I am not a man who can talk with a pleasant woman and a beautiful girl for half an hour without taking an interest in them. And when, as in this case, this beautiful girl evidently sympathized in my most cherished opinions, when she was too modest to express her sympathy by anything but the most bewitching smile, or the most fascinating glance;—when, as in this case, these two accomplished women were travelling without any natural protector, and were thrown by etiquette under my care, I feel that there was nothing strange in my taking a strong interest in them and their welfare. The very modesty which had kept the young lady silent in the presence of strangers, only added to the singular beauty and grace of her person. I felt more fascinated with her than I ever had been with any one on so short acquaintance. I suppose I let this interest appear in the attention I paid to the Marshals, for the mother was more kind and cordial in thanking me for my little trouble in taking charge of her baggage, than she would have been to a person whom she considered as a mere stranger. She permitted me also to take upon myself the charge of all the necessary business between herself and the driver, stage-agent, and tavern-keeper; and showed thus, as I thought, a willingness to give pleasure in receiving a favor, which would not have been felt between mere strangers.

I was very glad of this, and I believe it animated me during the morning's ride. We had left the immediate neighborhood of the Connecticut, and did not see it again for some hours; but the country through which we drove was still beautiful, the day was fine, and we were all in high spirits. I do not understand how any person can profess to give the real history of any day's transactions without inserting an accurate report of its conversations; the world has long since found out that words are things. It is therefore with extreme regret that I commit to the flames the minutes which I have of that day's stage-coach talk. But the editor of the Miscellany is implacable; he declares that he has but forty-six pages at his disposal in this number, and that his readers will demand variety at his hands. It is in vain that I suggest to him that they would prefer this paper at its original length to anything else which he can offer them; he listens to no such considerations. My

readers will understand, therefore, that it is no fault of mine that that day's debate is not reported in full.

Mrs. Marshal and myself were as before the principal interlocutors; but I had not long resumed my position under the brilliant artillery of the eyes and smiles which I had undergone in the morning, without finding that, even more than then, I was intending my conversation for Miss Alice's ear, although nominally addressing it to her mother. At times I thought her absent and abstracted, my liveliest sallies passed without a smile,—my most cherished feelings were unfolded without an answering glance; but at other times she smiled kindly at my worst jokes, and showed by that beautiful eye-language that she appreciated my hidden meaning even before I had fully expressed it. Her frequent abstraction interested me the more. I exerted myself the more to obtain the reward of one of those beautiful smiles. When the good woman behind me apologized for the noise and bad behavior of her children, I quieted her discomfort by praising their usual stillness, and sympathizing with her in the cares of her long journey, actuated, as I must own, not so much from any real kindness of my heart towards her, but in the hope that Alice would appreciate the good-nature of my disposition. I took the largest boy upon my knee, showed him my watch, my pencil-case and pen-knife, and still with the same view; and the readiness with which she showed her sense of my sympathy with the careworn mother, amply recompensed me. Not that she said anything. She could not, without injuring the good woman's feelings. The old gentleman leaned out of the window to be able to make an approximation to the quantity of grain on an acre of the field we were passing. In his examination he lost the green spectacles which gave character to his face. Worse than this, he lost his presence of mind, and before I could extort from him the nature of the trouble, we had advanced some dozen rods. The driver stopped good-naturedly, but could not leave his horses; the old man was too lame to go back for his ridiculous eye-helpers himself, and, with a degree of humanity which the reader cannot appreciate too highly, I left the stage myself, waded back through the mud, hunted for and found the glasses, and brought them back to their owner. This is but an instance of the universal kindness which inspired me on that day; and I valued much more than the garrulous thanks and blessings of the imbecile old man the smile which Miss Marshal gave me as I retook my seat, and the modest blush which followed it, as if she were afraid she had expressed her thoughts too openly. To be short, when we arrived

at Hanover, and the ladies left the stage once more, I thought them more pleasant, more fascinating than ever, excepting that this time Miss Marshal was higher, very much higher, in my good graces than her mother, against whom I had a grudge for taking an undue share in the conversation. She had several times taken to herself remarks which were palpably addressed to her daughter,—and, delighted as I was with the accidental language of the eyes which had passed between us, I should have been glad to have been able to recast my parts, and give the daughter her turn in bearing the brunt of conversation. Thus far she had been evidently unwilling to assume it; but, though I admired the modesty of her maiden simplicity, I did wish that she would talk as much and as pleasantly as I knew she could.

The progress of a traveller on the line on which we were is slow. Through that day, through the next night, and till noon on the next day, the stage kept on its course. An occasional change took place in the passengers, but the nucleus of our party, the Marshals and myself, still held on our way. After what I have said, the reader will hardly be surprised that I found, as the hours passed on, on this usually tedious road, that I grew more and more interested in, and finally more and more in love with, Alice Marshal. The unvarying sweetness of temper, which forbade her uttering any complaint in the extreme fatigue of the ride,—the kindness which she showed to the little children, who were quite fagged with so long confinement,—her sympathy with their mother, who was anxious and distressed as well as tired,—all put her beautiful womanly character in the most amiable light. She and myself, too, had rapidly passed through the transitions of strangers and acquaintances, and were at least friends. Two people who pass through the same changes, who acknowledge common sympathies, who admire the same beauty of the same scenes, and endure patiently the same vexations, do not need any go-between nor much time to make them warm friends of each other. I never wondered, and I now wonder less than ever, how Madame Laffarge's friend fell in love with a man she had never met except in the boulevards, and had never spoken to. Matches were made in heaven, and their sympathy is entirely independent of place, time, circumstance, or company. I repeat, then, that it is no wonder that in attempting to please Alice Marshal all day,—in arranging everything at night that she might sleep quietly and easily,—in wrapping my cloak around her when the cold air came in too freshly,—there is no wonder that I became more attached to so beautiful, single-

hearted and loveable a woman, more in love with her, as the phrase is, than I ever was with any one else, or ever shall be again. I had rather—who had not?—see a woman in the routine of every-day life for an hour, if I wished to learn what she really was, than meet her in all the ball-rooms of Boston through the winter; and I had been with Alice Marshal nearly thirty-six hours, thinking of her and for her, and talking to her, when we arrived, on the second day of our journey, at Northampton.

I am always sorry to give a false impression to any one, and I am particularly sorry to give an impression to any one which may lead to the underrating of my own abilities. My zeal for truth is one of the striking features of my character; and even my modesty, strong as it is, forbids me to permit any one to retain a false because an incomplete idea of my powers. I would protest earnestly, therefore, against the supposition, that because I have merely alluded to the progress of my affection for Alice Marshal during these two days, I was during that time indifferent to the duties which had fallen to my charge. On the contrary, I was more active than ever. I pity the man, who, because he is in love with a woman, however angelically superhuman, feels himself at liberty to neglect in the slightest degree the attention toward the rest of his race, which courtesy or philanthropy require at his hands. A journey of a hundred and fifty miles presented me many occasions for the exercise of such attention, and I think I may say without boasting, for I believe I never boast, that I not only discharged all the duties expected of the occupant of my post, but I did much more, and rendered that long ride comparatively pleasant,—as pleasant as anything of its nature could be rendered; of course there was a limit,—the art has long since been lost of spinning silk for money bags from the ear of the *sus domestica*. Not only did I give the names of all the hamlets which we passed through, but I studied the map at every tavern, that I might be able to point out and name distant spires in my ciceronism. I cross-examined the hostlers and bar-tenders whenever I had opportunity, that I might be able to give full particulars respecting all the upsets and breakdowns which had ever occurred on the line, at the precise places where they happened; and my account of the particulars of the two murders and three highway robberies, whose scenes we passed, was worthy of "The Law Reporter." Not only did I bring the water for the children, but I told them stories; not only did I tell them stories, but when at the brilliant points with which my little tales should have ended, they asked

with infantine simplicity, "What happened then?" I proceeded to draw on my imagination for further adventure which should involve a more striking denouement. Not only did I keep all the trunks and bandboxes which were in my charge from straying to distant lines of travel, but by personal intercourse with agents and coachmen, I ascertained the precise particulars of these distant lines, and so was enabled to entertain the ladies with the details of what "might have happened" to their accoutrements. Not only did I open and shut windows at the request of my young friends, but when one child cried for window open, and the other for window shut, I forfeited my own comfort by opening my own window; and in consequence, by the way, I took a severe cold, which has not yielded fully to eighteen packages and a half of Pease's cough candy. We stopped at Hanover to dine, at Windsor to tea, and at Brattleboro' to breakfast; and I flatter myself that few men have a more accurate notion of the statistics of those towns than I was enabled to give, when we resumed our course from each of them; and that still fewer would have been able to communicate them as agreeably as I did. Few men can talk facts well; indeed they are not the proper staple of conversation, any more than an earthen dish is the proper material of which to make a pie. They serve to form it, and do admirably well for it to rest upon; and such was the duty which mine performed.

When we arrived at Northampton, in the afternoon of the second day of our journey, Mrs. Marshal was quite fagged out. It was evident, also, that Alice was, although she made no complaint of fatigue. Mrs. M., therefore, at once made up her mind to wait quietly in Northampton till the next day, before she continued her journey; she explained this intention to me, and asked me to make the necessary arrangements with the agent and the landlord. I did this readily; indeed I was overjoyed at any change of plan which prolonged our intercourse with each other; and although I did not dare to say that I was fatigued too, and meant to stop and recruit myself, nothing was easier for me than to go off and make a call on some friends in the town, taking due care not to be back till long after the stage had gone.

This I skillfully did, and came back to the hotel leisurely half an hour after the driver had declared he could wait no longer, and, leaving my valise at the house, had gone on to Springfield. Mrs. Marshal pretended to sympathize, and Alice laughed at me in her quiet way, though I thought she was really glad of my delay, finding in her smile a favorable omen. I saw nothing

more of her or her mother through the afternoon. They retired to sleep away their fatigue, and I to ponder over the new life I had entered on in the last two days. That evening, however, was a magnificent one, and Mrs. Marshal, after chatting more provokingly than ever, proposed a walk, to which I at once assented, knowing that Alice would go of course. She had appeared more absent and abstracted than I had yet seen her, and I was not sorry for an opportunity to leave with her the noisy walls of the hotel.

We walked slowly up the hill, talking gaily,—more gaily, indeed, than I was really in spirits for. At length, however, in one of the turns we made together, for we walked with no definite object, we came nearly back to our starting point; and Mrs. Marshal declared herself so tired that she should return and retire to sleep.

"But you young people need not go back with me," she added; "I have only a few steps to take. Pray turn again and walk as long as you wish."

I took her at her word. I had no disposition to put a sudden end to so pleasant a walk. Alice showed none either; she smiled, and nodded her adieux to her mother, but did not loosen her hold on my arm, and we walked up the hill again together.

I had spent the afternoon in resolving that I would seize the first opportunity to declare my unalterable affection to Alice Marshal; and here was that opportunity before me. Yet for the hour that we walked there I did not embrace it. Not that I felt any of the awkwardness I have heard awkward men describe, in declaring myself and my love to the woman whom I had chosen. I am not an awkward man, and do not think I could feel so ridiculous a sensation. But I was always prone to silence when I felt particularly inspired or uninspired by anything around me. Silence to me is the highest of poetry. For instance, I believe nothing affected me more, during the summer's journey which I was now closing, among the throng of glorious sensations which had overpowered me when I was on the summit of Mount Washington, than the magnificent, unbroken stillness of the place. I believe I never felt a truer or higher poetical inspiration in my life than I felt then, and when, surrounded by a perfect veil of clouds, I rode down from the summit. But I had not the slightest power or disposition to attempt to express that inspiration in words. I thought of this the more at that time, because I had promised a correspondent that I would attempt to write her some verses containing a reflex of the ideas with which Mount Washington impressed me. I tried faithfully to do this again and again, but the moment I recalled

at all the wonderful sensations of that glorious day, I felt again the entire impossibility of expressing those feelings in words, and the folly of attempting it. My correspondent's letter, therefore, has remained unanswered from that day to this,—a fact which, although I know it will be generally interesting, I mention only by way of episode, to illustrate, so far as I can, the manner in which the sublime in nature has always affected me.

And what is there in nature more sublime than a glorious starlight night, when everything around is silent as the grave, and more beautiful than one can imagine at ordinary times. I have had occasion, in my life, again and again, to walk and ride hundreds of miles without feeling the slightest regret that I had no society but myself and the stars above me. And when, on some similar occasions, I have had other friends beside me, as on this evening when I was walking with Alice Marshal, I never have had the slightest disposition to verbal conversation.

We walked on in perfect silence, therefore, for some minutes after her mother left us. I never enjoyed anything more, for I knew that Alice must be sympathizing with me perfectly, in the beauty of that glorious evening. At length, however, I felt that she might think there was something awkward in so prolonged a silence, and I therefore exerted myself to make some remark on the beauty of the evening; not a natural remark, for, as I have said, silence was natural to me at that time, but a commonplace, which would seem very well in the lack of brighter material. I hoped Alice would have enough of my feeling to make no attempt to prolong the conversation,—to see how inappropriate any conversation was to that time and place. It was clearly my duty, however, to say something, and throw upon her the responsibility of accepting or declining a conversation.

"How magnificent this is," I said. "There is something in a night like this that makes one feel better and happier. You feel how much there is that is worth living for."

Such was the result of my effort. At the moment I spoke, we left a young grove of trees, and the moon, which had only passed its full two or three days, was opened upon us in all its beauty, just rising over the range that ends in Holyoke. The only reply which Alice made to my labored speech was to stop short and point at the beautiful planet. I do not know how long we gazed at it. Neither of us spoke, and I felt from that moment a new bond of sympathy between myself and the beautiful girl who rested on my arm. I am, my friends tell me, a conceited man; I am not

so conceited as to think the music of my own voice, (although very well in its way,) better worth attention, than the sublimest prospect in nature.

That evening, through our whole walk, we said nothing more. But I retired to rest that night more in love than ever. The very purity of that evening air and sky had consecrated, as it were, my rising affection, or what I hoped was *our* rising affection. Alice Marshal and myself sympathized in everything. I knew it, and hoped that she did.

The next day, in the natural course of things, would be the last day we were together. That morning, if at all, my fervent declaration of my pure attachment must be made. I did not think it rash,—it was not rash; and my mind once made up for it, I knew I should soon find an opportunity. I did find one, that morning. The weather had changed in the night, and a violent rain had come on which detained us all within the house. Mrs. Marshal, immediately after breakfast, asked me to come and sit with them in their parlor.

"Poor Alice," said she, "is, you know, the worst of company. Pray come and talk or read to me."

I did know nothing of the kind, but was eager to accept so agreeable a request, however ingeniously veiled. I went up with her, and found myself in a few minutes reading *Romeo and Juliet* aloud, while the ladies sewed;—no unpleasant occupation to a young man desperately in love, when his own *Juliet* is before him.

I had not advanced far, when Mrs. Marshal was called for a few moments from the room. I laid down the book till her return, and at once seized the opportunity to say,

"Miss Marshal, you may think it strange,—do you think it inexcusable?—if I tell you that almost since I saw you, I have looked for this opportunity to say, that though our acquaintance has been short, it has been long enough for me to see in you a woman who would make any man whom she would honor with her affection happy beyond all expression; to offer to you, as I now do, in the most devoted manner, my hand, heart, and fortune. Pray excuse me if I speak abruptly,—it is my way."

And I tried to smile, as I looked up from the table at Alice's face, in hopes of finding some glance responsive to the avowal which I had made in so unsentimental and business-like a manner. I had not made, I had not wished to make a scene.

I tried to smile, but I did not succeed, for I was startled when Alice, instead of replying, seized a porcelain slate which lay beside her, and wrote with a fearful rapidity these words:

"Why have you spoken to me? You

knew I could not hear you. My mother has said to you that I am deaf and am dumb. My vacation is finished. I am travelling back to Hartford. I am going to the Asylum. Write upon the slate the words which you have said."

I hoped at first that she was laughing at me; but the fearful style in which she wrote resembled too closely that of the best educated deaf mutes in its stiffness and coldness, and it undeceived me. A man can think quickly when he must. Ask the poor laborer who fell from the Exchange the other day, or the men who saw him, if they had not time to go through a long train of reasoning, before he touched the ground. In this case, in the moment which passed while I looked in Alice's tearful blue eyes, and took the pencil from her

hand, I had opportunity to recollect that, in fact, I had not heard her speak a word during our acquaintance; that her mother had said nothing to her,—that she had taken no direct part in the conversation, while she had appeared to be so admirable a listener, that, in my egotism, I had never perceived her perfect silence. I took the pencil from her hand as I read what she had written, and wrote,

"How long is it since you left Hartford? Will your mother stay there long?"

And these were the last and first words that I addressed to the woman whom for forty-eight hours I had loved more tenderly than I ever expect to love any other. That afternoon saw me at Putt's Bridge,—that night at Boston.

### THE BELLES OF MATANZAS.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH OF D. MANUEL GARAY Y HEREDIA.

[Our correspondent at Matanzas sends us the following version of a Spanish poem by a native of the Island of Cuba. It purports to be the work of a marrying man, but we incline to suspect that it was written by some manoeuvring mamma with a house full of daughters. Be that as it may, if half of what is said of them be true, there must be a very fine lot of spinsters now in market at Matanzas. Our bachelor friends would do well, as the newspapers say, to apply soon, as the article may be taken up; or, at all events, will be none the better for keeping.]

'Tis not alone in royal bowers,  
Where high-born ladies pass their hours,  
That Beauty holds her court;  
Though palaces possess their share,  
And always have been for the fair  
A principal resort.

Thy belles, Matanzas! those alone  
To my poor taste, I freely own,  
Excel the courtly race;  
And you, my friend, would say the same,  
If you, like me, had met with them,  
And seen them face to face.

Fresh flowers in spring are charming things,  
And sweetly many a poet sings  
The beauties they disclose;  
Descants on violets dropping dew,  
The fragrant pink of various hue,  
The lily and the rose.

I prize them all, but higher far  
 I prize the nymphs of Canomar,  
 The fairest of the fair;  
 If I might choose on which to sip,  
 A single rich Matanzas lip  
 Were worth the whole parterre.

Much, too, is said of ancient dames,  
 Whose beauty set the world in flames,  
 Some thousand years ago;  
 Your Lauras, Didos, and that queen  
 Whose charms the fatal cause have been  
 Of Ilion's overthrow.

All pretty women, past a doubt,  
 But fairly beaten, — out and out, —  
 By each Matanzas maid;  
 For these possess a witchery,  
 Would throw ten Helen's, were they nigh,  
 Completely into shade.

To these, as to some saintly shrine,  
 An humble follower of the Nine,  
 I dedicate my art;  
 But poor, as yet, in worldly pelf,  
 Can only offer for myself  
 The homage of the heart.

But if — and stranger things have been, —  
 Propitious Fate should change the scene,  
 And grant me house and land,  
 I pledge myself, — and that ere long, —  
 To make some one, — beside a song, —  
 The offer of my hand.

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S O N N E T .

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BY W. W. STORY.

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THE poet's soul doth ever prophesy,  
 In its vague yearnings for the absolute,  
 That kindly season, when each hope shall shoot  
 Into completion, and society  
 Be robed in beauty like a waving tree,  
 Though now so barren, bleak and destitute;  
 For action is but thought matured to fruit,  
 Whose earliest blossom flowers in Poesy.  
 Thus is prefigured in the poet's soul  
 Man's perfect state, and no brave deed can come,  
 Untinged with meanness, generous, true and whole,  
 Which hath not in it the ideal bloom.  
 The blossom seemed to die, but near the core  
 Of the sound apple it is found once more.

## WATER-SPIRIT AND WOOD-GENIUS.

[BARTHOLOMEW'S Pond, in Danvers, is one of seven or eight pieces of water in such sociable neighborhood that they can all be visited and surveyed in a few hours. This, the most beautiful of the number, five acres in extent, embosomed in woods, lies at the foot of great rocks, is embellished with plenty of flowers, both the delicate and the bright, and has no visible outlet or inlet.]

"——— all around is fair,  
Composed with Nature's finest care,  
And in her fondest love,  
Peace to embosom, and content,  
To overawe the turbulent,  
The selfish to reprove." — Wordsworth.

ONE morning last June, while the leaves were yet the greenest, and every brook and pond filled to the brim with the transparent waters of spring, I visited Bartholomew's Pond. Enchanted, I seated myself on a corner of a mossy rock, that stood contemplating its ancient face in the mirror below. The mingled beauty of the spot held me long absorbed in vague, tranquil delight. Changing gleams followed the ripple, as it curled above the indented contours of the old, yet undecayed oak-leaves, that, at the shallow brim, piled the bottom of the pond. Amidst the leafy folds appeared all at once a lovely face, more distinct than a shadow, yet infinitely delicate, as if the air had taken form; it seemed the image of some rare beauty in crystal. With a most ancient look, goddess-like, such was its perfection, it was plain that Time, the strong and malign, could not or would not mar it. A translucent, intelligent gaze rested on a libellula, which, clinging to a stalk, was ridding itself of its aquatic sheath. Its delicate wings, contracted like the new leaves of the Spring, and unfolded imperceptibly, turned as they were from me, as I watched the curious process, mirrored in the polished cheek beyond. While the sparkling insect, its form perfected, was exercising, in preparation for its new aerial life, the powers of the stiffened, buoyant webs fixed on its shoulders, I seemed to hear a musical hum, of which this is the purport:

"The changeful libellula delights me, with its long, glassy wings, now dusky, now bright, now red, now blue; with its huge eyes of azure light, and its motions swift and free; and it hides no treacherous sting."\*

Were these sounds really formed in the air, or was it the still continued despotism.

fancy of the hour which brought me, mingled with the murmur of the breeze in the leaves, these other accents of the Genius of the Wood?

WOOD-GENIUS. Ah, my dear sister, time robs you of nothing, but my shades are almost depopulated. Your dragon-flies flutter on glittering wing over your waters, as they did hundreds of years ago; and the shining gyrenus still furrows your glassy mirror with his fanciful pirouettes; by its side the same insect still throws its shadow, as mounted high and dry on its long divergent legs it takes its sliding leaps, pausing between them on your unyielding crystal. The old familiar splash of the far-descended frogs of the same ancient families still sounds. Year after year sees the same slow, yellow-spotted tortoises crawling upon your watery rocks; race after race of shining fishes charm with the same graceful flexures. But my elks and red deer, where are they?

WATER-SPIRIT. I share in your sorrow, majestic brother! Did I not fondly hold forth my mirror to your graceful, splendid elks, with their towering antlers and broad bright eyes, and the pretty hind and fawns, too? Then the moose! I miss him; his horns no longer strew the ground just by, at his accustomed drinking-place; no longer undisturbed grow embrowned with moss. But there is some compensation for his loss; I now save most of my summer lilies, whose roots I protect with such care from winter frosts in my deep grotts. He devoured them all; but the few, that I part with now, charm the new white men, who have become our companions. They made me proud of my lilies, when they wondered to one another at their perfume; before, they had seen only the scentless nymphæa of their native ponds.

WOOD-GENIUS. I was only mortified, when a young girl, on her first ramble in my paths, threw away a bunch of the prettiest of violets she had gathered for her grandmother, because the aged dame had

\* Who could have been unconsciously murmuring, on the banks of the pond, Goethe's verses, in an unseen ear, till they were got by heart?

been used to the sweet scented violet at home. The moose! I recal mournfully our ancient intercourse, when he came to browse on the trees; I should like to hear again the clack of his double hoofs, though he did make such sad work among the buds and twigs of my birches, maples and poplars.

WATER-SPIRIT. I wish I could hear him anew, sucking up mighty draughts from my brimming basin; I could even bear to have him measure again his long legs with the tall stems of my huge-rooted lilies, ever and anon raising his forefoot as he waded, to brush the mosquitoes from his eyes. But do you not pity me for the destruction of my gentle, industrious beavers? These white men must, as the Indians say, have been made from the *hands* of the Master of Life. They destroy everything to metamorphose it into some new form. They kill a beaver to make a hat. I am afraid they will try to turn into some worthless thing the transparent wings of my dragonflies, and destroy the whole race. I loved the beavers, and felt intruded upon when the hunters drew them out of their peaceful retreats in my banks.

WOOD-GENIUS. Alas! they would rob me, each man, of a branch to mark his usurpations.

WATER-SPIRIT. And my own innocent waves have laved the insidious hand, before it was laid on the trap, a necessary ablution to evade the subtle sense of the beaver!

WOOD-GENIUS. I am sorry for you, although they were such depredators, gnawing down tree after tree in one night.

WATER-SPIRIT. I used to be warned of the fate of your saplings, by the sudden midnight shock, as they fell riven upon my tranquil waters, and disturbed the sleeping moonbeams. I missed in the morning their lovely green shadows, but rejoiced in the rising domes of my prosperous denizens. Their dark and bulky forms are no longer reflected by moonlight, as they traverse their works, bearing earth and stones between the dexterous paw and furry throat. I no longer hear the finishing blows of the broad, scaly tail upon their masonry, or on the face of the water when they dive. Your aspen, your birches may flutter their leaves at ease, for no trace of the abodes of their enemies remains. I mourn sorely for the young beavers; their gambols were my delight, as they leaped upon the trunks of prostrate trees, pushing one another off, and full of sport,—trees long since perished and revived in new forms. A solitary traveller, once a rarity, in his wanderings approached, at such a time, and shocked me by preparing behind the alders to take life from the unsuspecting creatures; but they reminded him so much of his own children, that he

softly dropped the ugly weapon and left them unmolested.

WOOD-GENIUS. After such a good escape I hope they lived to die of old age, and he that spared them too. I sorrow after my stags, and hinds, and fawns, as you for your beavers. The slender, elegant creatures, so bright-eyed and swift, keen-scented and quick of hearing! I resigned to them readily my buds and tender shoots, and grieved when, having nothing more to offer, I saw them stoop their fair heads to crop grass. Their sylvan antlers were no less beautiful in my eyes than my own favorite oaken boughs.

WATER-SPIRIT. Though you must feel the loss of the affectionate hind and her fawn, you are glad, I know, to be delivered from the discord and cruelty of the wolf. I would that the shy and cruel fox no longer haunted your pine recesses.

WOOD-GENIUS. Some consolations attend my solitude. But I miss the sleepy porcupine. He no longer rolls himself up into a prickly ball in his secret cell; but then the young ash escapes his teeth. True, my hollow trees are emptied of their ancient tenants. The only dignity they could reserve to themselves in their last days, was to be gazed at by the poets, and to shelter in winter the bear and the urchin. Men may ramble in my shades all day now, without meeting the shapeless black bear clinging to the twisted stem of the vine, or sweeping whortleberries into his clumsy lips. My acorns have a chance now to turn into oaks. I remember the splash of one of my huge ursine foes; when pushing himself for acorns, along the limbs, towards the extreme branches of an oak which hung over your waters, he dropped.

WATER-SPIRIT. They had made him so plump it was easy to buoy him up. I am no mourner for the race. Now the bear is gone, if men do not find it out, your bees can enjoy in peace the sweet deposit gathered from your honied tilia and asclepias. My insects are relieved from the terrors of his wide mouth,—swimming on my waters he devoured all before him,—and my turtles, who used to be afraid of that same mouth, that gathered up all their eggs.

WOOD-GENIUS. He would make no scruple, I suppose, of demolishing the lovely green moth, with its broad mooned wings, reared amidst my walnuts. But spring after spring has long ripened into summer, without bringing forth his gaunt form, to be returned rounded out with my autumnal acorns to his annual torpor. Let him go; but I want my racoons, once my constant companions all the year round. They no longer climb my trees, exploring every crevice for spiders or other insects, relieving



me of the little enemies that used to deface my leaves.

**WATER-SPIRIT.** I did not love to see them slily creeping up to my frogs, to spring upon them; but except for this, I too enjoyed them as my merry playfellows. They love water, you know, and dip their food into it. It is their greatest delight to frisk in water. You remind me what multitudes used to crowd to my brim. I do not like these white men, whose rapacity robs me of their innocent sports. Winter did not interrupt them. How they enjoyed paddling about the floating fragments of ice!

**WOOD-GENIUS.** They dread cold no more than the hardy wolverene, — good riddance to him! He thinned my hospitable boughs and shady walks of my pretty little quadrupeds and birds, slaying foxes and beavers, too. I keep my music now, and dear little soft, round eyes peep out from many a nest here and there. Rejoice with me that my merry squirrels live out all their days now. I love them, though I lose by their sharp teeth the nuts which would produce many a stately tree; the prospective forest dwindles away before these hungry little creatures; but if they thin, they enliven my beloved shades. I delight in their graceful gambols, the bold leap to a distant bough, when they would reach the next tree; and if this is too far removed, the drop to the ground, and their ascent in a second to the top of another. I am friend, too, to the ground squirrel, scudding along the mossy fences, showing his striped back, and burrowing at the cushioned root of a tree under a roof of chequer-berries or solomon's seals. But my delicate flying squirrels are leaving me; troops that buoyed up by a delicate film, and borne by the wind, looked in their aerial excursions like leaves blown from the trees. Dearest of all my tribes, they scarce ever left my ashen boughs. How I delighted in their nocturnal activity! Seldom seen by day, and not loving the turf, they seemed all my own. But give me joy, that I am relieved of one of their enemies, the terrible cougar.

**WATER-SPIRIT.** Yes, and I rejoice that my waters will never again reflect his savage shape. The terrific cougar, with his round head, round eyes, and keen teeth, and feet like traps! — that frightful, silent tread! I was never sensible of his presence, till his variegated, abject form was suddenly painted on my waters. How I have pitied the poor deer, approaching his cruel shadow, as he lay in wait above their path, crouched upon the limb of a tree!

**WOOD-GENIUS.** My squirrels and birds no longer dread the deadly leap of the ugly spotted lynx and wildcat.

**WATER-SPIRIT.** I mark the absence of other beings, masters of these! Where are

the people of the Sachem Manatahquah? They no longer come to my banks, bearing on their heads the slender canoe formed of your birches. My waves are never navigated now. A few of my lilies, that venture near land, are dragged forth, but the depths of my lucid domain are sacred from intrusion. My earliest lilies, that in past days I vainly wished to preserve, now deposit undisturbed their treasured seeds. The Indian hemp that grows on my banks is no longer gathered by dusky fingers.

**WOOD-GENIUS.** The Indians! I remember them, and the whiz of their arrows; they and the beasts they chased are gone together.

**WATER-SPIRIT.** Yes, the deer feared the archer, but the husbandman has been more fatal.

**WOOD-GENIUS.** You, I hope, will be always at my side. When the sun calls forth and deepens the green of my leaves, I hardly rejoice, dear sister, because at the same time he contracts the mirror, where you copy my face in such lustrous hues. I love you so well, I wish you were more sociable; you send no glittering child among my shades, to greet my flowers and birds.

**WATER-SPIRIT.** True, no lip or beak is ever wet in the darksome rills of my home. They reflect neither the splendid lobelia, nor the delicate sagittaria; strangers to the sun and his children, till they come forth in their collected riches. Would that your nature did not forbid me to invite you to my crystal palace, that you might be refreshed at the pure currents that steal along their stony channels, known only to myself, to drink of the fountains that gush darkly beside the roots of the nymphæa, dislodging the gyrini, borne upward on their silver bubble, and dilate into this beamy mirror, that loves to reflect your bright tresses. Brother, I am not unsocial; though none of my family trips with moist foot along your glens, you are not neglected. Subtle and silent they ascend in their airy cars above your head, and by their ministry embellish your tree-tops.

**WOOD-GENIUS.** Plenty of rainbows and glowing sunsets in summer to my delicate friends, and in winter store of polar jewels!

**WATER-SPIRIT.** Know that in midsummer, when I cease to delight you with my full waves, I am best satisfied.

**WOOD-GENIUS.** Yes, because charity has exhausted your stores, and your household are all abroad on messages of love. Hereafter, your shrunken mirror will be to me the fairest.

**WATER-SPIRIT.** You, too, are a sociable genius. We are fellow servants to noble humanity. To your growths, men owe the friendly bridge, the social ship, messenger between nation and nation. You build

homes, temples, cradle innocence, enshrine the sacred dead. The wood-cutter bears abroad the gift; he returns, and new stout stems await the diligent hand. We are

salutary examples in our unremitting service. We breathe peace,—we inspire worship.

E. C.

### BALLAD.—THE CHIME OF BELLS.

A story is told of an Italian, who had made a chime of bells whose music was the favorite charm of his advancing years. This chime was taken away by the French. The artist, gradually pining under his loss, wandered away from his native land. At last, in going down the Rhine his ears were one evening greeted by the familiar sound of the well known bells. He laid himself back in the boat and died.

THE distant hills of Italie were glowing in the sun,—  
The fair blue hills of Italie, gold-tinged when day is done.  
And low and soft as lover's sigh the breezes murmured on,—  
Oh, glorious Italian sky, warmed by the setting sun!

'T was rare far o'er the hills to look on all the lights and shades,  
Bright tree-tops, many a little nook, fair fields, and dewy glades.  
This is the hour when men go out to see the love of God,—  
On such still hours Christ, love-devout, near Kedron's waters trod.

This is the hour when mourners hear, on the soft air of even,  
The words of those they held so dear, wafted to them from heaven;  
This is the hour when lovers feel the ecstasy of love,  
And all their hopes and joys reveal,—joys sent them from above.

The Chime of Bells, at this sweet hour, sent silvery music forth;  
Like wizard-lights, by secret power, full-streaming from the north,  
The notes came wavy on the breeze; bright waterfalls sweet-singing  
Among the shadows of green trees, divinest fancies bringing.

To one ear, many songs in one came in a hurrying throng;  
Each note a song,—each song alone swelled his heart's tides along.  
Childlike the artist loved his chime, and aye, at set of sun,  
Through it came words of those whose time, whose earthly time was done.

He heard in it the gentle voice of her he loved so well,  
Of babes, which made his heart rejoice more than his tongue could tell.  
And all his early vows came up like wraiths of other years,—  
As one sees in the sparkling cup friends gone—once pledged with tears.

And, oh! from out his very soul, aspirings heavenward pour;  
His heart, by music-waves that roll, is borne to a bright shore;  
And thus, at close of every day, strength comes through clear blue ether  
Full to his soul, like lone star-ray through clouds in stormy weather.

Alas! alas! that this fair land the battle-ground should be  
Of Europe, tempest-roused, and tossed upon a wintry sea.  
The silvery chime of bells was hushed; the artist bowed his head,  
Like a fair flower by wild winds crushed upon its mossy bed.

When the sad whirlwind had rushed by, and awful stillness came,  
And woe-worn eyes were raised on high, scorched by the "breath of fame,"  
Oh, God! the evening wind which bore to the glad poet's ear  
The music of the chime before, now sang a requiem drear.

The twilight shades crept sadly on, a sore sight to his eye,  
For the lovely chime of bells was gone, as sweet dreams hasten by.  
He listened wistfully to catch, upon the passing breath,  
Some note, some well-known note to snatch his soul from worse than death.

He listened long, — then with a sigh and softly murmured prayer,  
He left his dear home mournfully, — no chime of bells was there.  
Now wandering on, you might have seen this lone heart-stricken man,  
While through his yearning soul, I ween, those melodies still ran.

Its inmost bitterness, the heart, in its recesses knoweth;  
But ne'ertheless the spring-flowers start, the mild spring-wind still bloweth.  
A pilgrim, over vales and mountains, the sorrowing artist goes  
Long dreary days, and still no fountains bring healing to his woes.

A load, more weary than the weight of sin, bows down his soul;  
Ne'er did heart-rending toil abate, as slowly life's waves roll.  
Now in a little fairy barque he floats adown thy stream,  
Oh, Rhine, one summer's eve — but hark! can it be all a dream?

The evening breeze brings to his ear the chime of bells again,  
He stills his panting breath to hear once more the heavenly strain.  
A mighty vision o'er his soul, roused by the sound, comes on,  
All his past joys, like one great whole, glow, — 't is his setting sun.

The golden light tints all the clouds, breaking along the sky,  
And makes gilt curtains where dark shrouds had swept before his eye;  
With holy freight the boat still moved, — mild was the air of even, —  
The Chime pealed out that he had loved, — the artist was in heaven.

Boston, December 20th, 1841.

# SONNET.

BY W. W. STORY.

THOUGHTS that like music vibrate through the mind  
In a poetic shape, and float along  
In gentle rhythm, formed with wings of song,  
We on our common walks of life shall find  
Numerous as fire-flies, when we have refined  
Our inward sight, by hatred of the wrong,  
And earnest strivings to find Truth, among  
The visible scenes, which are its outer rind.  
Never unto the earnest poet's eyes  
Looks the world doubtful or without love's grace;  
The coming soul, which Nature prophesies,  
Beholds its strange foreshadowing in her face,  
And is the sunlit top of Nature's base,  
Upstretching far into the perfect skies.

January 3d, 1842.

## GETTING UP.

IGNORANT or misguided men are accustomed to bewail the difficulty of what is generally called (not perhaps without some homœopathic tincture of bitterness) "getting up in the world." But it seems to us that this faculty, if it may be so termed, comes, like honest Dogberry's reading and writing, "by nature." Men are born with it; and are sometimes haunted and dogged by luck to that degree that they long for a dash of reverse as a relief from an inevitable and intolerable bore. But even to those who are fated to labor up in the world, this toil is but an ant-hill beside the mountain labor of getting up in the morning. To one nestled warmly in his blanket, what an impertinence do all the uses of this world seem. "Getting up early," saith the octogenarian, "is the surest method of long life," and he himself stands like an undeniable text of holy writ at the head of his homily, and comes like an equally clinching quotation at the end. A homily unanswerable, truly, by younger men, for they certainly have *not* lived as long as he has, and it *may* be owing to their getting up two hours later. Larks seem to be a special interposition of Providence in favor of these sticklers for early rising; and perhaps, though with more hesitation, we should be forced to concede the rising and setting of the sun as another. Poets, lying in bed, have sung the glories of the sunrise and the matins of the lark,—the better, perhaps, from their trusting chiefly to their fancies,—and have felt, doubtless from some mystic sympathy such as poets only know, a shrinkingly thrilling sensation in the region of the left clavicle, as they thought of this feathered exemplar's "little bill," which he presents with such assiduity at the door of his great debtor, the sun, ere he has had a chance to slip out of a morning.

The thought—as one composes his pillow for that Circean "second nap,"—that he will be called perhaps just as he is entering the sweet palace of dreams, is the

"Just clay enough to keep one down to earth,"

—the slave in the triumphal chariot to nudge and say, "Philip, thou art a man." This never takes one atom from our joy. Even if we believed it, the very fact of our being mortal adds zest and glory to the otherwise prosaic and everyday fact of our possessing the enjoyments of a god. It is like the beautiful Lamia embracing her mortal lover. But the cold, bare fact that, after being called, we *must* get up, is as if the Lamia were a serpent again, and crush-

ing one with her ever tightening, scaly and loathsome folds. Alnaschar, when he had kicked over his basket; Aladdin, when he had lost his lamp; Christopher Sly, when he woke from dukedom to tinkerdome; Stephano, when he was baited from his short-lived royalty;—what was the fate of all these, to the misery of being shaken by the shoulder out of the gorgeous palaces and gardens of dreamland into the ten-by-twelve of an attic? Moreover, the personages aforesaid have the posthumous satisfaction of becoming classical; whereas, your dreamer is only rewarded by learning that the coffee is cold, and that Betty has been in three times to clear the breakfast table, and flounced out, shutting the door behind her with a gradually increasing and ominous slam.

Rip van Winkle is surely entitled to our commiseration, and receives it, for *not* finding his family when he descended to breakfast from his world-attic in Catskill mountain; but methinks such suffering were light to his who finds a mother, a sister, or even a wife, only needing the overturn of his coffee on the clean tablecloth to become vocal in consolatory "oh,-never-minds"—a reversed-telescope species of reproach, which puts one's ease at a yet greater distance. In a family, too, where there chances to be an old-fashioned eight-day clock, garrulous with age, which maliciously, and with a devilish pertinacity, lingers out its tale of passing time till its last notes make the nervous and conscience-quickenened drums of one's ears feel like what a sick man conceives of Columbian artillery bass drums on a muster day, there is no corner round which one's remorse can dodge the seemingly unconscious maternal exclamation of "Why, I declare, it's nine o'clock!"

It may perchance give some of your readers, Mr. Editor, a melancholy pleasure,—something like what one would fancy a capital convict might enjoy in reading a last dying speech and confession,—to hear some of my pitiful experiences.

I am just listening to a recitation, from the "rapt one of the godlike forehead," of those portions of the immortal poem of Kubla Khan which were lost to the world by the entrance of that most unhappy "visitor from Porlock," whose name, in mercy to his descendants, has been withheld from us. Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, Chapman, Fletcher, Milton, Wordsworth, and other glorious spirits, with a feet-on-the-fender expression of counte-

naunce, sit around smoking chibouks such as were never seen but in fairyland, or what "the Marchioness" rightly deemed the next place to it, — the shop windows. Princeps editions of the divinest authors, picked up at impossible book-stalls for impossible "mere songs," are ranged in gothic black oak cases round the room. In short, it is as true a "palace of pleasure" as ever Painter's was. Just as Coleridge's voice pauses, like a bee over a flower, ere it drops into a verse which all feel prophetically is to be such as only he could have conceived, there comes a rap at the door. Who can it be? Chaucer and Milton express a hope that it may be Dante or Keats. Or it may be Shelley, his fair hair glittering with the salt tears of the Adriatic; or the genial Carlyle, or Emerson, or he who was "born in a golden clime with golden stars above." It was none of these, reader, — it was my father.

My father is a most excellent man. I respect him, and I respect his opinions as much as most young men do those of sexagenarian fathers. Youths of twenty and thereabouts will appreciate the justness of the remark, when I say that parents are the most unreasonable of beings; or, as I have heard it better expressed, "our age is remarkable for its disobedient parents." But even with this in view, can you conceive what my father had to do in an assembly like this? — he, who in poetry kisses the toe of Alexander Pope, and wishes (classing them all under the name of Germans, his bitterest term of reproach,) that Wordsworth and Coleridge and Shelley, and especially Carlyle and Emerson, were — anywhere but where they are; — what, I say, had he to do in such an assembly? Oh, sudden plunge from the Icarian pinions of the ideal into the cold, salt sea of everyday life! His errand was — (shall I say it?) to tell me that breakfast was ready. I looked around timidly to note the effect of this infaust interruption on the faces of my companions, but they were gone, all gone into a world of light, and I alone lay lingering there in my own prosaic chamber.

I always thought Brutus an unnatural father, — first, because he had most decidedly that appearance in the wood-cut to the two-inch square Roman History which first introduced my childhood to the character and manners of classic times, he being there represented with a most diabolical expression of feature and a dress unbecoming even a pagan; and secondly, because I was doomed to read and re-read the story for a stated time in Latin. But what was this father to mine? Thus to expose me as a mere man of coffee and buttered toast in an assembly like that! I can pardon anything sooner than bad taste. Nay, I

can forgive my friend who indulges in a cavalier head of hair, or a pilgrim-father chin of beard; indeed, had my hair curled, or luxuriance followed the too easy reaping of my razor, I might have descended to such eccentricities myself. But the taste that could turn from that wondrous damsel with a dulcimer and a feast of honey-dew and paradise-milk to — Here my eye became fastened on a very remarkable combination of cracks on the ceiling which were, I was sure, extremely like some countenance familiar to me, though I could not think whose. While I was yet striving to untie this Gordian knot, it was suddenly cut, and that in a most surprising manner. The head took to itself a body and legs, and advanced toward me. It was no other than that most whimsical German, Hoffmann, with whom I had a slight acquaintance. He saluted me cordially, at the same time saying in very good English,

"Will you smoke? I have nothing better to offer you than a cheroot, but I assure you they are quite passable. They were a present to my friend, the Herr Archivarius Lindhorst, from his cousin the Grand Llama; and Confucius told me, a day or two since, that Hermes Trismegistus could endure no other kind of segar. These were found by Captain Kyd, in the sarcophagus of Psammiticus III., a lineal descendant of Nebuchadnezzar, — the report of whose eating grass is only an ignorant scandal arising from his being in advance of his age in a taste for salads; though he did, in the opinion of some uneducated minde, put too much oil —"

"Thank you," I replied, willing to interrupt a discourse of which, though historically curious, I saw no end; "I will smoke one with pleasure."

I then lighted my segar, which was truly delicious, having in its ashes what my friend Frank Carlisle calls "the indescribable but almost universally undeceptive tint of mingling snow and sunset." Looking about me as I allowed the smoke to curl, graceful as a dancing houri, from my placid mouth, I discovered that I was in no less a place than Auerbach's cellar. So then, my meeting with Coleridge and the rest was only a dream, after all; and my father (thank Heaven!) is innocent, and in no wise resembles the wood-cut Brutus above-mentioned. This raised my spirits, and when Mephistopheles, at Hoffmann's request, twirled his gimblet into the oaken table and drew me therefrom a Venice glass of Johannisberger, I was enabled to enjoy its flavor with some composure.

"The old humbug!" cried a sneering voice behind me, "he let the critics with infinite labor dig up a hidden treasure of meaning from his writings, and then stepped

gravely forward and claimed it all as owner of the soil. If the moon had been green cheese, he would have been disobliging enough to find it out and nudge us to tell us of it, just as we were reading Endymion, or Lorenzo and Jessica!"

"That is Henry Heine," said my friend, "he is speaking of the Olympian Goethe."

"See what a Walpurgis-night-dance our shadows —"

"Am I then discovered?" shrieked a tall young man in black, springing up and rushing from the room.

"Is he crazy?" said I.

"No," answered a man whom I recognized as Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, "it is only Peter Schlemihl, poor fellow. If he only had a shadow, he would look very much like his ancestor, Peter the Less, who, I remember —"

Here a little man at the next table looked up over his spectacles and exclaimed "Remember! pray, how could you remember him? Why, let me see, he died in the year of our Lord —"

"The devil!" groaned Ahasuerus, leaping through the window.

"Twelve hundred and ten," finished the little man, resuming his pipe gravely without noticing the interruption.

"The man whose delicacy does not hinder him from wantonly injuring the sensibilities of others, deserves to have his own in turn disregarded," said Dr. Johnson, whom I had not before noticed, at the same time casting a sneering and severe glance at a mulberry coat which adorned the person of Goldsmith, who sat next him. Charles Dickens, who had somehow mixed up his personal identity with that of Boswell, carefully entered the remark in his notebook.

I now for the first time observed a small man seated at a piano in one corner, and moving his fingers over the keys with the wildest enthusiasm. His whole soul seemed to leap down upon the instrument like a tiger on its prey. Such melodies I never heard. Now a huge column of music would slowly raise itself like a great water-spout from the foaming sea beneath, and then burst in a cataract of sparkling notes. Sometimes I thought I saw a single golden bird soaring and singing through the blue air, and then suddenly all would be dark, and I could hear the trampling of an innumerable host, with shouts and torches flaring in the melancholy night-wind. Then a beam of sunshine like a silver spear would pierce through the solid gloom, and I saw mossy dells and streams all green with overhanging leaves where the first violets were glassing themselves.

I saw the meadows where I played in boyhood, — I saw flowers such as I seem

never to have seen since those blue, sunny days, and I held in my hand again one of the rude little May-day nosegays which I was wont to tie together with a long grass-blade and surprise my mother with. Ah, what a smell of childhood and spring and freshness there was in everything! Sometimes the notes seemed to linger as if they enjoyed their own sweetness, and then suddenly they would leap away like a chirping flight of grasshoppers.

I always have loved the organ, because it seemed to have more depth and majestic vastness than other instruments; and often, when I am listening to the silvery notes of the orchestra at a concert, I have wished that the great organ behind would burst forth, without the touch of any hand, and drown all other sounds in its heaving sea of harmony. But when I hear the organ, I long for the ocean as yet more vast and majestic. But in the great soul and spirit of this music, even in its gentlest tones, I felt that ocean was mean and small. As I listened, I cannot tell what I saw and heard. It was Beethoven.

Milton, who stood near him, with a serene and kingly countenance, turned his face toward him and said,

"Would I could give thee back thine ears as thou hast given me mine eyes!"

"Nay," answered Beethoven, "my deafness indeed shuts out from me the noises of this world, but only that I may forehear the harmonies of the next."

"Do you call *that* music?" said Russell "the vocalist"; "why, I heard nothing, — the piano has no strings."

"That part of music which we cannot hear, is the true music; even as that part of Nature which we cannot see, is the true Nature, and that part of poetry which the poet could not write, the true poetry," said a voice.

"Fiddlestick!" muttered Pope and growled Johnson in a breath.

"I am always noble when I hear such music," said one.

"He who does not inwardly create such music by a true, harmonious life, cannot be noble," replied the voice. It was a woman's, — I knew not whose.

At this moment a knight in complete armor entered, and, introducing himself as the Baron Huldbrand, invited me to spend a few days at his castle on the Danube. The hope of seeing Undine was enough, and in five minutes I was on the back of a snow-white Arabian, with a motion like a wave, and a tail like a silver waterfall. I had just a consciousness of sweeping by the Black Huntsman on the Hartz mountains, though he spurred hotly to keep pace with us, — when the Baron blew his horn, the drawbridge was lowered, and our horses

hoofs clattered on the stone pavement of the court-yard.

The porter was no less a personage than Caleb Balderstone, and strikingly resembled Sir Water Scott. Indeed, I might have mistaken him for that great man had I not read his death in the papers the day before. In another moment Undine was in her husband's arms. Her connection with the Water-Spirits was evident in the tones of her voice, which sounded like a brook gurgling over mossy stones under a murmurous pine-tree. It threw me into a delicious reverie, and in fancy I was at home in my New-England woods again, when I was summoned to dinner. I was carving a slice from a large roasted wild-boar, when the same little man who had driven Ahasuerus from Auerbach's, and who was Gifford, the editor of the Quarterly, looked up at me and said in a sandy-haired tone of voice,

"I will take a piece not quite so fat, I thank you."

How he came there I could not divine; but I had the carving-knife in my hand and the thought of poor Keats in my heart. I made a spring at him and seized him by the hair, but he eluded me, leaving his wig in my grasp. I however caught him near an open window over the court-yard. There I deliberately cut his head from his body, (after turning the edge of my knife in an ineffectual attempt to pierce his heart,) and threw it out of the window. It alighted on

the head of another critic below, and, displacing it, fixed itself firmly in its stead without his seeming conscious of the change. This gentleman has since very much distinguished himself as an enemy of the new school of philosophy and poetry. Almost before I was aware of what I had done, I was in Newgate, having been tried, damned and sentenced, in the interim, by Lord Thurlow.

The morning of my execution was bitter cold; but, spite of this, all round the scaffold surged and tossed a sea of horrid faces, none of whose features my dizzy eyes could discern. The chaplain told me to pray, and I repeated "Now I lay me down to sleep," being the only prayer I could in my bewilderment recollect. The hangman, who was the very conservative Mr. Dennis, immortalized in Barnaby Rudge, was drumming with his feet upon the scaffold to warm them, and muttering something about being kept waiting till his breakfast was cold. One by one the cannibals below took up the cry, and yelled and screamed the same words over and over, till they grew absolutely horrible. But above all I could hear Mr. Dennis's feet drumming, and his infernal muttering about his breakfast, — and I awoke to hear my father knocking a second time at my door, and telling me in a remonstrating tone that they had taken breakfast an hour ago, and that mine was irretrievably cooled.

## HOPE.

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

WHAT is Hope? The morning gale  
That bears upon its wing  
The perfume of the thousand flowers  
Of Life's fresh, blooming spring.

What is Hope? Life's noontide sun,  
In summer's blushing prime,  
That, with its tints, so brightly gilds  
The fleeting wings of Time.

What is Hope? The mellowing breath  
Of autumn's gentle gale,  
That ripens for the reaper, Death,  
The wanderers of Life's vale.

What is Hope? Life's waning moon,  
When wintry storms arise,  
That, through the vista brightly seen,  
Conducts us to the skies.

## THE STUDENT ANTONIO.

"Oh, thou who plumed with strong desire  
Would float above the earth — beware!  
A shadow tracks thy flight of fire,  
Night is coming." — *Shelley*.

It was towards evening in the early part of September, that the Student Antonio, weary with reading an old romance, the leaves of which for the last five minutes he had been carelessly turning over, threw the book down, and leaning his head upon his hand looked vaguely down the street. There was nothing remarkable in the internal arrangement of the room in which he sat. The floor was without a carpet; the walls were covered with a dingy paper; the bed seemed slinking up into the corner, as if ashamed of the slanting sunbeams; and all wore a bare and desolate appearance. There was, however, one piece of furniture which seemed strangely out of character with the rest of the arrangements of the room, and that was a pianoforte, which stood open against the wall, with a sonata of Beethoven on the rack. Upon the floor beside it was piled a heap of music books and stray sheets of music paper and old scores scribbled full of notes. If the general appearance of the room might typify the poverty-stricken condition of the occupant, the instrument was the token of his taste. He was an artist in music.

He sighed deeply as he gazed far down into the street below, already glooming with the mist of evening, where the tall, dingy brick walls shut out the pleasant sunshine. He heard the footsteps upon the pavement; he saw the various passers-by, old, and poor, and young, and strong. The laughter of the ragged rosy children, who were playing bareheaded in the dirt, reached his ears; and sometimes he heard the loud, deep exclamation and oath of some one of a group of brawny fellows, who were leaning against the door of an old clothes shop. Something there was in all this which made Antonio sad. It was the indifference in all who passed to his existence and to his interests, and the steadiness with which they pursued their course, without a thought of his solitude and want. There is nothing so hard in life as this indifference. Opposition can be met, and the meeting it strengthens, nerves us; but indifference is sickening, — and only the strong, whose hearts are full of energy, and firm in hope, and earnest in will, can stand self-supported. This was not the case with Antonio; no one who ever looked at his physiognomy would think it. His face was pale and thin, and soft waves

of light brown hair fell off from his brow; his eyes were large, blue and dreamy, as of one who had been looking upon a veil which hung between them and all objects. The whole character of the face and figure was that of a dreamer. There was nothing about him obtrusive and forth-putting, or business-like and energetic, such as would recommend him to the world; — none of that physical talent, which is so requisite to success in life, and which, by its own force, often thrusts its possessors forward into places for which they are unfitted, and sets them over the heads of truer and noble, yet more retiring, men. He was modest and shrinking in demeanor, — little desirous and less capable of bearing the scrutinizing gaze of an unsympathizing world, jealous of success and lynx-eyed to foible and defect. With the purest and finest temperament of genius, he was yet no genius, inasmuch as he wanted self-reliance. If we distrust ourselves, the world will distrust us; while faith in our own ability is half of every battle. Men, like our student, of a refined sensitiveness and delicate susceptibility, are often crushed amid the overweening vanities and self-conceits of society, and choked like tender flowers in the first bloom of their early expansion.

The evening was serene and beautiful, and between the chimneys and over the roofs of the houses he saw the distant sunset. All was quiet and peaceful in the distance; a soft, mellow light like the purple bloom of the plum hung over the receding hills; further upward a yellowish green spread out calm and beautiful over the sky, and soft dove-colored clouds were anchored peacefully in the motionless sea of light. No more for him was the world dull and harsh, — it was all taken to his warm heart, and softened and ripened; a thousand vague joys filled his mind, — a thousand hopes took birth. His lips trembled with an almost inaudible sound, and his fingers, spread upon the window sill, moved as if they were resting on organ-keys. Suddenly some one knocked at his door; — the whole strange mirage of imagination faded instantaneously, and nothing but the bleak, cold fact of life and want remained. An old woman opened the door cautiously and peered in. After fumbling in her pocket a moment, she drew out a sealed letter, and



presented it to Antonio. The Student's eyes sparkled with delight, and he eagerly grasped the letter, and gave a penny in exchange, which the old woman clutched and then disappeared. Ah! thought the Student, as he opened it, now I shall find my hopes realized, — now all will go well. My opera is accepted, and I will defy the world. But it was not so; the opera was rejected, not as being without merit, but as too strange and wild, and unsuited to the public taste. The revulsion of disappointment was too great for Antonio's sensitive heart. He dropped both his hands, the letter fell to the floor, and the tears gushed into his eyes.

"And this is all!" said he, "after the long, weary hours during which I have worked upon it, reeking upon it my heart's blood, — pouring into it all that was dearest and most inviolate in my soul, — breathing into every note the accumulation of feelings which were never spoken for their dear-ness, until my brain throbbed and my eyes burned with dry pain, — still upheld by hopes; and now — oh, God! all my dreams blown away like chaff! Were the musical shadows that seem to vibrate over my soul but a deception? Is this infinite breath of Love and Grace, which I have dreamed was fanning me in the best moments of thought, but a foolish fancy? Is all that I have done a folly? Why then should I longer stare at grim want and starvation? I wish I were dead," added he, kicking over an old rickety chair in his impatience. It soothed him. "It will not do, now, — Art has no chance. All is fact and common-place. Society has grown dusty with habit and routine. But I cannot give it up. Oh, heavens, how can I give up what is the life of my life! I might do it, perhaps, if it were not for that inward feeling of a miraculous world of thought lying close beside me. Beneath everything, a bursting life seems to lie. Like a flood it seems at times to wash away all these outward facts, and float me along in music on its waves. It is so strange, wild and unreal a world, into which I seem often falling, until all is, as it were, a dream. What is it that I sometimes perceive in the commonest events of life, so like something I have known before, — so old, so natural, as if the same thing had been done in another life, and yet dimly indistinct as the old spectral trees look, towards sunset, in the grey pool over in the fields yonder? I think our life becomes often double, and that what we see is only the sensible development of that which existed in thought in some prior state of being. Something strange seems to brood over me, even now."

So saying to himself, the Student took his cap and walked out.

"Good evening, Antonio," said one of

his friends; "you are very pale, — are you ill?"

"No, not at all, — why?" and they separated.

"Where are you going so furiously?" said old Mr. Meddle, as he rolled himself up the street. "You look as wild as a hawk, and have a hawk's eye after some wench, hey, hey?" and he grunted and thrust his cane into Antonio's side. "Well, well, young blood, — it's natural enough; I was so, once. I remember that — why, egad, the boy's gone! He's mad, — he'll never come to anything good."

And in sooth Antonio did seem mad; he saw nothing, he heard nothing, so absorbed was he in his own thoughts. He pulled down his cap over his face, and struck nervously and rapidly on the pavement with his cane. Pursuing his path without further interruption, he pushed through the crowd until he found himself in the suburbs of the city. It was now dark. The moon came up. The soft, cool wind soothed his burning brow, and he sat down to rest upon a bank by the edge of a wood. Behind him far he saw the smoky city lying in gloom, with here and there a light glancing from its massy blackness. Beside him the mild moonlight streamed softly across the green slopes, and lay shivered in silver sparkles upon the crinkling waters. The trees rustled gently in the breeze, and every now and then a white, fleecy cloud passed across the moon's face, and the earth was darkened. All this beauty lay like a sigh in the heart of the poor student; while he gazed upon it alone and without the busy hurry of human voices, he seemed almost to hear a voice in the rustling of the trees, which called him; but just as he listened, a boy passed along, driving his cart homeward, and whistling merrily; and the voice sounded no more.

"Ah, perdition!" said Antonio, "so it is always, — just within grasp, yet we never can get it!"

The boy went on, and gradually his whistling was lost in the distance. Antonio listened in vain for the voice; he heard only the wind sighing in the long grass at his feet, and in the rustling grain. So he moved down by the river where the water sparkled in the moonbeams. The ripples crept up, striped with a silver line, and tinkled along the pebbles on its marge. Half dreamily he sat down again and fixed his eyes upon the water, which bore away his thoughts by a strange harmonizing with its flow, until he saw a shadowy face, kind and gentle, uplooking from beneath the waves. And again he heard the low whisper of the voice. He started and rubbed his eyes. Could it be delusion? He looked again, and saw nothing but the silvery ripples playing in the moonshine.

Silent, meditative, and filled with earnest longing, he rose and directed his steps toward the city. It lay before him, a dark mass of houses, save where some sky-light glancing with the reflection of the moon-shine, or the distant lamps shining at intervals, broke the shadows which overhung it. The dingy orange lamp-lights shone on the bridge, casting their long, quivering reflection in the scarcely moving waters, contrasting with the pale, watery gleam of the silver stars, which flickered there also. The moonlight seemed to hang over the city like a veil, purifying and sanctifying it. And under that calm, holy light, Antonio knew that death was passing and vice, and the filth of a moral corruption lay reeking. But he knew also that kind, childlike hearts were beating, and innocent heads lay in quiet sleep upon their pillows. It was late when he found himself again in the heart of the city. He walked along through the streets, which were already thinned of passers. The moonlight lay in the squares in masses. The shop-lights were one after another extinguished. The candles gleamed from the upper windows, and moving shadows crossed the curtains. He imagined the thousand different hearts which were beating in that great vortex of life, and the various passions that stirred within them,—Love, Fear, Joy, Rage. He thought even now may that deed be doing, which nothing but tears of blood shall wash away. He leaned against a lamp-post and watched the grotesque shadows of the passers-by, as they moved over the pavement, diminishing and then lengthening, while he listened to the ring of the iron heels, now loud, now lost as the walker turned round some abrupt corner. The watchmen in their great coats passed and looked suspiciously at him, as he gazed earnestly at the stars in the fathomless blue sky, or the broad patches of moonlight falling between the open vistas of buildings upon the almost deserted streets, or at the golden vanes which glittered aloft on the towers and spires. He sighed as he saw two figures pass him, and caught the gleam of love upon their faces, and heard a few indistinct words. His soul was touched, and he remembered the smiles of one which had shone on him when life was younger and happier; but his thoughts were soon turned by a party of revellers, who reeled home, shouting at intervals the rag end of an old catch. As he moved on, unconscious of the direction that he took, he passed away from the square and entered the meaner and narrower part of the city. At length, as, from weariness, he stopped before a low, small house, he saw a line of light gleaming through the chink of the closed shutters; and as he pressed his flushed cheek against the cold, damp brick

wall, he heard the confused murmur of voices within. Sometimes it sounded like the mingling of many in confused conversation; sometimes like a strain of music, and sometimes like a party of dancers. He thought how different was the world within and without that wall. A cold despair creeping over him, was numbing all his faculties,—he doubted whether life were worth the having; but in the room love and joy were scenting the atmosphere and warming the heart, perhaps quiet, satisfied indifference and ignorance of the gnawing pangs of poverty, and of that stronger, fiercer want, the hunger of the mind. Ah, how little do we know of the life that is stirring in the next street, in the next room, in the next heart. All that we see we fill with our own life; and in these poor creatures of humanity around us, for whom our hearts beat in sympathy, we see but broken and distorted images of ourselves.

Oppressed with his own thoughts, Antonio went on; and as he passed by a small pot-house, he heard within the sound of laughter, and the utter contradiction which it gave to his own feelings attracted him. By some sudden impulse, he was determined to go in. That which is utterly adverse and opposite to our state of mind has always a charm for us; as the two opposite poles of the magnet attract each other. Antonio found a party of five or six seated in one corner of the room, and busily engaged in a warm debate; while in the other corner sat an old man, apparently intent in watching the course of the conversation, and studying with a curious smile the varying expression of the different faces. He was quietly smoking a cigar, whose whitish grey wreaths, circling and winding up in the dim, half-lighted atmosphere, clung round his head like a halo, and lent a spectral appearance to his whole figure. There was something mild and dignified in his bearing, and his eyes shone from beneath a heavy, projecting forehead, thickly covered with a dark eye-brow. His white hair curled softly down over his neck, like wreaths of falling smoke. Antonio sat down and looked upon the floor, and endeavored to confine his attention to the speakers; always when he looked up, however, he found the eyes of the old man fixed on him. He soon began to forget where he was, and sighed deeply. In the midst of his reverie he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and looking up, saw that it was the old man.

"Come with me," said he; "you are not well here. Let us go out into the open air, the atmosphere is close and smoky here, and you are pale and unhappy. We shall find ourselves better somewhere else."

"I do not care where I go. One place is as good as another."

"Come with me, then ; I should like to talk with you."

Antonio arose and followed him. They stepped out into the moonlight, and the pure fresh air felt grateful on the cheek after the dense, smoky atmosphere of the pot-house.

"You will go home with me," said the old man ; "it is but a few steps. We shall then be alone."

Antonio assented, and the two proceeded in silence until they arrived before the house where he had leaned and thought he heard voices. The old man then took a key from his pocket, and opened the door.

"Give me your hand," said he, "and I will guide you."

Antonio reached his hand to him, and they entered. The door closed heavily behind them with a jar, and all was pitch dark. Following his guide, however, the Student ascended a long, winding stair-case, until a door was opened into a small room, where a small taper threw a faint, uncertain light around. There was nothing peculiar about the room, saving that there were implements of mechanics, and several dusty curiosities kept apparently for their antiquity, a pile of folios in the corner, and a large, round shield hanging over the mantle. The old man pushed an arm-chair to the Student, and taking another sat down opposite to him. The long, flickering shadows danced grotesquely up and down the ceiling, as the tongues of flame from a few embers on the hearth shot fitfully up the chimney and then died away.

"I wanted to speak with you," began the old man, "for you have affected me with a strange feeling of interest. I have been drawn to you by some invisible attraction, which need not be explained. We can never tell why we love ; it is an incomprehensible tendency of one soul to another, which, though inexplicable, cannot be contended against. It is like the feeling that the ocean must have, when it finds itself gently raised by the inward moving tide and borne irresistibly onward. Suffice it to say, I have loved you, and watched you, while you were unaware of my presence. I have seen you working on, with noble firmness, day and night, with your cheek paling, and cherishing hope even in circumstances which might well seem hopeless. I know your privations and disappointments, and those longings and yearnings which have swelled your heart almost to bursting. I have determined to assist you."

Antonio lifted his eyes with a hopeless astonishment and looked at the old man steadily a moment, then relapsed into his former position, and attentively gazed into the fire.

"You are exhausted," said the old man, and rising he took from a cupboard a flask

and a long, bell-shaped glass, into which he poured a purple clear liquor. "Take this glass ; it will make your head clearer and your heart lighter."

Antonio hesitated a moment, and then took up the glass and drained it.

"The liquor," said he, as he returned the glass, "is good ; it has sent a warm glow into my veins. But my malady lies deeper than it can reach ; and if it were poison, it might reach it better. I fear not death ; indeed it would be most welcome. Life is a long and painful disease, at best, and the sooner it is cured the better. I have known want and sorrowing long enough, and have out-challenged fear, so that nothing can place me in a worse condition or darken my life. Music alone is the strip of sunlight which marks the passage of day without my prison. I know by it that there is beyond my dungeon a day where all is bright and clear. But here I pine and fret with endless longing. There is no pang worse than to have high aspirations, and never to be able to express them ;— to feel something working at the heart, of which we cannot disburthen ourselves, and which the hand and tongue cannot utter. I sometimes wish God had made me an idiot, that I might stand idle in the sunshine and be happy. But now I have nursed within my heart the hope of fame ; burning thoughts have shone round me at night, until, if they cannot be spoken, I must die ! I have wept, night after night, scalding tears, and bitten my flesh with the longings that haunted me, and tossed restless until morning on my bed. The hunger of the body is nothing to the insatiate hungering of the mind,— craving constantly for nourishment, and feeding on the unsubstantial food of its own desires and hopes."

"It is as I knew," said the old man. "Life to you is an unsatisfactory striving, an unaccomplished desire. All that you see about you goads this intense longing within you, until you must have it, as you say, or die. Your soul has taken voice and calls to you constantly, and urges you on. But then the fiery ordeal of public opinion, through which you must pass ere you can be enrolled among the great, you shrink from. The coarseness of common life jars upon your too susceptible temperament. You would fight a thousand battles, but the sword hurts your hand. Your very thoughts, vibrating on the great sounding-board of society, seem to you imperfect utterances, and fill you with fear. This is not peculiar to you. Young men think their own feelings are nowhere to be found but in their own hearts ; but they are mistaken. Your case is the case of many others, who have been haunted by dreams of perfection which overshadowed their works, until their body

has sunk under their overwrought sensibility. The world knows them not; they have lived in lonely garrets and in the by-ways and corners, unsympathized with, retiring and shrinking from the concourse of men,—always unhappy from their excess of temperament, and as unfit to do anything for themselves, or to forward their interest in life, as is a razor to cut stones;—seeming like delicate instruments, which the softest breath sets in motion, but from which the common winds of rough life bring but discord, and which are soon shattered; and this because they wanted faith and energy. What you want, with all your genius, is healthiness and strength; and this will come with age and experience. You must strive for it."

He ceased, and for a while neither spoke, and both sat gazing in the fire, lost in deep thought. At last the old man broke the silence.

"If you could have your wish, what would you ask?" said he.

Antonio's eyes sparkled like autumn stars, as he looked round eagerly into his companion's face. "Ask?" said he. "Oh, for language, expression—only to speak out the whole of this mass of feeling, which lies upon my heart! I am like a thunder-cloud stored with lightning, and which asked to spend itself in rain upon the thirsting earth. That power is in me, you may doubt,—I do not. The golden lines of poetry, the fine coloring of eloquence, the calm, godlike marbles of art, thrill me through; I seem to feel a whole net-work about me; my sense faints,—the blood suddenly stops in my veins, and then rushes tinglingly even to my extremities; my soul is jarred like a too full cup, and overruns the brim. But I can never produce any work which is like these, though I feel them so intensely, and they seem like transcripts of my own personal existence. When I hear the divine symphonies of Beethoven coming over me like the infinite sea, and bearing me before the rushings of their terrific harmonies, or drifting me with the calm, benign flow of their steadier tides;—when I ride to heaven on some melody, I am taken out of myself,—all is for a time Elysian. But then I return, and the power of production seizes me; I think I can give expression to that which lies within me. I have the same feelings; why should I not? Then I sit down in a glow to write; and, lo, I can get at nothing,—all is vague, indistinct, and I cannot grasp it firmly. I am drawn down from the spiritual to the mechanical. My thoughts roll from my grasp like mere air-figures. Close on my heart something lies, but I cannot utter it; it slips through my fingers, it evades me continually. And this constant disappoint-

ment fills me with despair, and nothing eases me but weeping. What I have done is nothing."

As he finished speaking, the shield on the mantle rung with the last echo of his voice. He buried his face in his hands, and was silent.

"You are young," said the old man, after a pause. "Over the youth of all men of genius the same feeling has hung. They have seen the shadow of themselves, as the traveller in the Brocken sees his tall, gigantic image climb the opposite cliffs. It is not till after repeated efforts and repeated failures that the hand becomes married to the thought, and a full expression gained;—no, even never. Art in itself must be comprehended by the soul, and therefore cannot comprehend it; and no product can ever be as great as the producing power. Talent, which is the power of exercising harmoniously our faculties, must be cultivated; and if genius is not susceptible of improvement in itself, its means certainly are. No man, be he ever so great, can do perfectly at first. The first product that we see may have high merit; but the whole preceding life is thrown into it; it is not the moment's birth, but the result of a thousand hopings and strivings, inward and outward attempts, and the last step taken after the growth of years. The strong mind, when haunted by an idea, struggles incessantly until it is expressed. Our ideas will not suffer us to rest; they are like the trophies of Miltiades. But there is no such thing as a perfect expression of one's thought in art; that which we produce, bears no comparison with that which burns in the soul;—the thought dwarfs the thing; what we do, can never stand abreast of what we are; and the moment any work is accomplished, the soul is beyond it, and looks back upon it, and is spreading its wings for a further flight. That which is poetry in the poems we read, is that which is not expressed. They are beacons and guides pointing to somewhat far beyond. At best they never tell all; they are but the key to poetry. One fine thought sets all thought in motion. The sonatas of Beethoven did not express the fulness of his mighty soul. They are straggles and writhings after somewhat which he cannot speak. And this is the peculiar meaning of his music. Think you not that he ever laid down his pen almost despairing, and then, nerved and strengthened again, grappled with the misty thought? Our poetry and art are but stammerings and stutterings out of the infinite which lies within. More than this is forbidden to the organization of man's mind. You know not what it would cost to gain this power."

"I care not," said Antonio; "I would lay down life for it. The great soul of music

crowds nature full, and can never wear away, and leave wood and wire tuneless. Great forests groan with music, oceans surge in harmony; all calls on me, and nature seems ever waiting for some one who can interpret her, and give utterance to that which she cannot speak. Nor in external nature alone does music call on me. In my own soul I hear her, for love is perfect harmony,—hate, discord; and the range of passion between them is the musical interchangings and modulations, where contradictory powers strive for mastery. Thy soul and mine, ere we love, must be as two strings which vibrate harmoniously; for nature has provided that what we rhyme with we shall love. So am I beset by imploring nature; and I place nothing in comparison with the power of expressing what I am."

"You are foolish," answered his companion. "The mind is bounded by the senses to a certain extent. To look at the sun blinds us; too exuberant passion destroys the judgment. Things, therefore, appear to our filmy eyes indistinct and fragmentary; a veil hangs ever before us, and through it falls that modified light, which alone does not blast us, but clothes everything in a coloring of hope and faith. Beauty is a subtle essence, permeating all things, and lies like an invisible golden dust around our poetry, painting, music, and sculpture. Would you ask for that insight now, knowing its consequences?"

"Yes, if with it comes the power of language. Oh! to throw down this weight for once would relieve me forever."

"Come with me, then," said the old man.

Antonio, astonished, lifted his eyes, and his companion, taking his hand, led him to one side of the apartment. Here he opened two doors, which shut closely together, and in a large niche Antonio saw an organ with a mirror before the keys, facing the player and occupying the place of the music rack.

"Sit down and play," said the old man.

Antonio seated himself, and stretched his hands out over the keys. A thousand misgivings assailed him, as he held them suspended over the chords. But his brain was excited, and he could not restrain the impulse within him when he thought of the world which lay almost within the span of his two hands. His hands descended upon the key-board. Instantly a wild, deep, melodious sound filled his ears. The room was illuminated with lambent, clear light. Long, white ivory panels gleamed in the doors. The curtains swayed to and fro in purple and changing color, and the small, mean apartment became a vast and splendid hall, roofed with a dome like the sky, through which the full toned chords rolled like surges

of harmony over the air, and came sweeping and crowding back, broken into a glittering spray of music, and foaming with vehement longing. The organ-pipes spoke with the voice of a god; ear-piercing and soul-thrilling tones issued forth like threads of evening light,—seeming like souls of imprisoned melodies that, the moment they were freed by the master's hand, got wing to an eternal heaven. Antonio's heart expanded suddenly, and his eyes were steadily fixed upon the mirror before him, which seemed like the shield he had seen on the mantle. The tones lifted him up with invisible force out of the discord of life, and floated his whole being. His fingers no more refused to obey his thought, but by some magical power they went self-moved over the keys. Deeper, fuller and clearer grew the harmony, while he saw in the mirror his whole life spread out before him like a dreamed landscape. The feeling of the beautiful days of youth enveloped him like a soft and sunny haze. The tones of love fell through the air like woven music; birds sang at heaven's gate, and a stream of pure joy gushed out over his heart. It was as if a kind spring had come down and settled over him. His soul lay in the arms of beauty, softly and gently, as the moon in the dewy night atmosphere. Thus in the mirror he saw his life reflected and lying clear before him. His heart, overwhelmed and loosened, gave way to the elysian dream; and as his inward being changed, so changed the picture. Sometimes over the harmony, the melody went soaring and soaring in endless gyrations; and now circled gently upward like the involutions of ascending smoke; now the whole mass of sound drifted like a huge cloud at noon; now it was shivered into a thousand clear, glittering points, like the spear-heads of a splendid army in the sunshine; and now went rising and falling in sweeping undulations, like the lazy swell of the summer ocean. Antonio felt nothing but the inner life outpouring and shaping itself as all barriers gave way. It was the early morning landscape of youth that first met his eye,—the moist, warm, serene morning. The exhalations of hope went up like the incense fragrance from the censers of the flowers. One mild, open, diffusive joy overspread all. The hours went by vivid and radiant with delight. Then came the mild repose of noon, complete and unshadowed as the fullness of thought. The flowers closed their faint chalices, and the golden sunshine lay in broad sheets upon the breathless earth. Mellow and softer it grew, until the edge of evening, when thought deepened and enlarged, as the day dipped into eternity. The streams grew flushed and tinged with roseate light. The clouds were

bathed in thousand changing colors, and Memory and Hope went forth from Antonio's heart and breathed the mild, balmy air. Then rose the moon in its silver car, scattering white light over the earth. Hope and Memory died away in the arms of Love, as the sunset glided into the moonlight. Then mild eyes looked out from the dusky trees, and gentle voices were on the air. Forms of grace floated on forever before him, and a dear, kind face looked into his soul, as the moon looks into the waters. He felt her image lying deep and untroubled within him, and her voice came to him like "the voice of his own soul, heard in the calm of thought." It was the same voice, muffled in pathos, that he had heard in the fields and by the river. She breathed, in a long, deep, soul-felt sigh, his name, "Antonio!"

"Were we serenaded last night?" said the daughter of Antonio's hostess to her mother, when they met at the breakfast

table. "All night long I heard sounds of music more beautiful than I have ever before heard. It seemed as if some one were playing the organ in Antonio's room, only that the tones were richer than any organ I ever heard, and we know that Antonio, poor fellow, has no such instrument, and that his room is too small to hold it if he had. But perhaps it was the organ in the church, which we hear so often; but yet it was so late at night, that that could not be. I must have dreamed. You know we were talking of him, last night, and that probably put it into my head. But why does he not come down?"

"I don't know," answered the mother, "I believe he is not at home; he went out at dusk, last evening, and I have not heard him since. I wonder what he thinks of himself. He'll never do anything, he's such a woman."

After waiting an hour, some one went to call him, and he was then discovered lying dead in the middle of his room. It was the fated penalty. w. w. s.

## THE CAMP OF THE FROZEN.

An army, under Count de Foix and Charles his brother's son,  
From France across the Alps had marched and many towns had won;  
And gentler summits had begun, and breezes less severe,  
To tell the worn and harassed troops that Italy was near.  
At nightfall, though the stars were clear, the day went dimly down,  
And right above them, in the front, new steeps appeared to frown,  
The last of those whose icy crown o'erawes the Lombard land,  
As fierce, like Nature's sentinels, in wintry watch they stand;  
Here, as the noble Count had planned, the fainting soldiers halt;  
"Sleep here to-night, my men, at morn yon mountains we'll assault,  
Nor yours nor mine shall be the fault, if, ere to-morrow noon,  
We find not blossoms on the trees and all the birds in tune,  
For January smiles like June beyond this rugged height,  
Within whose shade you well deserve a lodging for to-night.  
Come, nephew, from thy steed alight, — his fetlocks drip with blood,  
And thou from rowel to the helm art drenched with gore and mud;  
Go, bid thy squires in yonder flood make clean thy battered mail, —  
What better station for repose than this protected vale,  
Well walled by pine-woods from the gale, a safe and guarded glen,  
With fuel, fodder for the beasts, and water for the men?"

"Jesu! mine uncle, rest again! what! nothing do but snore?  
Five hours we had for sleep, last night, and all the night before, —  
By Christ, I swear I'll doze no more, till Italy is ours!  
And sweet shall be our slumber there amid the orange bowers.

Soon as I scent Ausonia's bowers, and touch the Milanese,  
My horse may of his herbage think, and I my limbs will ease;  
Till then for me the biting breeze, the sharp and icy air,  
Shall be more welcome than a couch, good fires, or dainty fare.  
I've taught my hardy steed to bear whate'er his master can,  
And much it shames a worthy brute to be outdone by man.  
Then let me forward with my van, — say half a hundred spears,  
Take you your night's repose in peace, we'll play the pioneers."

Just then a band of mountaineers was seized upon the height,  
And brought before the leaders, bound, told, quivering with affright,  
How dang'rous 't was on such a night to take the upward road,  
Where the keen cutting of the blast gave token that it snowed,  
And how the misty moon-ring shewed that bitterly, ere morn,  
The storm would beat poor wretches cast upon the hills forlorn.

To which, with lip of martial scorn, the fearless youth replied,  
" 'T is e'en the very sort of night whereon I love to ride."  
And madly he the storm defied, and cursed the feverish moon  
Who thought by looking pale to make a soldier a poltroon;  
And swore that ne'er a timid loon, — a lying mountaineer, —  
Should keep him from th' adventurous hills, or shake him with a fear;  
" In God's name, then, mine uncle dear, beseech you, let us on,  
More space, more forage for yourselves will be when I am gone.  
And when the southern side is won, we'll halt and wait awhile  
Till you are up with us and past the drift and the defile."

" Well, go, perverse one," with a smile replied the elder Count,  
" But, when you find the mountain streams flow southerly, dismount;  
For these bleak summits are the fount of many a Lombard rill  
That dashes down the sunny side of Italy's first hill,  
The kingly river Po to fill, and swell the Adrian sea,  
Where Venice on her islands throned holds ocean's golden key."

Fired by these names, with sudden glee, as at the sight of foes,  
The ardent boy his charger pricked, and in the stirrup rose;  
" Come, fifty of my bravest, — those who heed not wind or sleet, —  
Let's ride a league or so, until a fairer camp we meet.  
Breakfast in Italy we'll eat, although we sup on storms;  
Come, lads, for Italy! — that word my very breast-plate warms."

Briskly a chosen band he forms, and, though his uncle's look  
Was full of trouble, and their heads the gray old herdsman shook,  
With blithe farewell his leave he took, " God bless you!" gaily said,  
And through the craggy crevice steep his bucklered squadron led;  
And upward as with slippery tread their weak-kneed coursers tripped,  
The sparkles flashing from their feet revealed how oft they slipped.  
Fifty there were in steel equipped, — well armed and valiant fools, —  
Beside a score of pioneers, the music, and the mules  
Laden with canvass, cords and poles, wherewith their tents to raise,  
And lanterns through the hazy night pouring a few faint rays.  
At first the bugler cheerly plays, the fifers hoarsely sound,  
But to their instruments, full soon, their numb lips fast are bound;  
And naught was heard, as up they wound the steep and rugged gap,  
Save the shrill winds, the clicking hoofs, the drummer's hollow rap.

Out looked the laughing, blue-eyed morn, then, dazzled at the sight  
Of cliff, and plain, and region round, all robed in shining white,  
— The work of one tempestuous night, — drew back into a cloud,  
Till she might bear with steady gaze to eye that shining shroud.  
And still the dying wind was loud, although the brazen sun  
Prevailed at last and hushed the blast, and the fair day was won.

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## THE CAMP OF THE FROZEN.

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Before he rose had they begun th' encampment's lines to break,  
And through the drifted heaps of snow their pathless march to take;  
And hard it was, when first awake from short and cold repose,  
To face the nipping air and dig their passage through the snows,  
Where not one track was left of those who rashly went before,  
In such a night, so coldly clad, to cross that barrier o'er.  
Oft at their wildered guides they swore, as oft they went astray,  
And groped with hesitating foot the doubtful, devious way,  
Round which th' uprooted savin lay, and piles of shattered rock,  
Terrible tokens of the storm, the blast, and thunder-shock!  
"Fools! fools! the elements to mock!" the veteran chieftain said,  
"If they reached Italy last night, some fiend their passage led;"  
For high above his trembling head the toppling avalanche hung,  
And from the precipice's height the furious torrent sprung.  
"There are no madmen like the young, who more deserving are,  
Than any madmen else, of chains and bedlam bolt and bar.  
How many goodly plots they mar! how many ills contrive!  
'Tis wondrous how with so much youth our world is kept alive."  
Thus oft he murmurs as they strive and struggle o'er the steep,  
Till the long day in afternoon is fast advancing deep.  
"Ho!" shouts the guide, with joyous leap, "this torrent well I know,  
Which towards the sunset rushes on to swell the mighty Po."  
"If southerly the waters flow, we're near the Lombard's bound,"  
The general says, with eager eyes delighted looking round;  
"Ay, truly 't is Italian ground," — as thus the man replied,  
Down in the hollow of a plain a scarlet flag he spied.  
"Halloo! the tents I see!" he cried, and pointed where they lay,  
Scattered like patches of white snow upon the limestone gray,  
Almost within the cataract spray, a fitly chosen post;  
Less than another hour shall bring together all the host.  
And now th' old man begins to boast, — "*My nephew* still I see,  
"And sure enough the boy hath pitched his tent in Italy;  
Southward this water flows, and he hath nobly kept his way;  
Shout, soldiers! till these mountain peaks are with the echoes stirred!"  
They shouted, and the hill-tops heard, the crags and torrents round,  
But not the ears for which was meant that wild, rejoicing sound.  
They listened, but nor echo found, nor answering signal saw,  
Although so near they plainly marked the sparsely scattered straw.  
'T was late, — the sun had ceased to thaw, yet no ascending smoke  
The lighted watch-fire or the warmth of blazing boughs bespoke;  
Since neither shrub, nor stunted oak, nor pine, nor savin green,  
Grew near that bare and rugged spot, — not even moss was seen.  
They reach the tents, — they venture in, — the sentinel was mute  
As if he slept, — all seemed asleep, so hushed were man and brute.  
The Count's heart curdled at its root to see the sight he found;  
Hell-coals, compared with his chilled heart, seemed the cold glaciers round,  
For drums there were, but not a sound, — and bugles, void of breath;  
Cymbals there were, but not a stroke, — and clarions, dumb as death;  
And swords there were, but in the sheath, and lances thrown aside;  
And steeds there were, but none whereon a soldier more might ride;  
Many, with horsemen still astride, lay frozen on the field.  
And men there were, but motionless, like statues, all congealed!  
With nostrils pinched, lips closely sealed, and sightless eyes of glass,  
And rigid limbs and haggard cheeks, hollow and hard like brass;  
And sunk within the steel cuirass and iron-plated mail,  
Their wasted bodies, grown too small, oft rattled in the gale.  
One whimpering mule beside his pale and livid master hung,  
Yet licking from his oozing orbs what blood the frost had wrung.  
The Count, as if he had no tongue, glared grimly, spake no word,  
Mounted his horse, as did the rest, wheeled off and forward spurred.  
From none was moan or murmur heard, — with sullen haste they sped,  
In mind still gazing on the field of those unburied dead.

Before another day was fled, the trumpet's warning bray  
Told that the Spanish troops afar were sweeping on their way;

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Leigued with the Lombards in array, the bravest of Castile,  
 Whose blows were such as they had learned in Holy Land to deal;  
 The fierce battalions join, — they reel, — Saint Jago is the c y,  
 And though outnumbered and o'erborne, the Frenchmen will not fly,  
 Yet scarce to win the battle try, so feebly fall their blows, —  
 'T is plain that though the bodies breathe, the soul within is froze.  
 And just before the conflict's close, the Count's right-hand was lopped,  
 Which bloodless from the broken wrist, as if of marble, dropped.  
 Amazed, th' advancing Spaniard stopped, and saw as from a wall  
 When towns are sacked a bronze is thrown, his clay-like figure fall.

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ON THINGS WHICH HAVE NEVER BEEN TOLD.



OUR highest aspirations and our brightest joys we lock in our heart of hearts. There are dreams which we do not tell; there are secret visions which grow dim at the thought that another eye might share their splendor with ours. The proudest conquests of man are over himself in the closet and in gloom; the noblest self-denial is that of silence. There is no more touching picture of high-souled generosity than that of Rosamund Gray, gazing without a word at the drawing upon which she had expended all her skill, with all her heart, as it was twisted into a thread paper by the unwitting hands of her blind grandmother. The warmest tenderness of friendship, the deepest devotion of love, the boldest struggles of genius, must be, on earth, silent and unrecorded. No smiles are so sweet as those exchanged when none other could bear witness; no tear is so scalding as that which must dry instead of falling.

Yet we look to history for our picture of man. We acknowledge that all extremes are shut from it; — the brightest of man's happiness, the blackest of his guilt, the proudest equally of his schemes of beneficence and his machinations of wickedness, are taken out from the view, — yet we look upon this as a true delineation of him. What wonder that we are disappointed at the tameness of the sketch, when, in that large catalogue of "things which have never been told," which *may* never be told on earth, are the things of the deepest interest, of the widest import, of the most consummate genius, and of the most perfect

execution, of which the earth has ever been the scene.

In crime, the perfectly successful has only never been *known*. But has it never existed? They only are the truly secret murders which would "never out." Here we may read the contradiction of half our utilitarian morality. Our philosophic histories and our instructive tales represent the vengeance of remorse, making the face of the guilty always "state's evidence," and triumphing in the assumption that there never has been, never can be security and enjoyment in ill-gotten things. What a lame deduction! We have discovered all that we *have* discovered of these dark matters, and we can say no more. Can we say that every criminal, like the old woman in the old tale, shall cry out, on hearing some repetition of the hoary maxim that we contend against, that "blood will show at last," — "No it wont, no it wont, for there's that child I killed *twenty years ago*, and buried under the apple-tree in the garden, and nobody has ever found it out yet"? No, on the darkest pictures of life we have not been allowed to look; nor on its brightest, except so far as either are hidden in our own secret cabinets, from which we may not draw them for the gaze of others. There is no more, we may say, hidden under the veil of the future, than under that of the past; and there is more hope of the raising of the former than of the latter. The echoes from her mysterious vaults become more and more indistinct as we recede.

Let us not, then, deny that there is poetry in

this much scorned past. With what interest do we dwell on those instances where her secrets stand half revealed! The Man in the Iron Mask! how many histories are already made for him! how many dreams of sympathy and curiosity have already given him name, and lineage, and home, and friends; and marked out for him occupations for his busy hours of idleness, and followed his weary steps on his concealed and closely guarded journeys. But here is only the attraction of a story of hidden life, of which, after all, much is known. How many others may there not have been, of warm-hearted persons, who have pined in solitude,—of wearied old men, who have died in dungeons,—of weeping maidens, with hearts broken by cruel uncles, of which the world has never heard, even in a whisper; which the actors in have carried with them through it, concealed under a smiling face, or perhaps under a brow whose cloud could never be explained, and locked up with them in the grave?

We are much more certain of what men have *not* done, than of what they have. Witness the Philosopher's Stone,—great subject of speculation in more ages than one. We read of those who sought it without success, whose fortunes were ruined, whose brains were turned, whose laboratories were exploded as they strove for it in vain; but of him, the fortunate one,—for who shall say he never existed?—who, with cool head and steady hand probed nature to her bases, fused her ores, compounded her elements, and at last projected the great arcanum of science, the one-thing-sought among her devotees of his age; who knew that its worth consisted in his retaining it himself, who was content with great wealth without seeking for all, who may have been satisfied with transmuting for himself and his descendants what seemed an ample inheritance for all time, and then threw his treasure into the great ocean, and broke his tools, and "burnt his books";—of this arch-magician and his history, who shall tell us? Alas! though we must confess that it is more than probable he has lived, and that his story was most eventful and most instructive, no man can even point at his tomb. This must have been the secret of one who was strong enough to conceal it from the son who inherited its benefits, and even from the wife of his bosom. There may be those now walking the earth, in rags and beggary, who owe their existence, in that distant generation, to that father of ingots. He may have been your ancestor, or mine; we may not know whose, or inquire; the image we have conjured up by our knowledge of principle, although true and immutable, is shattered on the instant, when we apply to it our knowledge of fact.

So far men have neglected the real poetry of the past. They have sought it in the *almost*. They have told us of the magnificent failures, of the dissatisfied strivings which fill its history; its success, in its very nature, has gone unrecorded. Those hopes and longings to reach another world, to *step over* death into the future, are blazoned forth; although he who has achieved his purpose, who may even have gone and returned, has come back with a seal upon his lips. We listen eagerly to the tales of the repeated and various pilings of Pelion upon Ossa to reach this heaven or that; let us pause a moment to wonder at and admire those successful scalings, which history might not record if it could.

And so the field is immense. The more we look back we discover, that in spite of our histories and encyclopedias, our biographies, and classical dictionaries, and "*mémoires pour*," and "*catalogi eorum*," our portraits, busts, coins, and tombstones, our heraldic trees, and "oldest inhabitant's" narratives, there is more than half lost. Man's memory seeks to gather up what is past, like the daughters of Danaë drawing water in their sieves. We look back yearningly and enquiringly. How much is there we fain would know! Each year, how much is there, allied to our nearest interests, calling for our warmest sympathies, that eludes our grasp, and gliding away, ranges itself with things that on earth we never shall know.

On Earth! with the suggestion that we may yet read with clearer eyes, how many more subjects throng around us. What would we first look for on the Book of Life? Alas! how do the "questions of importance," the splendid enigmas of our histories, shrink back. In the moment of intense and accumulated interest when our askings of all time are to be gratified, we forget in an instant the familiar mooted points, the well-wrangled controversies of fact and opinion which have occupied us so long. Who is there who will not confess that of those things "never to be known," the most sought and the dearest, are the little home questions of feeling and of passion? "Why was that smile?" "Why was that tear?" "Was that faint pressure of the hand in death *really* the token of reconciliation?" We shall first ask, in that day when all secrets shall be revealed, we ask ourselves most constantly now, questions as to motive and intention. We must add, then, this to our long category of the things unknown, that even when we are certain of facts and persons, we may yet be misled in our belief of the customary tale; for around these individuals and the result of their action we have thrown a close net-work of motives, and objects, and purposes, which we have

arranged according to a certain system of probabilities, itself founded upon an assumption of previous cases whose reality can "never be known."

How often do our speculations lead us back to that mother truth, that "all we know is that we know nothing"! Yet let us not neglect the poetry of this ignorance, especially of the past, nor its "bliss"; there is a sublimity in its depth, there is a divine character in its mercy. Its poetry is as *real* as any. Although these images elude our eager clutch, whether we would grapple them with hand, or eye, or ear, or memory, they are actual existing *facts*: they form a large and thronging class of their own, "the things that have never been told."

The mathematician has in his algebra a mysterious sign, which, as we copy it here amid lighter matters, may seem almost cabalistic:  $\sqrt{-a}$  "the square-root of minus *a*". Gentle reader, this is the type or symbol of those deeply poetic images in which we have, perhaps in vain, attempted to interest you. It is used to represent a class of

quantities which have undoubtedly a *real* existence, which may be used in calculation, and may, not unfrequently, result from it, yet whose remarkable characteristic is this: they are neither less than nothing nor greater than nothing, and yet they are not *nothing*, but have a distinct identity! On these remarkable existences,—one must almost look upon them, in his wonder, as living beings,—we have always pondered with a mysterious and awful interest. We would fain know something more of the inward life of *Surds*, (for so are they called,) but man's imagination falters here, where his reason is at fault. When that book of fate to whose pages we have alluded shall be opened, and the things now hid from us shall be marshalled forth before all inquiring eyes, we know of no puzzle, or miracle, or ocean-buried secret, that may better head the procession and march forth first with its form altogether uncovered, and its essence revealed, than that type of all unknown things, and index of all mysteries, "the square-root of minus *a*". G. Q.

## THE MINER.

TRANSLATED FOR THE MISCELLANY FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

AFTER several days journey they reached a village at the foot of a pointed mountain, the sides of which were broken by deep gullies. The place was in other respects fruitful and pleasant, notwithstanding the mountain in the back-ground, which wore a death-like and frightful appearance. The inn was neat, the people attentive, and a number of persons, some travellers, some guests from the village, sat in the little parlor and conversed on various subjects.

Our travellers mingled with them, and entered into the conversation. The attention of the company was more especially given to an old man, who dressed in a foreign costume, and, seated at a table, answered kindly the questions which the company, prompted by curiosity, addressed to him. He came from distant countries, and had that morning been employed in examining carefully this spot; and now he talked of his occupations, and the discoveries he had been making. The people called him a Treasure-Seeker. He spoke, however,

very modestly of his knowledge and his powers; but his stories bore the marks of singularity and novelty. He related that he was born in Bohemia. From his youth up he had felt a strong curiosity to know what lay hidden in the mountains, where the water arises in its sources, and where are found gold and silver, and those precious stones which so irresistibly attract men to them. He had often contemplated the ornaments on the images and the relics in the church of the neighboring cloister, and only wished that they could speak and tell him of their mysterious origin. He had sometimes been told that they came from far-off countries; but he had always imagined that similar treasures and jewels might perhaps be found in his native place. It was not in vain that the mountains were stretched so broadly round at their base,—that they were so high and so strongly guarded. The idea had entered his mind that perhaps he might sometimes find brilliant and sparkling stones upon the moun-

tains. He diligently explored the caves and clefts of them, and had searched out with unspeakable pleasure these primeval halls and vaults.

At last he was met by a traveller, who advised him to become a Miner, and then he would find food for his curiosity. In Bohemia there were mines which were worked. He need only cross the river, and in ten or twelve days he would be in Eula, and there he had only to speak in order to become a miner. He did not stop to be told this a second time, but started on his journey the very next day. "After a fatiguing walk of several days," continued he, "I came to Eula. I cannot tell you how exalted were my feelings when, from a height, I looked down upon the heap of stones, overgrown with green shrubbery, on which stood the wooden huts, and saw the clouds of smoke which poured from the valley over the forest. A distant noise added to my expectations, and with incredible curiosity, and filled with silent devotion, I stood upon one of those mounds before the dark depth, which from the enclosure of the huts forms a rough path into the mountain.

"I hastened to the valley, and soon met some men with lamps and clothed in black, who I rightly judged to be miners, and with a timid anxiety I laid before them my wishes. They listened to me kindly, and bade me descend to the melting hut and enquire for the overseer, who would give me information whether I could be received. They thought I should succeed in my wishes, and taught me the common salutation, 'Good Luck,' with which I was to accost the overseer. Full of happy anticipations, I set forth on my way, and could not help constantly repeating to myself the new and expressive salutation. I found an old, respectable man, who received me kindly, and after I had told him my story and my great desire to learn the secrets of his mysterious art, readily promised me to comply with my wishes. He seemed to be pleased with me, and received me into his house. I could hardly wait patiently for the moment when I should descend into the pit, and see myself clothed in the beautiful garment of a miner. The same evening he brought me the proper dress, and explained to me the use of some instruments, which he kept carefully in a chamber.

"In the evening some miners visited him, and I suffered not a word of their conversation to escape me, although the language, and a great part of the subject of their conversation, was altogether unintelligible to me. The little that I could comprehend, increased the activity of my curiosity, and caused me all night the most singular dreams. I awoke betimes and hastened to

my new host, around whom, one by one, the miners assembled to receive from him their orders. An apartment in the neighborhood was arranged for a little chapel; a monk appeared and read mass, and afterwards pronounced a solemn prayer, in which he called upon Heaven to take the miners under its protection, to support them in their dangerous labors, and to grant them a rich vein. I never had prayed with more emotion, and had never felt more intensely the meaning of the mass. My future companions appeared to me like subterranean heroes, who had to contend with a thousand dangers; but I thought they were to be envied for their happiness in the possession of their wonderful knowledge, and that their earnest, silent intercourse with the primeval, rocky children of nature, in their dark, mysterious chambers, opened their minds to the reception of heavenly gifts, and to a joyous elevation above the world and its cares.

"After divine service, the overseer gave me a lamp and a little wooden crucifix, and went with me to the shaft, as they are accustomed to call the great entrance into the subterranean building. He taught me the manner of descending, gave me the necessary rules for precaution, and made me acquainted with the various objects and parts of the mine. He preceded me, and placed himself upon the round platform, while he took in one hand a rope which passed down on the side, and bore in the other hand a lighted lamp; I followed his example, and we soon reached, at a moderate degree of velocity, a considerable depth. My mind was filled with solemnity, and the light before gleamed like a fortunate star which was to reveal to me the hidden treasure-chambers of nature. We descended to a labyrinth of passages, and my kind master was never weary of answering my curious enquiries, and giving me information respecting his art. The rush of the waters, the distance from the surface of the earth, the darkness and windings of the passages, the distant noise of the laboring miners, gave me the deepest pleasure; and I felt with transport that I was now in the full possession of what had heretofore been my most anxious desire. This full satisfaction of an inborn wish, this mysterious pleasure in things which may have a nearer relation to our secret being, this joy in occupations to which one is devoted, and for which he is prepared from his cradle, can neither be explained nor described. Perhaps to others they may seem common and trifling, or frightful; but to me they appeared as necessary as air to the lungs, or food to the stomach.

"My old master was pleased with my intense pleasure, and foretold that by this

zeal and attention I should add to it, and become a skilful miner. With what solemnity did I, on the sixteenth of March, five-and-forty years ago, for the first time in my life look upon the king of metals, as he lay in delicate leaves between the fissures in the stone. He seemed to me to be, as it were, strongly imprisoned here, and shone gladly upon the miner, who with so much danger and labor had broken the way to him through strong walls, that he might bring him forth into the light of day, to give honor to royal crowns and vessels, and add to the brilliancy of holy relics, and in true and well-guarded money, stamped with figures, lead and govern the world.

"From that time I remained in Eula, and was promoted by degrees till I reached the place of a cutter, the person among the miners who carries on the work in stone."

The old miner paused a little in his narrative, and drank a merry "good luck" to his attentive listeners. The company conversed upon the dangers and wonders of mining, and many remarkable stories were related, at which the old man often smiled, and endeavored to explain the singular circumstances of them.

After a while Henry said to him, "You must have seen and learned many singular things. I hope that you had never come to repent the course of life you had chosen? Could you be so good as to inform us how it has since gone with you, and where your present journey is leading you? It seems as if you must have looked farther about the world, and I dare to say that you are now something more than a common miner."

"It is pleasant to me," said the old man, "to call to mind the times which are passed, and in which I find occasion to rejoice in the divine mercy and goodness. A happy and cheerful life has been my lot, and no day has passed in which I have not laid myself down to rest with a thankful heart. My business has always been prospered, and the Father of us all in heaven has guarded me from the wicked, and allowed me to grow gray with honor. After God, I have my old master to thank for everything. He has been long since gathered to his fathers, but I can never think of him without tears. He was a man of the old time, after God's own heart. He was gifted with great understanding, but was yet child-like and humble in all his ways. Through him great advances were made in the art of mining, and he helped the King of Bohemia to acquire great treasures. The whole neighborhood became populous and rich, and is now a flourishing region. All miners honor him as their father, and as long as Eula stands his name will be spoken with emotion and gratitude. He was by

birth a Lausatian, and his name was Werner. His only daughter was yet a child when I entered his house. My diligence and faithfulness, and my strong attachment to him, made him love me more and more every day. He gave me his name and made me his son. The little girl was indeed a lovely, gay creature, whose face was as bright and pure as her mind. The old man often told me, when he saw us together, and perceived how willingly I sported with her, and never turned my eyes from hers, which were as blue and clear as crystal, that if I became an honest miner he would not refuse her to me; and he kept his word. The day I became a cutter, he laid his hands upon us and blessed us as bride and bridegroom, and a few weeks after I carried her as my wife to my chamber. The same day, early in the morning, just as the sun was rising, as master cutter, I opened a rich vein. The archduke sent me a gold chain, with his likeness stamped upon a gold medal, and promised me that I should succeed my father-in-law, when he gave up his office. How happy was I, on our wedding day, to hang this medal upon the neck of my bride, and see all eyes turned upon her. Our old father lived to see several happy grandchildren, and the gathering of his harvest was richer than he had anticipated. He could cheerfully close his labors, and go from the dark pit of this world to rest in peace and await the great day of recompense.

"Sir," said the old man, while he turned to Henry, and dried the tears in his eyes, "mining must be blessed of God, for there is no art which makes its workmen more happy and more noble, which awakens so much faith in heavenly wisdom and divine providence, and preserves more the innocence and simplicity of childhood in the heart, than mining. The miner is happy to know where the metallic powers are to be found, and to bring them to the light; but their dazzling splendor can have no influence upon his pure heart. Uninflamed by dangerous ambition, he rejoices more over their wonderful formations, and the singularity of their origin, and their habitations, than in all which the possession of them can promise. They have no longer any charms for him, for they have become to him merely as merchandize, and he prefers to seek them amid a thousand dangers and fatigues in the bosom of the earth, than to follow their glory into the world, and to strive after them on the surface of the earth by deceitful and dangerous arts. These fatigues keep his heart fresh and his mind brave; he enjoys his small earnings with gratitude, and ascends daily with renewed joy of life from the dark pit of his employment. He alone knows the charms of light and rest,

the blessings of the free air, and the beauties of nature. To him alone is his meat and drink refreshing and holy, and with what a loving and feeling spirit does he move among his companions, or caress his wife and children, and enjoy with gratitude the delightful gift of social conversation."

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"I have, to-day," said the old man, "discovered a remarkable cave in this neighborhood. Perhaps some of this good company may like to go with me to explore it, and if we take lights with us we shall be able to look about us there without difficulty."

The people of the village were well acquainted with this cavern, but till now no one had dared to descend into it; they were, moreover, provided with frightful stories of dragons and other frightful monsters who were supposed to be harbored there. Some pretended to have seen for themselves, and maintained that the bones which had been found at its entrance, were those of men and animals. Others were of opinion that it was inhabited by a spirit, as sometimes a singular human figure was seen at a distance, and at night the sound of music had been heard to issue from the recesses of the cave.

The old man did not put much faith in these accounts, but assured them smilingly, that they might go securely under the protection of a miner, since the monster would certainly retreat before them, and a singing spirit must certainly be a benevolent being. Curiosity gave to several of the villagers sufficient courage to join the expedition. Henry wished to accompany the old man, and his mother at last yielded to his prayer, upon the promise and assurance of the old man that he would take due care of Henry's safety. The merchants joined the party. Long pine knots were provided for torches, and a part of the company furnished themselves with ladders, sticks, cords, and all kinds of weapons of defence, and in this manner the procession to the cave began. The old man went first, with Henry and the merchants. The peasant had with him his intelligent son, who joyfully wielded a torch, and pointed out the way to the cavern. The evening was warm and delightful. The moon glanced mildly over the mountain. On reaching the cavern they found the entrance low, and the old man took a torch and clambering over some stones first entered the cave. A cool stream of air saluted them, and the old man assured them they might safely follow him. The more timid came last, and held their arms in readiness. Henry and the merchants were directly behind the old man, and the boy kept gaily at his side. The way at first ran into a narrow

lane, which soon, however, ended in a broad and high cave, which could not be made perfectly light by the torches; yet in the background some openings were perceptible, which lost themselves in the rocky wall. The ground was soft and tolerably even,—the walls as well as the roof were not rough, nor very irregular; but what especially attracted the observation of all, was the great quantity of bones and teeth with which the ground was strewn. Many were quite perfect, on others the marks of decay were perceptible, and those which here and there stuck out from the wall appeared to have turned to stone. Most of them were of uncommon size and strength.

The old man was pleased to see these remains of primitive ages, but the peasants did not entirely sympathize with him, for they considered them as undoubtedly the marks of beasts of prey as the old man held them to be relics of a former age; and they asked whether there were any traces of the flocks in the neighborhood having been plundered, and whether these bones were those of men, or of any domestic animals. The old man wished to penetrate still farther into the mountain, but the peasants thought it more prudent to retire from the cave, and await his return in the neighborhood of its mouth. Henry, the merchants, and the boy remained with the old man, and provided themselves with cords and torches. They soon reached a second cavern, where the old man did not forget to mark the path by which they had reached it with a figure made of bones. This cave resembled the other, and was also filled with the remains of animals.

Henry shuddered, and could hardly account for his feelings. It seemed to him as if he were walking through the entrance of the interior palace of the earth. Heaven and earth lay far distant from him, and these dark, broad halls seemed to him to belong to a mysterious subterranean kingdom. How, thought he, if it could be possible that under our feet another world should be moving in gigantic life! That unheard-of births should take place in the bosom of the earth,—that the internal fire in its dark bosom carried forward forms to a gigantic size in body and mind;—might not, at some time, these frightful strangers, driven by the pressure of the cold, appear among us, while at the same time heavenly guests,—living, speaking powers of the stars,—should become visible over our heads? Are these bones the remains of their wanderings on the surface of the earth, or the signs of a flight into its depths?

Suddenly the old man addressed his companions and showed them a somewhat recent foot-print upon the ground. These traces were not numerous, and the old

asked of the hermit the title and the language in which it was written.

"It is a long time since I have read it," said the solitary. "I cannot exactly remember its contents. As far as I know, it is a romance of the wonderful fate of a poet, in which the poetic art is represented and praised in various relations. The conclusion is wanting to this copy, which I brought with me from Jerusalem, where I found it among the effects of a deceased friend, and kept it as a memorial of him."

They now took leave of each other, and Henry was moved even to tears;—the cave had become so remarkable, the hermit so dear to him.

All embraced the latter heartily, and he himself seemed to have become attached to them. It seemed to Henry that the hermit bestowed a peculiarly expressive look upon him. His farewell to him was very marked. He seemed to be aware of his discovery, and to allude to it. He accompanied them

to the entrance of the cave, after he had especially besought the boy not to betray his dwelling to the peasants, because he might be subjected to intrusion from them.

They all promised it. When they parted from him, and received his blessing, he said,

"Long as it may be first, we shall meet again, and shall smile at our present conversation. A heavenly light will surround us, and we shall rejoice that we have saluted each other as friends in this valley of trial, and were animated with the same feelings and ideas. If your eye is firmly fixed on heaven, you will never lose the way to your home."

They separated in silent devotion, and soon found their more timid companions. In a short time, which passed in pleasant conversation, they reached the village, where the mother of Henry, who had suffered some anxiety from his absence, joyfully received him.

## THE FORLORN.

THE night is dark, the stinging sleet,  
Swept by the bitter gusts of air,  
Drives whistling down the lonely street  
And stiffens on the pavement bare.

The street-lamps flare, and struggle dim  
Through the white sleet-clouds, as they pass  
Or governed by a boisterous whim  
Drop down and rattle on the glass.

One poor, heart-broken, outcast girl  
Faces the east-wind's searching flaws,  
And, as about her heart they whirl,  
Her tattered cloak more tightly draws.

The flat brick walls look cold and bleak,  
Her bare feet to the sidewalk freeze,  
Yet dares she not a shelter seek,  
Though faint with hunger and disease.

The sharp storm cuts her forehead bare,  
And, piercing through her garments thin,  
Beats on her shrunken breast, and there  
Makes colder the cold heart within.

She lingers where a ruddy glow  
Streams outward through an open shutter,  
Giving more bitterness to woe,  
More lonesome to desertion utter.

One half the cold she had not felt  
Until she saw this gush of light  
Spread warmly forth and seem to melt  
Its slow way through the solid night.

She hears a woman's voice within,  
Singing sweet words her childhood knew,  
And years of misery and sin  
Furl off and leave her heaven blue.

Her freezing heart, like one who sinks  
Outwearied in the drifting snow,  
Drowns to deadly sleep and thinks  
No longer of its hopeless woe.

Old fields and clear blue summer days,  
Old meadows green with grass and trees,  
That shimmer through the rising haze  
And whiten in the western breeze,—

Old faces, — all the friendly past  
Rises within her heart again,  
And sunshine from her childhood cast  
Puts spring-time in the icy rain.

Enhaloed by a mild, warm light,  
From all Humanity apart,  
She hears no more the winter night  
Sob madly to its freezing heart.

Outside the porch, before the door,  
Her cheek upon the cold, hard stone,  
She lies, no longer foul and poor,  
No longer dreary and alone.

Next morning something heavily  
Against the opening door did weigh,  
And there, from sin and sorrow free,  
A woman on the threshold lay.

A smile upon the wan lips told  
That she had found a calm release,  
And that from out the want and cold  
The song had borne her soul in peace.

For, whom the heart of man shuts out  
Straightway the heart of God takes in  
And fences them all round about  
With silence 'mid the world's loud din ;

And one of His great charities  
Is music, and it doth not scorn  
To smooth the lids upon the eyes  
Of the polluted and forlorn ;

Far was she from her childhood's home,  
Farther in sin had wandered thence,  
Yet thither it had bid her come  
To die in maiden innocence.





## DISQUISITION ON FOREHEADS.

BY JOB SIMIFRONS.

"O, Altitudo!"—*Sir Thomas Browne.*"Such is the iniquity of men that they suck in opinions as wild asses do the wind."—*Bishop Taylor.*

THE humorous Charles Lamb divides the human species into two distinct races: "the men who borrow, and the men who lend." This division lacks *definiteness*; for these races too often become intermingled. We choose to divide the species into *men with high, and men with low foreheads*. If it be objected to this, that there are some who have foreheads which are neither high nor low, but intermediate, — like Washington's, for instance, — we reply that such must be considered either as not belonging to the human species, or else as amphibious animals, having some qualities peculiar to both and each of these races.

Those belonging to the high forehead race, strikingly reseme in some particulars, Lamb's great race of borrowers. "Their infinite superiority is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive air of sovereignty. What a careless, even deportment they have! What rosy gills!" With what perfect self-complacency he of the high forehead visiteth his looking-glass, and halteth thereat; brushing away and plastering down with brush and Macassar each envious hair that offereth to obscure any portion of that expanded arc of bald cuticle! With what condescension he looketh down upon his brethren of the inferior race! And verily he has reason; for the world backs up his pretensions, and maintains that a high forehead is not only *prima facie*, but almost incontrovertible evidence of superiority of intellect; and that with a *low* one, a man must be little better than "non compos," or else a strange exception to nature's law.

But of all the absurd opinions of the world, this is the climax. For it is neither more nor less than saying that a man's mind depends on the quantity of his *hair*, or on the size of his *scalp*. Allowing this be true, he who is bald to the occipital bone, will possess at least twice the intellect of people in general; and if his head be bald as a ninepin ball to the *cerebellum*, he will be a greater genius than has yet afflicted our globe. On this theory, a fool may be metamorphosed instantly into a genius, by sending him on a single campaign against the Seminoles; or if such a journey be

deemed too expensive, or if its tendency would be to "*put him back*" at all, he could easily take the measure of the forehead or the scalp of any great man, and *shave up* to any amount of intellect which is requisite to satisfy his ambition. We wonder that the quacks who vend bottled drugs for "eradicating superfluous hair," find so few patients. It must be because, after all, men do not entirely believe the doctrine.

The origin of the world's absurd opinion respecting foreheads, has by some been ascribed to the influence of Lavater and his execrable book. It is true this may have had some influence in deepening preëxisting impressions. It is very certain that those who scout Lavater's theory on all other points, still hold to him in this; and though they now confess that they do not fully believe that a man's *courage* lies in the *bridge of his nose*, or that his *memory* depends on the shape of his eyebrows, they do yet hold that his intellect depends on the height of his forehead; and consequently that the more hair an individual has on his head, the greater fool is he. Each of the *capillæ* subtracts something from the brain; because the *sap*, which would otherwise go to form *brain*, is necessarily drawn off to support the growth of mere useless *hair*. This theory, we must confess, is clear and philosophical.

We think Lavater cannot fairly be entitled to the honor of this sublime discovery in animal science. The ancients, though they never had the impudence to assert directly what he has done, nevertheless talk of majestic and noble brows, (meaning *high* ones, probably,) as if they were necessary to make up a perfect man or deity. But our modern romancers carry the theory to far greater perfection than the ancients, or the philosopher himself. Not only their heroes, but all their respectable characters are endowed with the highest sort of foreheads; whereas, a *low* forehead, in their descriptions, is a sure antitype of coming meanness, treachery, and rascality. This holds, however, only in their descriptions of *men*, or rather their *caricatures* of men; — for knowing as they do, that all *women* have *low* foreheads, except those who are remarkably stupid or vicious, they express the

meanness of *female* character by certain names; and so Peggy, Abigail, Betsey, &c., have become synonyms for unprincipled go-betweens and idiotic *femmes de chambre*.

A fellow calling himself *William Shakspeare*, (a playwright, who lived, we believe, in the sixteenth century, or thereabouts, and of whom some few of our readers may possibly have heard,) talks in one place of a person having a "villanous low forehead"; thus deliberately coupling *villany* with a low forehead. But to show the true cause of this calumnious expression, it will only be necessary to inform our readers that this Shakspeare had a remarkably bald head of his own, or in other words a very high forehead, to which he was desirous of calling people's attention. The use of this expression, then, was only evidence of his gross vanity. It was as much as to say, "Look at my forehead! See how my mighty intellect and noble heart protrude from under my *small scalp*!" Had he inherited a scalp which came down within a short inch of his proboscis, would he, think you, have used that abominable expression? Self-love shudders at the thought. But all *others* who have praised high foreheads and vilified *low* ones, will be found to have been men who wore their foreheads *high*, so that this praise and vilification are naught but sheer egotism. *Decent* men do not praise what they actually possess, but only such things as they need and desire. He who praises what he possesses, sets himself above those who are lacking in that thing, thereby proving his own arrogant vanity. Now you never know of a man who had one of these villanous low foreheads expressing these contemptuous and contemptible opinions of low foreheads, or putting any great value upon high ones; so that it is only the high forehead gentry who praise or value them at all. Argal, we argue justly that the possession of a high forehead may prove a man to be a self-conceited, self-eulogising coxcomb; but it goes not one step toward proving him to be an intelligent man.

But these coxcombs tell us sneeringly that ourang outangs, apes, and monkeys, have low foreheads; some of the smartest of them even go so far as to call *low* foreheads "*monkey* foreheads"; meaning by that disgraceful metaphor to insinuate that men with low foreheads are very nearly assimilated to the simian tribe. Now to answer this malicious inuendo in a becoming manner, requires some consideration. The low forehead race are universally modest, meek, forbearing, and nonresistant, though of noble and generous hearts. When they are reviled, they revile not again; it is contrary to their principles to *retort* in any manner. If it were not for this, we might reply, and justly too, that the monkey tribe,

considering their very limited advantages of education, manifest *much greater* sagacity and intelligence than the majority of the high forehead race; their countenances, too, are vastly *more* expressive, — the beaming of their eyes is much *more* brilliant and intellectual; in fact, excepting the high forehead, they have all Lavater's requisites of great geniuses, — and undoubtedly they are so, but their condition has always been so *depressed*, that they have never yet been able to prove themselves so much superior to the high forehead race as they undoubtedly would under a more impartial system of *free schools*, where they might fairly try their strength together.

We say we *might* retort in this manner, but we scorn to retort at all; and would only meekly request these revilers to inquire of any menagerie-keeper, if it be not true that those monkeys, &c., which have the *lowest* foreheads are decidedly the more sagacious and intelligent. They will then learn something which will startle their self-conceit not a little.

But I beg those who are still inclined to sneer at the low forehead race, to remember that they sneer at the memory of such men as Fisher Ames, General Knox, and John Jay,\* whom we mention as being our own countrymen; and at such living men as Dr. Beecher, John C. Calhoun, and Father Taylor, and hundreds of distinguished men, to name whom it is not convenient, just now, to tax my memory. The reason why *all* the distinguished men are not of this race is, that the vast majority of mankind are of the *high* forehead race, and *out-vote* the minority; and that "the vast majority of mankind are fools," is a fact which some one discovered long ago. I glory in belonging to the smaller and nobler portion of mankind. I consider it really a glorious and honorable distinction, a precious privilege, to be allowed to wear my forehead low. This distinction and privilege is as honorable as that of being called *Mister*, in these days when everybody is a colonel, judge, doctor, or 'squire. Find a man without a title, now-a-days, and you are sure to find an unassuming, but a thinking, intellectual man. Your brazen-faced fellows who have high foreheads and no brains, monopolize all the titles.

But we should grossly libel the high forehead race were we to assert and maintain that they were all *brazen-faced*, and therefore we hasten to correct any false impression made by the last sentence. You will never find a peculiarly *owl-faced*, *sheepish-looking*, *leaden-eyed* fellow, but he glories in a high forehead, and rests his pretensions to

\* Vide "Familiar Letters."

intellect (*very properly*) on that fact. The longer I live and the more I observe, the more clear does this truth become. But under each of those so long despised *monkey* foreheads, you will not fail to see a couple of orbs radiant with intelligence; unless, indeed, there is *but one left*, as is, alas! too often the case. But even then you shall see that *sole* star light up and flash, (when- ever and wherever the fire of eloquence, argument and wit is going on the hottest,) like the remaining cylinder of a double-barrelled gun, after its fellow is burst and gone. The majority (in one part of America, at least,) of that noble order, the I. O. O. F., are of the low forehead race; and I might challenge the world to find a class of wiser, nobler, or more benevolent men. Some of the *high* forehead race obtain admittance there, but they are "rare aves," — exceptions to the mass out of which they are taken.

"Villanous low foreheads," quoth Shakspeare! I never think of the expression without a blush on account of the egregious vanity of that rank libeller. Out upon the opprobrious epithet! There is not the smallest infinitesimal of truth in it. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that "villanous *high* foreheads" would be much nearer the truth, for Cain was the first murderer and first villain, and that he was the great progenitor of the *high* forehead race will be acknowledged on a single moment's reflection. The bible tells us that a mark was set upon him, lest any finding him should kill him. Now all men, even to the skeptical Byron, acknowledge that the mark was put upon his forehead, — and why? Plainly because that was the most conspicuous place. But if his forehead had been a "*monkey*" forehead, the mark could not have been readily seen, and so the object of it might have failed at any time. Hence, all will allow that it is reasonable to conclude that instead of a villanous *low* forehead, Cain had a villanous and remarkably *high* one.

But the proof is equally clear that Adam was of the *low* forehead race. The curse reads "in the sweat of thy *face* (not brow,) shalt thou eat bread." The world often quotes the text incorrectly by following the wicked perversion of one John Milton, who was himself of the high forehead race. The object of that perversion is too clearly manifest to need any comment of mine. Had Adam really had a *high* forehead, Milton's expression would have been the *bible* expression, because the brow would then have constituted a very large portion of the face, and the part on which perspiration would first appear; the expression, too, would have been more *elegant*. But the fact that Milton's expression is *not* the bible expression,

proves conclusively that Adam had very little forehead, if any at all.

The strong prejudice which has existed against low foreheads, ever since the fall of man and his consequent total depravity, has often led painters and sculptors to *flatter* their subjects, as they thought, by conferring high foreheads. And at this day, let one of the low forehead race sit for his portrait, and he will be astonished to find how much higher his forehead appears on canvass than it is in reality. But as chairman of the committee to whom this subject has been confided, I hereby publish to all painters that we are determined henceforth to repudiate all such *flattered* likenesses, for it is *such* flattery as we cannot appreciate; but we promise said painters that if they will *shorten* our forehead, so that the edge of the hair may seem to be gently resting upon, or commingling with the eyebrows, like a thunder-cloud settling upon the dark mountains, we will pay them a fair per centage for their trouble.

But not only painters but biographers manifest the same ludicrous prejudices, and think it necessary to apologize for, or palliate their hero's low forehead, much as if it were the vice of gambling or intemperance. Now, had these apologists only taken the pains to ask the hero, in his life-time, how he would desire that trouble to be disposed of, he would have replied in language peculiar to the noble race of low foreheads,

"Tell the world that my forehead was both low and narrow, and that I gloried in the fact, for I consider that and that only a sure physiognomical proof of superior intellect; although I never had the vanity or arrogance to boast of it in public!"

I have said that our race is modest, meek and forbearing. Hence it is that we can so calmly read the cart-loads of trashy novels to which we have already alluded, and reply to all their petty insinuations and libellous caricatures with only a mild and uncle-Toby-like smile of self-complacency. We are *still* willing that these ambitious wittlings should load the press and overrun the world with fictitious heroes, dressed up with foreheads which are the exact *fac-similes* of the writer's own; we only laugh at all this. Hitherto we have, in the glorious consciousness of our own rectitude and soundness of mind, calmly borne taunts the most malicious, sneers the most contemptible, content by an *eloquent silence* to hurl them back into the very throat of their authors, by quietly suffering, in Shakspeare's own *self-condemning* words,

"The scoffs  
Which patient merit of the unworthy takes.

How much longer our patience will hold out we cannot say. But we beg people to





© Allen

ALICE.

remember that, somewhere in dim futurity, there may be "a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue." You may poke the slumbering lion too often! Let no one undertake to predict the dire results of the contest, when our rage shall be at last roused, and high forehead and low forehead meet in dreadful war of extermination. Nothing to it has been the long waged battle of the big wigs. We are told that the very hairs of our heads are all numbered; and in that day each one, still looking out valiantly for number one, shall glance with jealous eye

upon the numbers of his neighbors. ardently hope that this unnatural com may be long postponed, but we of the foreheads are prepared for it when it m come. We glory in this "head and fr of our offending," and cannot long sub to be *browbeat* as we have been. Let t our antagonists contract their brows in tl fear of our wrath, and prepare to "hide tl diminisheds," remembering that wher comes to "heaping coals of fire," we h the advantage.

A L I C E .

WITH AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.

LADY, of what art thou dreaming now?  
Why is the shadow of sadness  
Lying across thine ample brow,  
Where brightness should be and gladness?  
Why is that drooping head,  
And that half-abstracted eye,  
Seeming as if before it spread  
The joys of the past did lie;  
As if thy spirit pondered  
The things of days gone by,  
And shadows before it wandered,  
Thought-hidden, dreamily.

Over thee arches the summer's sky;  
The summer's gladsome breath  
Is stirring along the plains beneath  
That in pleasant sunshine lie;  
The far-off sunlit glades,  
The moving cloud-trailed shades,  
Over the valleys and hills are creeping,  
The steel blue river is gently sweeping  
Under the shade, and flashing bright  
As it rounds into the glistening light;  
And far below in silence go  
All living creatures to and fro,  
Diminished to a fairy show.

But them thou seest not,  
While thine abstracted eye,  
Half-turning heedlessly,  
Gazeth upon some nearer spot  
Which entereth not into thy thought:  
A veil is swung before thy sight,  
And shifting figures o'er it move,  
Changing and restless, dark and bright,  
As when a curtain swayeth  
The picture upon it playeth  
And shifteth with the light.

Thou seest — as from thy parapet —  
 The dawning of thy childhood's prime,  
 The glories of a youthful time  
 Which long ago have set.  
 Again the pulse in every vein  
 Beats quickly, and a sense of youth  
 Free from all consuetude of pain  
 Strikes from thy soul its sorrowing chain.  
 Thou art a happy child again,  
 Truthful and yet unconscious of thy truth;  
 No check of impulse gives thee pause,  
 No fear that thou art doing wrong, —  
 Thy natural promptings are thy laws,  
 Thy joy keeps gushing into song.

The robin's song in the distance heard  
 Breaks not thy dreamy reverie;  
 It seemeth like some singing bird  
 That years ago did sing to thee:  
 And the hours that thou hast grown beneath  
 The swelling of youth's summer breath,  
 A blossom feeding on the air, —  
 Thy spirit once again doth wear.

Perchance the rose within thy hand  
 Hath borne thee to that sunny land, —  
 For nothing breaks so soon in twain  
 The bondage of the present hour,  
 And dissipates all care and pain,  
 And bringeth back the olden days,  
 And youth and former scenes and ways,  
 Like the sweet smelling of a flower;  
 And in its leaves perchance there was  
 The scent of clover and sweet grass,  
 The bubbling brook's low lisping chime  
 That gurgled the green woods along,  
 And running like an endless rhyme,  
 Murmured a dreamy undersong;  
 The whispering music of the pines  
 Low rustling overhead,  
 The trailing tendrils of green vines  
 And red-brown leaves which carpeted  
 The path which thou wert wont to tread,  
 Ere life was sad and dull;  
 And the bob-o'-link's song so overfull  
 Of rapturous, weariless delight,  
 For loving of the glad sunlight.

Perchance thou seest backward far  
 Into this land of pleasantness, —  
 Perchance less joyous visions press  
 Around thy heart, and a sad sense  
 Disturbs thee of the difference  
 Of things which were and things which are.  
 Thou thinkest of that dream of love,  
 That boundless morning of the soul  
 When endless longing 'gan to move  
 And yearnings all beyond control; —  
 And then of harsh, cold words and deeds  
 Of sullen apathy,  
 That lesson many a human eye  
 In life's sad pages reads.  
 And thou perchance wast sensitive,  
 Smarting beneath the barbed sting,

And couldst not quickly overlive  
Its burning pain,  
But felt the poison lingering  
In every vein.  
For one who wears a tender heart,  
In the rude crush of thoughtless life,  
Must often feel the sullen smart  
Of cold indifference worse than strife, —  
Will often feel youth's boundless faith  
Wilt 'neath reality's chill breath,  
And know at last that they who lean  
On custom, fortune, favor, trust  
A reed which crumbles oft to dust;  
And they alone whose life within  
Is self-supported, self-sustained,  
May upward look and dare all chance,  
All freaks of changeful circumstance,  
And know that they a place have gained  
Where fear, and injury, and shame  
Are like an idly spoken name, —  
Which though the whole world fall beside,  
Fixed and unconquered can abide;  
From which all things around shall seem  
Fair as the scenery of a dream;  
And even harsh things be more kind,  
And rudest facts but as the rind  
Wherein a nature bold and strong  
Hath drawn itself, for over-fear  
Lest smooth words teach him soon to steer  
Bewilderingly 'twixt right and wrong.

Turn back, dear lady, to thy life, —  
Believe that thou may'st make this earth,  
Harsh though it seem and full of strife,  
Happy and glad by thine own worth.  
For nothing liveth unto thee  
But by the life within,  
And all that thou on earth canst see  
Is its reflected imagery,  
Sad, troubled, or serene.  
Bow not before the sullen past,  
That speaks of custom unto thee,  
But all within thy heart broad-cast  
Sow in life's seed-field generously.  
Act out the holy dreams of youth,  
Stand firm by that ideal hope  
That filled thy childhood's boundless scope,  
Put into every action truth;  
With fearless and unclouded eye  
Look forward on thine opening path,  
From all disguise of meanness fly,  
And keep through aspiration, faith;  
Then shall a new spring bless the earth,  
And in thy soul the world's annoys  
Shall vanish, or shall change to joys,  
And life be as another birth.  
The world, so dark and dim erewhile,  
Shall wear the sunlight of a smile,  
And humble souls most fain to shrink  
Beside the road in weariness,  
From thee as from a fount shall drink  
A freshened hope, and onward press.



## LITERARY NOTICES.

WAKONDAB; *The Master of Life*. A POEM.  
New York: George L. Curry and Company.

THIS poem, published in New York in a neat, thin volume, appeared at the same time in the "Arcturus," one of the most able of our sister American monthlies, and is understood to be from the pen of one of the editors of that work. The previous writings of this gentleman have shown him to be a well-read and true-souled poetical critic of no common stamp, one who has searched well among the treasures that genius has already heaped together, and knew well how to cull out and appreciate the gems that lay amid them. We were, therefore, we must confess it, disappointed with the first perusal of Wakondah. It fell below our expectations. As a whole, it is too obscure to attract the attention of any reader who is not resolved to give it his sympathy; in many passages the expression is tame and feeble, and the verse is often rugged and imperfect.

We have now said all the hard things we are willing to say of this poem, and we gladly pass to the attributes of it which deserve high praise. The conception is a noble one; the obscurity we have alluded to results in part from the fact that the whole of this conception is not embodied in the stanzas now presented to the public. It is a picture of the passing away of the Indian dynasty of gods, wildly beautiful and full of a rugged sublimity like that of the regions they enthralled, before the truer beauty of the white man's worship. The many eloquent and pathetic points of a subject like this, could not escape the mind that has undertaken it; and we find continually passages of great force and refined elegance, that show its sympathy with the subject, and its power. The opening stanza is full of repose and majesty:—

"The moon ascends the vaulted sky, to-night;  
With a slow motion, full of pomp, ascends;  
But mightier than the moon that o'er it bends  
A FORM is dwelling on the mountain height,  
That holdly intercepts the struggling light  
With darkness nobler than the planet's fire;  
A gloom and dreadful grandeur that aspire  
To watch the cheerful Heaven's far-shining might."

The more detailed picture of "the form," that follows, wants depth and force, as does the speech of the Spirit, where he vainly calls upon the forms of nature to obey his superseded command. But the author gains his strength again in the stanza that succeeds:—

"So spake the Spirit, with a wide-cast look  
Of bounteous power and cheerful majesty;  
As if he caught a sight of either sea,  
And all the subject realm between;"

But we do not propose to point out the particular

blemishes or beauties of the poem. The attentive reader will find many of the latter upon which he will pause with pleasure. We content ourselves with quoting the two closing stanzas, which follow a description of the dead silence after Wakondah's lament. We could wish that the last half of the first of them had not been written, but the striking beauty of the concluding one is such that we do not hesitate to give the two in full:—

"No cloud was on the moon, yet on His brow  
A deepening shadow fell; and on his knees,  
That shook like tempest-stricken mountain-trees,  
His heavy head descended sad and low;  
Like a high city, smitten by the blow [falls  
That secret earthquakes strike, which toppling  
With all its arches, towers, and cathedrals  
In swift and un conjectured overthrow.

Thenceforth I did not see the Spirit lift  
Again that night his great dis-crowned head,  
Nor heard a voice: He was not with the dead,  
Nor with the living, for the mighty gift  
Of boundless power was passing like a rift  
Of stormy clouds that still will have a tongue  
Ere yet the winds have wafted them along  
To endless silence, whitherward they drift."

The author states in a preliminary note that, as we have before hinted, the poem is not complete, and that it would be continued, should the verdict of criticism be given in favor of the part now published. He has shown that he can write well, very well; he has chosen a subject full of poetry in itself; and we doubt not that with a little more severe self-criticism, and a little more careful versification, he may make the continuation of Wakondah a welcome and a worthy guest.

THE LIFE OF EMILY PLATER. *Translated by J. K. Solomonski*, a Polish Exile. New York: 1842.

THIS interesting little work, of which we are not told the author's name, or the original language, is a biography of the Joan d'Arc of Poland. It is translated, in general, in a graceful and easy style, and the narrative is simple and natural, with something of the enthusiasm to be expected in such a story told by a fellow patriot and fellow sufferer. The Countess Emily Plater was born in 1806. She early devoted herself to the cause of her country, and making the world-famous heroine, to whom we have just alluded, her model, injured herself to manly exercises and strengthened her frame by exposure and labor. The portrait at the beginning of this volume represents her as a beautiful and delicate young woman. In the Lithuanian campaign, under Gielgud, she was made a captain in the 25th regiment in the line, and distinguished

herself as a brave soldier and an active and energetic disciplinarian. After the battles of Kowno, Shawlé, and Schawlaný, and the division of the Polish armies, she was overcome with fatigue on the passage into Poland, and died in the twenty-sixth year of her age, in December, 1831.

We cannot give a more correct idea of her career, or better interest our readers in this narrative, than by quoting a few passages from the biography itself:

"Endowed by nature with a masculine character and a sanguine temperament, she marked out for herself a lofty, bold and poetic destiny; and when the fit opportunity for realizing her youthful dream occurred, she did not shrink from danger and fatigue, but always showed herself worthy of her self-imposed mission. Endowed with all those qualities which render a woman almost an object of adoration, she was gentle, benevolent, susceptible of the enjoyment of friendship and feelings of gratitude, but always a perfect stranger to the emotions of love."

"When she lost her mother, she bestowed her love exclusively upon her country. She clung to Poland with all the passionate ardor of a lover. Poland alone was the subject of her dreams, and she was ever ready to sacrifice her happiness, her own opinions, and life itself, to the independence of that country which she so passionately loved."

The volume closes with some elegiac verses upon the heroic life and death of this noble woman, in English, French, German and Italian, of which the best we can say is that the subject would give spirit and interest to even worse lines. We commend the biography itself to the perusal of all our readers.

CONJECTURES AND RESEARCHES concerning the *Love, Madness and Imprisonment of TORQUATO TASSO*. By R. H. Wilde. 2 vols. New York: Alexander V. Blake. 1842.

THESE volumes consist, as is implied by their title, of an effort to collect all the evidence, direct and circumstantial, which can now be procured with regard to the mysterious points of the life of Tasso, which have so long been unsettled questions to the literary world. His genius and his fame, with the recollection of his known misery, have long made his life an object of intense interest; but of its particulars, to the general reader, little has been definitely known. No one could speak certainly of the causes of his imprisonment; the story of his daring love was but a rumor of his age brought down to our own, and an equal doubt hung over that of his insanity.

"Still," as our author remarks, "unquestioned facts enough remain to rouse our curiosity. Cruelty,—intrigues,—a friend's treachery,—intercepted letters,—false keys,—a quarrel and a

combat, are universally admitted. The origin of this strife,—the secrets revealed,—the contents of the papers so unjustifiably examined, have exercised and often baffled literary ingenuity, which, still untired because unsatisfied, returns to its task with fresh ardor. Some connection between the misfortunes of the poet, and the strange occurrences faintly whispered by his contemporaries, or obscurely hinted by himself, is naturally suspected; and the severity of his punishment, if punishment it was, implies, one would suppose, no ordinary crime.

\* \* \* Few points of literary history, therefore, are more interesting, or more obscure than the *love, madness, and the imprisonment of Tasso*."

Mr. Wilde has made very full and acute investigations for this task. It is one of those questions of history, which relating simply to one individual in ages long past, demands an amount of labor immense in proportion to its actual results. But for those results, when they are obtained, the literary public cannot be too grateful.

The facts and arguments in this essay are drawn principally from the writings of Tasso himself. The investigations of Ginguene and Rossini, and the biographies of Manso, Serassi, and Black, his close follower, are given their due weight and authority. But Mr. Wilde's book presents to the reader the evidence itself, unaffected, perhaps to a fault, by any expression of opinion on the part of the author. The Sonnets, the Canzoni, the letters, are searched for every line which may bear upon the mooted points, and large and interesting quotations, and abundant references, are constantly given. The poetical translations are faithfully and even elegantly executed, and give an additional charm to the book for readers not familiar with the Italian.

These volumes will be read with much interest, although they by no means set the questions with which they deal, at rest. Much more information may perhaps be obtained from the *Falconieri* Manuscripts, now in the possession of Count Mariano Alberti, should they ever be published in full, and with satisfactory evidence of their authenticity. But the reader may now have something upon which to base his opinions; he may know how far he is dealing with facts, and how far only with family traditions warped by family prejudices, and he can use his own judgment on the results.

SKETCHES FROM A STUDENT'S WINDOW. By S. G. Goodrich. Boston: W. D. Ticknor. 1841.

WE regret that we have only room to call the attention of our readers to this pleasant volume of tales, sketches and essays, most of which have appeared before in periodicals and annuals. They are characterized by much taste and spirit, and are quite worthy of being thus collected.

## THE RETURN OF THE TYROLESE.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY MALIBRAN.

*Allegretto.*

Voice. 

Piano  *p* *S.*

Forte.  *S.*


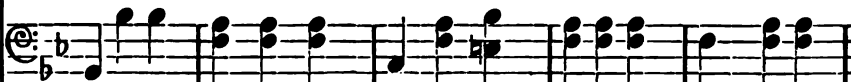


1. Sorrows of love had sad - den'd my life,  
 2. How swells my soul, as a - gain I re - trace  
 3. Again the lov'd strain of our val - lies I hear,





Hope and re - pose in my breast had no part; A - gain they re -  
 Mountain and stream where my child - hood had past; And the lov - ed  
 Ech - o - ing round as if loth to de - part, Sweet song of love

turn as I view with de - light, . . . My na-tive land ev-er  
home of a pa-rent re- vered, . . . Mother be- lov'd, ev-er  
fear not I can for- get . . . Thy simple strain, ev-er

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staff. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with eighth-note chords and a left-hand part with a simple bass line.

dear to my heart.  
dear to my heart. Ah! . . .  
dear to my heart.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics include a repetition of 'dear to my heart' and an 'Ah!' exclamation. The musical notation includes slurs and ties to indicate phrasing.

The third system of the musical score continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are not present in this system. The musical notation includes slurs and ties to indicate phrasing.

Andante

*pp*

Ah!

**Ah!**

*pp*

**S. Last time.**

**2.**

**S.**

# BOSTON MISCELLANY.

## THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

Who reads  
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,

\* \* \* \* \*  
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
Deep versed in books and shallow in himself.

*Paradise Regained, Book iv. 323-327.*

Our loftier brothers, but one in blood,  
By bed and table they lord it o'er us  
With looks of beauty and words of good. — *Sterling.*

THE appearance of an article on the old English Dramatists in a "Miscellany of Literature and Fashion," seems, at first sight, as much out of place as Thor's hammer among a set of jeweller's tools, or Roland's two-handed sword on the thigh of a volunteer captain on parade day. Yet is true poetry out of place nowhere, and a good word spoken for her will always find some willing and fruitful ear. For, under this thin crust of fashion and frivolity throb the undying fires of the great soul of man, which is the fountain and centre of all poesy, and which will one day burst forth, and wither like grassblades all the temples and palaces which form and convention have heaped over it. Behind the blank faces of the weak and thoughtless we see this awful and mysterious presence as we have seen one of Allston's paintings in a ball-room overlooking with its serene and steadfast eyes the butterfly throng beneath it, and seeming to gaze from these narrow battlements of time far out into the infinite promise of eternity, and see there the free, erect, and perfected soul.

It is the high and glorious vocation of poesy to make our daily life and toil more beautiful and holy by the divine ministrings of love. She is love's apostle, and the very

almoner of God. She is the home of the outcast and the wealth of the needy. For her the hut becomes a palace, whose halls are guarded by the gods of Phidias and made peaceful by the maid-mothers of Raphael. She loves better the poor wanderer whose bare feet know by heart all the freezing stones of the pavement than the rich maiden for whose tender soles Brussels and Turkey are overcareful; and we doubt not but some remembered scrap of childish song has often been a truer alms than all the benevolent societies could give. The love of the beautiful and true, like the dewdrop in the heart of the crystal, remains forever clear and liquid in the inmost shrine of man's being, though all the rest be turned to stone by sorrow and degradation. The angel who has once come down into the soul, will not be driven thence by any sin or baseness. At the soul's gate sits she silently, with downcast eyes and folded hands, but, at the least touch of nobleness, those patient orbs are uplifted and the whole soul is filled with their prayerful lustre.

Over all life broods poesy, like the calm blue sky with its motherly, rebuking face. She is the true preacher of the word, and, in the time of danger and trouble, when the established shepherds have cast down their



crooks and fled, she tenderly careth for the flock. On her calm and fearless heart rests weary freedom when all the world have driven her from their door with scoffs and mockings. From her white breasts flows the strong milk which nurses our patriots and martyrs, and she robs the fire of heat, makes the axe edgeless, and dignifies the pillory or the gallows. She is the great reformer, and where the love of her is strong and healthy, wickedness and wrong cannot long prevail. The more this love is refined and cultivated, the more do men strive to make their outward lives rhythmical and harmonious, that they may accord with that inward harmony and rhythm by whose key the composition of all noble and worthy deeds is guided. It is this love which we shall endeavor to foster and increase in our poetical extracts and criticisms; for it profits more to point out one beauty than to sneer at a thousand faults. If we can make one object in outward or inward nature more beautiful and holy to the heart of one of our readers, it will be reward enough. For the more sympathies we gain or awaken for beautiful things, by so much deeper will be our sympathy with that which is most beautiful,—the human soul. Love never contracts its circles. They widen by as fixed and sure a law as those round a stone cast into still waters. The angel of love, when, full of sorrow, he followed the exiles from paradise, unwittingly snapt off and brought away in his hand a seedpod of one of the never-fading flowers which grew there. Into all the dreary and desolate places of life fell some of its blessed kernels,

"Sowing the common earth with golden seed,  
Bright as if dropt down from the galaxy."

They needed little soil to root themselves in, and in this narrow patch of our clay they sprang most quickly and sturdily. Gladly they grew, and from them all time has been sown with whatever gives a higher hope to the soul or makes life nobler and more god-like, while, from the overarching sky of poesy, sweet dew forever falls to nourish and keep them green and fresh from the world's dust.

The old English Dramatists! with what a glorious mingling of pride and reverence do we write these four words. Entering the enchanted realm which they "rule as their demesne," we feel like the awe-stricken Goth when his eyes drooped beneath the reverend aspects of the Roman Senate and he thought them an assembly of gods; or more like him who, in searching the windings of a cavern, came suddenly on King Arthur and his knights seated, as of yore, about the renowned round-table. Silent and severe they sit, those men of the old,

fearless time, and gaze with stern eyes upon the womanly newcomer whose back had never been galled by the weary harness, and whose soft arm had never held the lance in rest. We feel, when we come among them, that their joys and sorrows were on a more Titanic scale than those of our day. It seems as if we had never suffered and never acted, and yet we feel a noble spur and willingness to suffer and to act. They show us the nobleness and strength of the soul, and, after reading them, the men we see in the streets seem nobler and grander, and we find more sympathy and brotherhood in their faces. Their works stand among those of the moderns, like the temples and altars of the ancient inhabitants of this continent among the rude hovels patched together by a race of descendants ignorant of their use and origin. Let us muse awhile in this city of the past, and sketch roughly some of the mighty monuments standing therein.

In the writings of the old Dramatists there is a beauty of health and strength. Sorrow there is,—as there is in life,—but it is a sorrow that sympathizes with all men, and is not warped into a gloomy and unnatural misanthropy. They wrote before the good English word 'feeling' had whined itself into the French one 'sentiment.' They were too strong to need to shelter themselves in sentimentalism, and they thought it a worthier and more poetical ambition to emulate the angels in love than the devils in scorn and hate. Byronism would have stood with numbed limbs and chattering teeth in the sharp, bracing mountain air which was a need to them. Yet there, amid the bare, majestic rocks, bloom tender Alpine flowers of delicatest hues and rarest fragrance, and the sturdy moss creeps everywhere with its sunny, heartfelt green.

We shall begin with GEORGE CHAPMAN, author of the best translation of Homer, and friend of Spenser, Shakspeare, Marlow, and the other great spirits of his day. Our object is to cull out and give to our readers the most striking and beautiful passages in those of his plays which are accessible to the American critic, adding a few explanatory notices and criticisms of our own. We shall punctuate the passages selected in our own way, for we have generally found that the labors of the commentators were like the wind Cecias, whose characteristic it was, according to Aristotle, to gather clouds rather than dispel them.

Chapman is a very irregular writer. He seems like a hoodwinked eagle. Sometimes, led by an ungovernable burst of instinctive freedom, he soars far up into the clear ether of song and floats majestical with level wings, where this world, with all its fret and turmoil, shows in the blue distance like

a silent star, — and then as suddenly he will dash down again and almost stun himself against the noisy and dusty earth. He has but little dramatic power, — that Mesmerism by which Shakspeare makes his characters speak and act his own thoughts without letting any of his own individuality appear in the matter, — and his plays, taken as wholes, are not very interesting, but they abound in grand images and lines full of an antique and majestic favor. In didactic and moral passages he comes nearer to Shakspeare than does any other of the old Dramatists.

A mistaken opinion that the tragedies of Chapman were turgid and bombastic has prevented the editors of old plays from reprinting them. We think the extracts we shall give will fully refute any such assertion. Our first extracts are from "Bussy D'Ambois," a tragedy. We first meet the hero, a brave soldier in reduced circumstances, entering in "mean apparel." His soliloquy, which opens the play, is very fine. We wish we had room for the whole. We quote the concluding lines :

*Man is a torch borne in the wind : a dream  
But of a shadow, summ'd with all his substance ; —  
And, as great seamen, using all their wealth  
And skills in Neptune's deep, invisible paths,  
In tall ships richly built and ribbed with brass,  
To put a girdle round about the world,  
When they have done it (coming near their haven)  
Are fain to give a warning piece and call  
A poor stayed fisherman, that never past  
His country's sight, to waft and guide them in ; —  
So, when we wander farthest through the waves  
Of glassy glory and the gulfs of state,  
Topp'd with all titles, spreading all our reaches  
As if each private arm would sphere the earth,  
We must to virtue for her guide resort,  
Or we shall shipwreck in our safest port.*

We can hardly persuade ourselves that the grand metaphor with which our extract opens did not come from Hebrew lips. The likening virtue, also, to the fisherman that never past his country's sight is very beautiful ; and we confess we are even willing to be pleased with the length and intricacy of the comparison, were it only for its reminding us so much of the golden-mouthed Jeremy Taylor.

No man ever had a larger or nobler idea of the might and grandeur of the human soul than Chapman. He had a great deal of that exulting feeling of strength and self-help which contemporaries call conceit and posterity glorifies as the instinct and stamp of greatness. It is a something which we find in the lives of all great men, — a recollection of wings, as it were, which enables them,

"Remembering still their former height," \*

\* Marvell.

to rise above these lower regions of turmoil into a clearer and serenier air. It is a feeling of trustfulness which is needful to those who cast their seed upon these waters of time that it may float down and come to fruition in eternity, and who are glad to give up the harlot kisses of the venial present (so bewitching to small-souledness), and find their strength and solace in the prophetic eyes of that infinite To-morrow on whose great heart they rest secure,

"Feeling through all this fleshy dress  
Bright shoots of everlastingness." \*

Chapman seems nowhere so much in his element as when he makes one of his heroes burst forth into an impetuous flood of scornful independence, asserting proudly the dignity of genius over all other dignities whatever. He was like all of his great brethren (who were the worthy forerunners of the glorious band who set forever the divine right of all temporal power beneath the feet of that diviner right of the eternal soul,) fearless and independent. Indeed, there is too much scorn and pride in him to consist with the highest genius. His independent bearing amounts often to a swagger, and is truly seldom confined within the bounds of conventional propriety. Doubtless he was of opinion that "it is better to lap one's pottage like a dog than to eat it mannerly with a spoon of the devil's giving." † And if perhaps he sometimes went about laboriously to lap it like a dog when there was no great need, — as we have known those who foolishly thought that a certain rudeness and ungraciousness of bearing was most befitting a radical, — yet we should be ready to allow a great deal to a mistaken love of principle, when the principle is a good one, recollecting that the flanks of our own hobbies are bloody with our too fiery spurring, and that enthusiasm is the most forgiveable of faults.

We have said that Chapman had but little dramatic power. His plays seem rather to be soliloquies spoken by himself from behind the masks of the different characters than dramas. Yet he has a great deal of knowledge of character, and shrewd remarks and little touches of nature are of frequent occurrence in his plays. We copy an instance of the latter. Tamyra, the mistress of D'Ambois, after a speech of his, says, fearful lest calling him by name might betray her,

Methinks *the man* hath answered for us well.

The brother of the King turns to her and asks,

The man ? why, madam, d'ye not know his name ?

\* Vaughan.

† Fuller's Profane State.



She answers in these noble words,

*Man is a name of honor for a king;  
Additions take away from each chief thing.*

Mark the skill with which she covers her retreat, not allowing that she knows D'Ambois, and yet satisfying her love by construing the epithet she had applied to him into so fine a tribute of praise as would be content with no place lower than the highest.

——— I watch'd how fearfully  
And yet how suddenly he cured his lies;  
The right wit of a woman. \*

We will now go on to make some extracts from the rest of this play and others, without following the plot or any other order than what fancy may dictate. Read the following as examples of his exalted ideas of greatness and of the noble vigor and stateliness which fill his verse as he expresses them :

——— His words and looks  
Are like the flashes and the bolts of Jove;  
*His deeds inimitable, like the sea  
That shuts still as it opens, and leaves no tracks  
Nor prints of precedent for mean men's facts.*

In the next extract we must call the reader's notice to the great beauty of the third line, which we cannot read without a feeling of motion like that of the stars, — so serene and steadfast that it scarce "knows itself from rest," — yet mingled with a wavy feeling of the sea :

His great heart will not down : 't is like the sea,  
That, partly by his own internal heat,  
Partly the stars' daily and nightly motion,  
Their heat and light, \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* but chiefly by the moon,  
Bristled with surges, never will be won, (burst,)  
(No, not when the hearts of all those powers are  
To make retreat into his settled home  
Till he be crowned with his own quiet foam.

How exquisite, too, is the last line of this fine comparison ! The passage seems to swell on and on, as a wave upon the beach, till it breaks into the quiet foam of the last line, and slides gently to its rippling close.

Give me a spirit that on Life's rough sea  
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind  
Even till his sailyards tremble, his masts crack,  
And his rapt ship run on her side so low  
That she drinks water and her keel ploughs air :  
*There is no danger to a man who knows  
What Life and Death are : there's not any law  
Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawful  
That he should stoop to any other law :  
He goes before them and commands them all  
Who to himself is a law rational.*

The first few lines of this extract show well the natural impetuosity of feeling which so much distinguished Chapman's character,

as we gather it from his works ; and the last six exhibit the philosophic gravity and wisdom to which he had tempered it by habits of reflection and the life of a scholar. He was one of those incongruities which we often meet, — a man calm and lofty in his theory, but vehement and fiery to excess in action, whose stillness seems, like the sleep of the top, to arise from intensity of motion.

The same spirit shows itself in all Chapman's characters. Even their humility is but a kind of pride, — as we see often vanity and dandyism showing through a Quaker coat. In Byron's *Conspiracy*, the Hero says,

To fear a violent good abuseth goodness ;  
*'Tis immortality to die aspiring,  
As if a man were taken quick to heaven :  
What will not hold perfection let it burst.*  
\* \* \* \* \* To have stuff and form  
And to lie idle, fearful and unused,  
Nor form nor stuff shows. Happy Semele  
That died compest with glory. *Happiness  
Denies comparison of less or more,  
And, not at most, is nothing. Like the shaft  
Shot at the sun by angry Hercules  
And into shivers by the thunder broken,  
Will I be if I burst : and in my heart  
This shall be written, — that it was high and right.*

Chapman's pride has, at least, all the grandeur in it that pride can ever have. What a glorious comparison is that of the shaft of Hercules ! Even his devils are still Chapman. The Evil Spirit says to Bussy,

Why calledst thou me to this accursed light  
For these light purposes ? I am Emperor  
Of that inscrutable darkness where are hid  
*All deepest truths and secrets never seen,*  
All which I know, and command legions  
Of knowing spirits that can do more than these.  
Any of this my guard that circle me  
In these blue fires, from out of whose dim fumes  
*Vast murmurs use to break, and from their sounds  
Articular voices, can do ten parts more  
Than open such slight truths as you require.*

We know of nothing in "Marlow's mighty line" grander than this. Ford's description of Hell (if we recollect it rightly) seems too much like a bill of particulars, and has a kind of ditto-ditto air which falls immeasurably below the mysterious and half-hidden grandeur of these lines.

There is one more passage which we must copy, doing honor to Chapman as a lover of freedom and as a man, and part of which seems a prophecy of what was done by those who forty years after wrote the second Magna Charta in the blood of King Charles :

A man \* \* that only would uphold  
Man in his native nobless, from whose fall  
All our dissensions rise ; that in himself  
(Without the outward patches of our frailty,  
Riches and honor,) knows he comprehends  
Worth with the greatest : kings had never borne

\* Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Pilgrimage*,  
A. ii. S. 2.

Such boundless empire over other men, [bois ;  
 Had all maintained the spirit and state of D'Am-  
*Nor had the full, impartial hand of Nature,*  
*That all things gave in her original*  
*Without these definite terms of mine and thine,*  
*Been turned unjustly to the hand of Fortune,*  
*Had all preserved her in her prime like D'Ambois ;*  
*No envy, no disjunction had dissolved*  
*Or plucked one stick out of the golden faggot*  
*In which the world of Saturn bound our lives,*  
*Had all been held together with the nerves,*  
*The genius, and the ingenious soul of D'Ambois.*

By this time we have gained a very good insight into the leading features of Chapman's character. Now let us see how such a man would die :

—Let me alone in peace ;  
 Leave my soul to me, whom it most concerns,  
 You have no charge of it : *I feel her free,*  
*How she doth rouse, and, like a fulcon, stretch*  
*Her silver wings, as threatening death with death,*  
*At whom I joyfully will cast her off.*

This is very grand, but there is too much of defiance in it ; it is not so grand as the death of one would be who had learned that

"Patience and gentleness are power," \*

and to whom death could never come as an enemy to cut off life too shortly, but rather as God's messenger to crown the elected one and clothe him in white raiment where-in he should shine forever. "The great, good man" has

— "Three sure friends,  
 Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death." †

Let us read the death-scene of another of his heroes :

I'll not complain to earth yet, but to heaven,  
 And (like a man) look upwards even in death :  
 And if Vespasian thought in majesty  
 An emperor might die standing, why not I ?  
     *(one offers to help him.)*  
 Nay, without help, in which I will exceed him,  
 For he died splinted with his chamber-grooms.  
 Prop me, true sword, as thou hast ever done ;  
*The equal thought I bear of Life and Death*  
*Shall let me faint on no side : I am up*  
*Here like a Roman statue, I will stand*  
*Till Death doth make me marble.*

This is great, but it is the greatness of a heathen ; of one, too, who, no doubt, would make an aristocracy in death, and prefer the respectability of the axe to the degradation of the cross or gallows ; for there are those who seem willing to carry only the vanities of life out of it, and would have a blazon of arms from the heralds' college buried with them, — as the Norsemen did arms of a more serviceable kind, for their use in the next world, — as a certificate of admission to the "higher circles."

But let us hear the last :

Oh, frail condition of strength, valor, virtue  
 In me (like warning fire upon the top

Of some steep beacon on a steeper hill,)  
 Made to express it ! *Like a falling star*  
*Silently glanced, that, like a thunderbolt,*  
*Looked to have struck and shook the firmament !*

We see that the "equal thought" which, in the moment of inspiring exultation at the idea of dying more nobly than an emperor, he imagined that he bore of life and death, breaks under him as earth crumbles away from beneath his feet. To all men the moment of death is one of inspiration ; — a feeling of grandeur and sublimity must swell in the heart of the meanest man, as earth swims away from under and leaves him, alone, on his new-born wings, in the great, void infinite. There are men whose chrysalides seem to have burst and their angel wings to have expanded in this life, so that they can at any time rise to that clear-aimed point of vantage, — men whose bodies seem only given to make their souls visible and capable of action while they are ministers of God's providence to their brothers. But Chapman seems not to have been one of these

— "World's high priests, who do present  
 The sacrifice for all." \*

He was one of those impulsive natures the fruit of whose age is not answerable to the abundant blossoming of their youth, — who expend in a few dazzling flashes that which if equally circulated and dispensed might have been a part of the world's healthful atmosphere. Such men must feel in dying that their lives are incomplete, and must taste the overwhelming bitterness of knowing what they had so carefully concealed from themselves, that "might have been" can bear but a moment's semblance of "was," from which it differs as much as the silent glancing of a meteor from the perfect circling and fulfilment of a majestic star. He knew not how

"To glorify his greatness with humility," †

a plant, which, humble and despised of men, grows to be the trunk of lofty and secure self-sustainment in the next world, while pride cannot take root in any soil less gross than that of this.

Let us see how Chapman could describe outward nature. His natural scenery was mostly that of the soul, and that, as we have seen, rather of an Alpine character. There is none of that breezy, summer-like feeling in him which pervaded the verses of some of the lyric poets a short time after, and which has come near to perfection in many descriptive poems of our day,

"Annihilating all that's made  
 To a green thought in a green shade," ‡

and seeming to be translations from the

\* Leigh Hunt.

† Coleridge.

\* Herbert.

† Ford.

‡ Marvell.

grasshopper, butterfly, locust and bee languages into the vernacular; yet he has some passages of great merit in this kind. The following lines make one feel as if he had suddenly thrown up the window of a close and dazzling room and looked out into the vague, foreboding eyes of night. How silent the tread of the verse is.

Now, all ye peaceful regents of the night,  
*Silently-gliding exhalations,*  
*Languishing winds and murmuring falls of* <sup>waters,</sup>  
*Sadness of heart and ominous securesness,*  
 Enchantments, dead sleeps, all the friends of rest  
 That ever wrought upon the life of man, <sup>hour</sup>  
 Extend your utmost strengths, and this charm'd  
*Fix like the centre.*

This is the perfection of descriptive poetry, painting, not the things themselves, but their effects upon the soul reflected and giving color to them. This next is very beautiful, also:

—like a calm  
*Before a tempest, when the silent air*  
*Lays her soft ear close to the earth to hearken*  
*For that she fears steals on to ravish her.*

Here is another exquisite touch:

As when the moon hath comforted the night  
*And set the world in silver of her light,*  
 The planets, asterisms, and whole state of heaven,  
 In beams of gold descending —

Most of the dramatists of Chapman's time excel in drawing the characters of women. This was probably the result of the greater freedom of intercourse between men and women at that day. We have grown so delicately decent, nowadays, that we must needs apologize for Nature, and make God himself more *comme il faut*. Women, who stint not in large assemblies to show that to the eyes of strangers which the holy privacy of home is not deemed pure enough to look upon, would yet grow crimson to the ears, and stare a modest horror at one who dared to call by name that which, in the loved one, is the type of all maidenhood and sweetest retirement, — in the wife, of all chastity and whitest thoughts, — and in the mother, of all that is most tender and bounteous. On such a bosom, methinks, a rose would wilt and the snowy petals of a lily drop away in silent, sorrowful reproof. We have grown too polite for what is holiest, noblest and kindest in the social relations of life; but, alas! to lie, to blush, to conceal, to envy, to sneer, to be illiberal, — these trench not on the bounds of any modesty, human or divine. Yea, "our English, the language of men ever famous and foremost in the achievements of liberty," and "which could not easily find servile words enow to spell the dictatory presumption" of an "imprimatur,"\* is become so

\* Milton's *Areopagitica*.

slavish and emasculate\* that our glorious Spensers, Taylors, and Miltons, would find their free natures inapt to walk in its fetters, — golden, indeed, and of cunningest Parisian workmanship, but whose galling the soul is not nice enough to discern from that of iron. The homely names of Man and Woman which took shelter in the cottage and the farmhouse from the luxury, effeminacy and vice of the city and the court, must now be driven thence also, and our very dairymaids and ploughmen must be gentlemen and ladies. Let us then, in the name of what is most polite and refined, call our homes papaland or mamacountry, and leave the names of father, and mother, and wife, of man and woman, to those who are ignorant or gross enough to be natural. Let us forget that we ever so far yielded to the demoralizing tendency of our baser natures as to have been suckled at our mothers' breasts, and repent in white kid gloves and French boots (since sackcloth and ashes are out of the question) the damnable heresy of our childhood, when we thought (nay, almost believed) that truth was respectable, and that women had any other natural developments than head and arms. Alas! we fear that we are wasting quite too much on these earthly tabernacles, (resembling too nearly those who spend their all in a costly mansion), and that the devil will one day make a sheriff's sale of our souls to pay for it.

We have been led away from our subject farther, perhaps, than was needful. If we are misinterpreted, we shall let another and worthier plead for us: — "If any man will snatch the pure taper from my hand and hold it to the devil, he will only burn his own fingers, but shall not rob me of the reward of my care and good intention."†

Let us read together Chapman's description of a noble woman:

Noble she is by birth made good by virtue,  
 Exceeding fair, and her behavior to it  
*Is like a singular musician*  
*To a sweet instrument, or else as doctrine*  
*Is to the soul that puts it into act*  
 And prints it full of admirable forms,  
 Without which 't were an empty, idle flame;  
 Her eminent judgment to dispose these parts  
*Sits on her brow and holds a silver sceptre*  
*Wherewith she keeps time to the several musics*  
*Plac'd in the sacred consort of her beauties;*  
 Love's complete armory is managed in her  
 To stir affection, and the discipline  
 To check and to affright it from attempting  
 Any attain might disproportion her  
*Or make her graces less than circular:*

\* "The homely but scriptural appellation by which our fathers were wont to designate the church of Rome, has been delicately softened down by later writers. I have seen her somewhere called the Scarlet Woman, — and Helen Maria Williams names her the *Dissolute* of Babylon."

Southey. — Note to the Poet's Pilgrimage.

† Jeremy Taylor. *Holy Living*, ch. ii. sec. iii.

*Yet her even carriage is as far from coyness  
As from immodesty; in play, in dancing,  
In suffering courtship, in requiting kindness,  
In use of places, hours and companies,  
Free as the sun and nothing more corrupted;  
As circumspect as Cynthia in her vows,  
As constant as the centre to observe them;  
Ruthful and bounteous, never fierce nor dull,  
In all her courses ever at the full.*

Truly, this is, as one of Chapman's contemporaries called poetry, "the verie phrase of angels." A woman like this we can love, and feel that it is herein that we are made in the image of God. Such an one makes love what it should be, venerable and reverend, not a thing to be lightly treated and put on and off like a glove.

"For love is lord of truth and loyaltie,  
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust  
On golden plumes up to the purest skie,  
Above the reach of loathly, sinfull lust;

\* \* \*  
Such is the powre of that sweet passion  
That it all sordid basenesse doth expell  
And the refined mind doth newly fashion  
Unto a fairer forme." \*

Having made an extract from "our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas," † we must please ourselves still farther by copying a lovely picture of his which will hang fitly beside that of Chapman:

"There dwell sweet love and constant chastitie,  
Unspotted faith and comely womanhood,  
Regard of honour and mild modestie;  
There Vertue raignes as queene in loyall throne  
And giveth lawes alone  
The which the base affections doe obey,  
And yeeld their services unto her will,  
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may  
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill." ‡

We wish we had room to copy, in this place, Jeremy Taylor's character of the Countess of Carbery, and Tennyson's Isabel, — both of them poems in the truest and highest sense of the word. The exquisite description of a virtuous woman in the Proverbs we need only allude to. They all are beautiful examples and encouragements to those whose care, like that of Milton's "virtuous young lady,"

"Is fixed, and still attends  
To fill their odorous lamps with deeds of light  
And hope that reaps not shame."

We love to present them to those of our countrywomen who read our pages. Where women act out their divine mission there is no need of societies for reformation. The memory of the eyes that bent over him in infancy and childhood haunts the man in all his after life. If they were clear and holy, they will cheer and encourage him

in every deed of nobleness and shames him out of all meannesses and compromises. Hear Chapman:

Let no man value at a little price  
A virtuous woman's counsel; her winged spirit  
Is feathered oftentimes with heavenly words,  
And, like her beauty, ravishing and pure;  
The weaker body, still the stronger soul.  
When good endeavors do her powers apply  
Her love draws nearest man's felicity.  
Oh, what a treasure is a virtuous wife,  
Discreet and loving! not one gift on earth  
Makes a man's so highly bound to heaven;  
She gives him double forces to endure  
And to enjoy, by being one with him,  
Feeling his joys and griefs with equal sense.

*But a true wife both sense and soul delights,  
And mixeth not her good with any ill;  
Her virtues, ruling hearts, all powers command;  
All store without her leaves a man but poor,  
And with her poverty is exceeding store.*

Of love he says:

— Love is Nature's second son,  
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines;  
And as, without the sun, the world's great eye,  
All colors, beauties, both of art and nature,  
Are given in vain to men, so, without love,  
All beauties bred in women are in vain,  
All virtues born in men lie buried;  
For love informs us as the sun doth colors,  
And, as the sun, reflecting his warm beams  
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers,  
So love, fairshining in the inward man,  
Brings forth in him the honorable fruits  
Of valor, wit, virtur, and haughty thoughts,  
Brave resolution and divine discourse.

But we must hasten on, for we mean to give a taste of the quality of another of these true men before we lay down our pen. We shall copy a few disconnected passages which have pleased us:

#### BODY AND SOUL.

Our bodies are but thick clouds to our souls  
Through which they cannot shine when they desire.

#### FEARLESS SPEECH.

—thy impartial words  
Are like brave falcons, that dare truss a fowl  
Much greater than themselves.

#### THE PASSIONS.

— those base foes that insult on weakness,  
And still fight housed behind the shield of Nature.

The following passage, describing the inexplicable awe which comes over Bussy just before a ghost appears to him, is finely conceived and expressed:

What violent heat is this? Methinks the fire  
Of twenty lives doth on a sudden flash  
Through all my faculties: the air goes high  
In this close chamber, and the frighted earth  
Trembles and shrinks beneath me.

We have marked many other passages, but we have already wellnigh exceeded our limits. These poor chippings will give our readers some idea of the component parts of this old rocky mountain. We take leave

\* Spenser's "Hymne of Love."

† Milton's Areopagitica. ‡ Epithalamion.

of George Chapman in his own noble words :

Farewell, brave relics of a complete man !

*Look up and see thy spirit made a star,*

*— and when thou set'st*

*Thy radiant forehead in the firmament*

*Make the vast crystal crack with thy receipt ;*

*Spread to a world of fire, and the aged sky*

*Cheer with new sparks of old humanity.*

We shall now say a few words about JOHN WEBSTER, a writer who will not afford us so many beautiful extracts as Chapman, but who stands far above him in most of the qualities of a Dramatic Poet. Chapman aimed at being classical, and from the columns which he had chiselled out for his never-finished Grecian temple, we can take one and set it up alone without feeling the want of the rest of the building ; or we can, at least, break off acanthus-leaves of the most delicate workmanship, and which are beautiful in themselves. But we can give no idea of the irregularly-regular, vast Gothic pile which Webster heaps together, with all its quaintness, mystery, and ever-aspiring grandeur, by any single portion small enough to come within the narrow limits of our cabinet.

In Webster's day there was no Pope whose sacred toe all must kiss on pain of excommunication from the holy catholic established church of poesy, nor had the fountain of Castaly been consecrated into a saint's shrine to which only true believers could make pilgrimage. The poets of that day followed the unerring dictates of their own hearts, acknowledging no King Eric, the turning of whose cap could make the wind of their opinion blow whither he listed. They had no creed, or, if they had, they merely (like the old Norsemen) put up a cross or hung a picture of the Virgin in the temple of Odin, and, though they acknowledged the new religion, preserved all the elements of the old in their poems and language. The French Apollo, with powdered wig and gold snuff-box, had not as yet set foot in England and established the reign of hollowness and taste. The heart had not yet grown to be ungentle, and been sent to Coventry. The poets of those days knew nothing of "established principles," — which seem, in truth, to be little better than scarecrows set up by one half of the world for the other half to pelt with mud. They knew that to be a slave in one thing is to be a slave in all. They had no mean fears of committing themselves, nor did they reckon gain and loss before they spoke what was given them. Their motto, the true creed of genius, was,

"Give me but half your hearts, you have all mine."<sup>\*</sup>

Laborsome ingenuity may, no doubt, find anachronisms in their works, and prove that they are not accordant to Aristotle, for what had they to do with time and space who laid their foundation in the depth of the infinite and eternal soul ? It is mediocrity which makes laws and sets mantraps and spring guns in the free realm of song, saying thus far shalt thou go and no further. Freedom is the only law which genius knows. Its very instinct leads it to take the side of freedom, and whenever it has prostituted its beautiful nature,

"Whose birth was of the wombe of morning dew,  
And its conception of the joyous prime,"<sup>†</sup>

its garment of dignity and majesty, like the mantle in the ballad,<sup>‡</sup> withers away from it and leaves it abashed and shelterless in the eyes of all men. It was by their eyes always that the gods who had taken the bodies of men upon them were known, and where does meanness so soon set her beddimming stamp as there ?

Webster was one of the boldest, freest, and wildest of these bold, free men. He had great pathos, and a gloomy imagination scarce matched by any of his contemporaries. He might be called the Coleridge of the old dramatists, with a good deal of Dante in him, too. We never go by a smithy in a misty night and see the bloody glare which bursts from all its chinks and windows without thinking of him. All old superstitions (so they were gloomy enough) seem to have found a fit soil in his mind.

We could not do him justice without copying whole scenes, for which we have not space. His "Vittoria Corombona," and "Dutchess of Malfy," are two of the most powerful productions in our dramatic literature. We must give one or two instances. His manner of killing a man is terrible enough. In the first play, Brachiano, having been poisoned, is lying on his death-bed, and two of his murderers, in the disguise of Capuchins, are pretending to confess him. They desire to be left alone with the dying man (already mad with pain) and then, revealing themselves, solace his last moments after this fashion :

GASPARO. Brachiano.

LODOVICO. Devil Brachiano, thou art damned.

GASP. Perpetually.

LOD. A slave condemned and given up to the gallows

Is thy great lord and master.

GASP. True ; for thou

Art given up to the devil.

Then, after enumerating all his crimes, and

\* Marlow's Lust's Dominion.

† Faerie Queene, s. iii. c. vi. st. 3.

‡ The boy with the mantle in Percy.

making sure that he knew who they were and could hear them perfectly, they wind up the ceremony with strangling him by way of extreme unction.

In the "Dutchess of Malfy," Ferdinand, brother of the duchess, having put her in a dungeon for marrying against his consent, visits her in the dark, and, in order to persuade her that her husband is dead, gives her a dead man's hand with her wedding ring on it. Then a curtain is drawn and artificial figures of her husband and children lying as if dead are shown to her. Add to this that she is confined among raving maniacs, and we have a terrible dungeon scene.

In the same play, the death of the Cardinal is horribly contrived. Ferdinand, his brother, having gone mad, and the Cardinal fearing that, if any of his guests should overhear his ravings, some of his own crimes would come to light, binds them all by a promise not to try to find the cause of any cries they may hear in the night, and adds that he himself may call for help to try them. In the night he is murdered within reach of assistance, his shrieks being thought by his friends to be mere feignings.

We must now give some proofs of his pathetic power. In "Vittoria Corombona," the two brothers, Marcello and Flamineo, quarrel, and the latter comes in suddenly and stabs the former before his mother Cornelia's eyes. After his death some one says,

He's dead. Pray, leave him, lady: come, you shall.

*Cornelia.* Alas! he is not dead; he's in a trance. Why, here's nobody shall get anything by his death. Let me call him again, for God's sake!

*Carlo.* I would you were deceived.

*Corn.* O, you abuse me, you abuse me, you abuse me! how many have gone away thus for lack of 'tendance! Rear up his head! rear up his head! his bleeding inward will kill him!

*Hort.* You see he is departed.

*Corn.* Let me come to him; give me him as he is; if he be turned to earth, let me but give him but one hearty kiss, and you shall put us both into one coffin. Fetch a looking-glass, see if his breath will not stain it; or pull some feathers from my pillow and lay them to his lips. Will you lose him for a little painstaking?

*Hort.* Your kindest office is to pray for him.

*Corn.* Alas! I would not pray for him yet. He may live to lay me i' the ground and pray for me, if you'll let me come to him.

Soon after the Duke comes in and inquires about the murder. Cornelia at first reproaches her surviving son, but the mother soon overcomes her and she strives to excuse him. In answer to the Duke she says,

Indeed, my younger boy presumed too much  
Upon his manhood, gave him bitter words,  
Drew his sword first, and so, I know not how,

For I was out of my wits, he fell with 's head  
Just in my bosom.

*Page.* This is not true, madam.

*Corn.* I pray thee, peace.

One arrow's graz'd already; it were vain  
T' lose this for that will ne'er be found again.

Flamineo, the fratricide, is one of the best drawn scoundrels that we are acquainted with. The simplicity and naturalness of the speech which Webster puts into his mouth in another scene, where he comes in and finds his crazed mother winding Marcello's corpse, are very striking. After listening to his mother's ravings for some time, he says merely,

"I would I were from hence."

This is not that stillness and calm which precedes the storm, but rather one produced by the storm itself, as we read of the ocean; which in the hurricane is sometimes smooth, being unable to raise its foamy crest for the very vehemence and pressure of the trampling winds. Like this is the speech of Ferdinand, when he first sees the body of his sister murdered by his procurement:

Cover her face. mine eyes dazzle: she died young.

How much meaning is there in those nine words! Indeed, the fortitude with which Webster often resists the enticements of effect when they would lead him away from nature, distinguishes him very favorably from Chapman and many others of his fellow-dramatists. He seldom forgets that, where it is easiest for the writer to make a long and pathetic speech, the real actor would be able to speak little, if at all.

There is one other little touch of nature so exquisitely simple and pathetic that we must copy it. It is from the "Dutchess of Malfy." Just before the Duchess is to be murdered, her maid is taken from her, her last words to whom are,

I pray thee look thou givest my little boy  
Some syrop for his cold, and let the girl  
Say her prayers ere she sleep.

We now go on to give some miscellaneous extracts, regretting that we cannot give more room to Webster, who indeed would demand an entire article to do him justice. This comparison is fine:

Condemn you me for that the Duke did love me?  
So may you blame some fair and crystal river  
For that some melancholick distracted man  
Hath drown'd himself in't.

And this:

Come, come, my lord, untie your folded thoughts  
And let them dangle loose as a bride's hair.

LUST.

Lust carries her sharp whip at her own girdle.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

You shall see in the country in harvest time,

pigeons, though they destroy never so much corn, the farmer dare not present the fowling-piece to them : why ? because they belong to the lord of the manor ; whilst your poor sparrows, that belong to the lord of heaven, they go to pot for 't.

Here is something in the darkest style of our Rembrandt, — it is a death-scene :

*Flamino.* O, the way 's dark and horrid ! I cannot see :

Shall I have no company ?

*Villoria.* O, yes, thy sins  
Do run before thee to fetch fire from hell  
To light thee thither.

And again :

My soul, like to a ship in a black storm,  
Is driven, I know not whither.

One more example of his knowledge of nature and pathetic tenderness. Antonio, the husband of the duchess, after her murder, of which he has not heard, is walking with a friend in the church-yard and the echo from her tomb is made into a sort of oracle. Toward the end of the scene Antonio says,

My dutchess is asleep now,  
And her little ones : I hope sweetly : O, Heaven !  
Shall I never see her more ?

*Echo.* Never see her more.

*Anton.* I mark'd not one repetition of the echo  
But that ; and, *on the sudden, a clear light*  
*Presented me a face folded in sorrow.*

How finely the dawning of this presentiment is painted !

We end with a few striking passages which we had marked :

#### ACTION.

O, my lord, lie not idle :  
The chiefest action for a man of great spirit  
Is never to be out of action. We should think  
The soul was never put into the body,  
Which hath so many rare and curious pieces  
Of mathematical motion, to stand still.  
Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds :  
In the trenches for the soldier ; in the wakeful study

For the scholar ; in the furrows of the sea  
For men of our profession : of all which  
Arises and springs up honor.

#### HARDENED GUILT.

Or, like the black and melancholick yew-tree,  
Dost think to root thyself in dead men's graves,  
And yet to prosper ? Instruction to thee  
Comes like sweet showers to overhardened ground,  
They wet but pierce not deep.

#### CONSCIENCE.

How tedious is a guilty conscience !  
When I look into the fish-ponds in my garden,  
Methinks I see a thing armed with a rake  
That seems to strike at me.

#### MORTALITY.

This shroud  
Shews me how rankly we do smell of earth  
When we are in all our glory.

#### A WELL-ORDERED MIND.

One whose mind  
Appears more like a ceremonious chapel  
Full of sweet music, than a thronging presence.

#### A WOMAN TEMPTER.

Thou hast led me, like a beathen sacrifice,  
With music and with fatal yokes of flowers,  
To my eternal ruin.

#### MISFORTUNES.

Things being at the worst, begin to mend : the bee,  
When he hath shot his sting into your hand,  
May then play with your eyelid.

We must end. We shall resume the subject in some future number, and will try to do more justice to it. We had hoped to have written something better than we have. But, alas ! these children of the soul, which seem so fair and lovely at their conception and birth, become but pitiful, wreckling changelings when laid in the cradle of words. In continuing this article at another day, we shall at least have the consolation of those two fine lines of Withers's, which were, it is said, Charles Lamb's favorites,

" If thy muse do proudly tower,  
As she makes wing she gets power."

## TO AN EAGLE.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

Oh, bird of the mountain, who soareth away  
To the cliff of the desert, storm-beaten and gray,  
Where thy desolate eyrie looks over the cloud,  
And thy ravenous younglings are screaming aloud ;  
Thou beatest the sunbeams with pinions of light, —  
Oh, bird of the mountain, how joyous thy flight !

Thou hast been where the winds and waters rave,  
 And the shark like a spectre glares out from the wave,  
 Where the dolphin is rolling his ominous form,  
 And the clouds gather black in the van of the storm,  
 Where the shouting gales o'er the wild waves sweep,  
 And thy cry mingled in with the voice of the deep.

Thou art come from the crag of the gloomy shore,  
 That shook with its surges and howled to its roar;  
 Thou hast dashed through the breakers and clutched thy prey,  
 And hast torn from their grapple thy tribute away;  
 Oh, king of the mountain and king of the flood,  
 Thou art bearing it home to thy famishing brood.

Thy plumage is ruffled, and rended, and worn,  
 By the rude hill-blast, and the sea-winds torn,  
 And thy crownless brow looks bare and gray, —  
 'T was the fretting rock and the tossing spray;  
 Yet thou bearest on to thine ancient rest  
 With a sweeping wing and a tameless breast.

And up and afar is thy steady flight,  
 Where the low fir clings to the dizzy height,  
 O'er the trackless ice and the vapors curled  
 Round the rifted rocks of a primal world;  
 Thou art lost in the depths of the mountain gloom, —  
 Thou art screaming now in thy cloudy home!

There are voices deep in thy solitude,  
 The savage gust and the leaping flood;  
 Thou canst look on the hoary hill-tops round  
 With the snows of long-gone ages crowned;  
 But the world and its dwellings beneath thee lie,  
 Far from the ken of thy gloomy eye.

Oh, bird of the wilderness! bleak and lone  
 Is the stormy crest of thy mountain throne!  
 And the pleasant vallies are far away  
 Where the wild-flowers bloom and the sweet winds play;  
 Thou may'st struggle on in the pride of power,  
 But the happy heart has a humbler bower.

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### SONNET.

BY W. W. STORY.

THE poet sitteth in his humble room,  
 The happiest monarch in the world is he,  
 With winged thoughts which traverse earth and sea;  
 In his own soul he builds a happy home; —  
 No obstinate fate, no stern decree of doom,  
 Shatters that broad dome, lifted high and free  
 In the clear air of Ideality,  
 And sunned by Love and Faith's eternal bloom.  
 There on some woven veil of dreams he sees  
 The face of beauty evermore arise, —  
 Music and moonlight and the mysteries  
 Of feeling folded deep in human eyes; —  
 Scenes brooded o'er by thoughts of graceful ease,  
 The inward shadow of sweet memories.



## THE KING'S BRIDE.

A STORY DRAWN FROM NATURE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE MISCELLANY FROM THE GERMAN OF E. T. W. HOFFMANN.

## CHAPTER FIRST.

In which information is given of the different persons and their relations, and in which preparation is made in the most agreeable manner for all the astonishing and highly wonderful things which are to be contained in the next chapter.

It was a year of plenty. The noble wheat, and maize, and barley, and oats, grew green and flourished in the fields; the farmers lived in green peas, and the dear cows in clover; the trees hung so full of cherries that the whole army of sparrows, in spite of their best will to pick them all clean, were obliged to leave half for other mouths. Everything feasted to fullness, day by day, at the great, open banquet of nature. Above all the rest, however, the kitchen garden of Master von Zabelthau appeared in such astonishing beauty, that it was no wonder if the little Lady Anna was out of her senses with pleasure at the sight of it. It seems necessary to tell who these two persons were, Master Dapsul von Zabelthau and the little Lady Anna.

You may possibly, my dear reader, in the course of some journey, have arrived at the beautiful spot watered by the friendly river Mayn. The soft east wind breathes its fragrant air over the ground, which glitters in the golden rays of the rising sun. You can stay no longer in the narrow coach. You descend and walk through the woods, beyond which, as you advance into the valley, you perceive a little village. But before you have emerged from the wood you are met by a tall, thin man, whose singular exterior arrests your steps. He wears a little green felt hat, stuck upon a jet black wig; a complete suit of grey, coat, vest, hose and all, even to grey stockings and shoes. His very long cane is painted grey. The man comes directly upon you, with his far-reaching strides, and while he stares at you with his great, deeply-sunken eyes, he seems hardly to have observed you.

"Good morning, sir," you call out, as he has almost passed you. He then collects himself, as if he had suddenly waked out of a dream, takes off his cap and says with a hollow, lamentable voice,

"Good morning. Oh, my dear sir, how glad may we be that we have a good morning! The poor inhabitants of Santa Cruz, — two earthquakes, and now the rain is pouring down in torrents."

You do not exactly know, dear reader, how you shall reply to this singular man; but while you are meditating, he has already, saying "by your leave, sir," gently felt of your forehead and gazed upon the palm of your hand. "Heaven blesses you, sir, you have a good constellation," he says, in the same hollow and dismal tone as before, and hurries farther on. This singular man could have been no one else than master Dapsul von Zabelthau, whose only inheritance is the little village of Dapsulheim which lies smiling before you, and into which you a moment after enter. You would like to breakfast, but the inn looks unpromising. All the provisions have been used on occasion of consecrating the church, and as you cannot content yourself with milk alone, they point out to you the house of the Master, where the gracious Lady Anna will hospitably set before you whatever she may have. You do not hesitate to go there. Of this manor-house there is nothing more to be said than that it actually has windows and doors, as did the castle of the Lord Baron von Tondertonktonk in Westphalia in days of old, and that over the door of entrance appear the arms of the family of Zabelthau cut in wood.

The house, however, has a singular appearance, because the north side leans upon the surrounding wall of an old ruined castle, so that the back door is the old castle door, by which one enters directly into the court of the castle, in the middle of which the high round watch-tower still stands entire. Out of the house door with the family arms there steps to meet you a young, rosy-cheeked maiden, who with her clear, blue eyes and blond hair may be called very pretty, and whose figure is but a very little too round and solid. Kindness itself, she forces you into the house, and as soon as she perceives your wants she puts before you excellent milk, good bread and butter, afterwards thin slices of ham, which seem to you to have been prepared in Bayonne, and a glass of excellent brandy.

The maiden, — who is no other than the Lady Anna von Zabelthau, — now speaks to you in a lively and pleasant manner of matters relating to husbandry, and displays no small knowledge in them. Suddenly there comes the sound, as from the air, of a strong, frightful voice, "Anna, Anna,

Anna." You are alarmed, but the Lady Anna says very gently,

"Papa has returned from his walk, and is calling from his study for his breakfast."

"Calling from his study?" you ask, in astonishment.

"Yes," answers the Lady Anna, or the little Lady Anna, as people call her, "Papa's study is up there in the tower, and he calls through the tube."

And then you see, dear reader, how little Anna opens the narrow door of the tower, and springs up with the same breakfast *à la fourchette* that you have been enjoying, even with a goodly portion of ham and bread, and the ruby red brandy withal. But she has quickly returned to you, and leading you through the pretty kitchen garden, speaks to you so much of speckled plumage, rhapsodicum, English turnips, little green-heads, Montrue, great Mogul, yellow Princes-head, &c., that you fall into great astonishment, if you are not aware that by all these great names nothing is meant but kail and salad.

I think, beloved reader, that the short visit which you have made in Dapsulheim, will be sufficient to make you acquainted with the family about which I am to tell you some singular and almost incredible things. Master Dapsul von Zabelthau in his youth seldom left the castle of his fathers, who possessed considerable wealth. His tutor, who was a mystical old man, after having instructed him in foreign languages, particularly those of the east, encouraged in him his tendency to mysticism, or more properly speaking, to mysterious jugglery. The tutor died, and bequeathed to the young Dapsul a whole library of secret arts, in which he plunged himself. His parents also died, and young Dapsul travelled into distant countries, and following the instructions of his tutor, visited Egypt and the Indies. When, after many years' absence, he came back, he found a cousin had managed his property with so much zeal that nothing remained to himself but the little village of Dapsulheim.

Master Dapsul strove, however, too ardently after the sun-born gold of a higher world, to place much value upon anything terrestrial. He thanked his cousin with great emotion that he had retained for him his dear Dapsulheim, with its fine, high watch-tower, which appeared to have been built for astrological operations, and in the highest height of which Master Dapsul von Zabelthau caused his study to be arranged. The careful cousin now signified that Master Dapsul must marry. Dapsul saw the necessity, and immediately married the lady chosen for him by his cousin. The lady left the house as quickly as she had entered it. She died after she had borne a daughter.

The cousin arranged the wedding, the baptism, and the burial, so that Dapsul, in his tower, took but little notice of these events. At that precise time a remarkable comet appeared in the heavens, in whose constellation the melancholy Dapsul, who was ever presaging evil, saw nothing but misfortune. His little daughter developed under the care of a great aunt, and to her entire satisfaction, a decided taste for husbandry. Lady Anna served in all capacities, as goose girl, maid, great maid, house maid, up to house-keeper, so that the theory was explained and strengthened by a thorough practice. She loved geese and ducks, hens and doves, cows and sheep most tenderly; even the kind care of the well-formed little pig was not altogether a matter of indifference to her, though she did not, like a certain country lady, adorn a little white pig with ribbons and bells, and caress it for a pet.

She prized above everything, far above the orchard, her kitchen garden. From the rural learning of her great aunt had the Lady Anna, — as the reader may have discovered from her conversation, — acquired very deep theoretical knowledge respecting the cultivation of vegetables. In digging the earth, sowing the seed, setting the plants, the Lady Anna did not take on herself the whole labor, though she rendered active assistance; she handled her spade well, — that the most spiteful envy must allow. Thus, while Master Dapsul von Zabelthau was buried in his astrological observations and other mystical matters, Lady Anna, after the death of her old grand aunt, managed the household in the best manner; so that while Dapsul considered the celestial, Anna with skill and care looked after the terrestrial affairs.

I have remarked above, that it was no wonder if little Anna was almost out of her senses for joy at the flourishing state of her kitchen garden in this year of plenty. In the rich enclosure of the watch-tower one bed of carrots exceeded all others in abundance, and promised an uncommon harvest.

"Oh, my lovely, dear carrots!" cried the little Lady Anna over and over again, while she clapped her hands and sprang and danced about in ecstasy. It seemed as if the very carrots in the earth joined in Anna's pleasure, for the low laughter that was perceptible certainly arose from the ground. Anna took but little heed of it, but ran to meet the servant, who, holding up a letter, cried out,

"To you, little Lady Anna; Gottlieb has just brought it from the city."

Anna knew from the direction that the letter was from no one else but the young Master Amandus of Nebelstern, the only son of a neighboring landholder, who was at the University. Amandus had made up

his mind, while he had been living at his father's in the village, and making his daily visits to Dapsulheim, that in his whole life he could never love anybody so well as little Lady Anna. The little Lady Anna was perfectly satisfied that it would be altogether impossible for her ever to show any kindness to any other than the brown-haired Amandus. Little Anna and Amandus had therefore agreed that they would at some future time marry and become the happiest wedded pair in the whole broad world. Amandus had been heretofore a merry, simple youth; but at the University he had fallen into the hands of—God knows who, who gave him the idea that he had a monstrous genius for poetry. This suited him so well that in a short time he had gone far beyond everything which tame prosers call understanding and reason, both of which they erroneously maintain may remain joined to the most active fancy. The letter from the young Amandus von Nebelstern was joyfully opened by the Lady Anna, who read thus:

"Heavenly maiden!

"Dost thou see, dost thou feel, dost thou think of thine Amandus, as he lies on his back on the grass, while the odor of flowers and the breath of orange-blossoms floats about him in the evening breeze,—while he looks up with eyes of pious love and anxious devotion? Thyme and lavender, roses and pinks, the yellow-eyed Narcissus, and the modest violet, he weaves into a garland; and the flowers are thoughts of love, thoughts of thee. Oh, Anna!—But insipid prose befits not lips which would speak of love. Listen, oh, listen, how in sonnets I love, and in them only can tell my passion!

Love like a thousand thirsty suns appears,  
Joy follows joy in the too-willing heart; [start,  
Down from dark-heaven the stars in radiance  
And deep lie mirrored in Love's wells of tears.  
To charm, to seize those rich, undying joys,  
The bitter seed the sweetest fruit provides,  
Anxiety in violet distance hides,  
In Love's deep grief my being finds her voice.  
Into the waves of fire the brand is thrown,  
The sturdy swimmer strives against the flood,  
Strives 'gainst the rushing fall—but over-shoots!  
The Hyacinth upon the bank has blown,  
The true heart springs up, covers it with blood,  
With true heart's blood, most excellent of roots!

Oh, Anna! when you read this sonnet of sonnets, may all the heavenly joys pour in upon you which filled my soul as I wrote it, and afterwards read it over with a divine enthusiasm. Think, oh, think, sweetest maiden, on thy faithful, highly transported

"AMANDUS VON NEBELSTERN.

P. S. Do not forget, divine maiden, when you reply to my letter, to enclose with it a pound of Virginia tobacco, of your own raising. It burns well, and tastes better

than the Porto Rico, which the students here smoke when they meet together."

Little Lady Anna pressed the letter to her lips, and said, "Ah, how dear! how lovely! and the sweet verses, which rhyme so prettily,—oh, if I were only wise enough to understand them all; but none but a student can do that. What that part about the roots means, I am sure I do not know, unless he refers to the long, red English carrots, or to the end of the Rhapsodicum,—dear man."

The same day little Lady Anna employed herself in packing the tobacco; and she also handed the school-master twelve of her best goose-quills, that he might cut them skilfully into pens for her. Anna would set down this very day to begin an answer to the delightful letter. As she ran from the kitchen garden, it smiled brightly upon her; and if Anna had only been attentive she might have heard delicate little voices crying out, "Pull me out, pull me out, I am ripe, ripe, ripe." But, as I remarked, she paid no heed to them.

## CHAPTER SECOND;

Which contains the first wonderful occurrence, and other matters worthy of being read, without which the promised story cannot be understood.

Master Dapsul von Zabelthau generally descended from his astronomical tower at noon, to partake a frugal meal with his daughter, which lasted but a short time, and which generally passed in silence, for Dapsul did not much love conversation. Anna did not usually trouble him with many words, for she well knew that when papa actually entered into conversation, he always brought forward some singular, unintelligible subject, which turned her head. But to-day her whole soul was so exalted by the flourishing state of the kitchen garden, and the letter from her beloved Amandus, that she talked of both without cessation. At last Master Dapsul von Zabelthau dropped his knife and fork, held both ears, and cried out,

"Oh, what empty, wild, confused gabble!" But perceiving that little Anna looked alarmed and ceased speaking, he said, in the usual dismal tone peculiar to himself, "As to what regards the vegetables, my dear daughter, I have been aware, for some time, that the conjunction of the stars, this year, is peculiarly favorable to such growth; and the terrestrial man will enjoy kail, and radishes, and the heads of salad, that his material part may increase and enable him to contain the fire of the spirit of the world, like a well-hardened pot. The gnomish principle will withstand

the contending salamander, and I shall rejoice to feed upon parsnips, which you know how to prepare in a most excellent manner. With regard to the young master Amandus von Nebelstern, I have not the least objection to your marrying him as soon as he returns from the University. Send me word by Gottlieb when you are about to be betrothed to your bridegroom, that I may accompany you to church."

Master Dapsul was silent for a few moments, and then, without looking at Anna, whose cheeks glowed over and over with pleasure, he continued his speech, smiling and striking his glass with his fork,—he always united the two actions, but neither were often performed.

"Your Amandus is one who shall and will be,—I mean a future participle,—and I will inform you, my dear Anna, that I already, long ago, drew the horoscope of this participle, and the constellations are not unfavorably disposed. He has Jupiter in the ascendant, facing Venus, only the course of Sirius cuts directly through, and exactly at the point of separation arises a great danger, from which he saves his bride. The danger itself is groundless, because a heterogeneous being comes between, who appears to enter in spite of all astrological science. It is certain that only the peculiar concurrence of circumstance, which men are accustomed to call folly and villany, make the preservation of Amandus possible. Oh, my daughter!" (here Dapsul fell again into his usual disinal tone.) "oh, my daughter! may no secret power, now hidden from my prophetic eyes, suddenly step in the way, and make it necessary for Master Amandus von Nebelstern to save you from any danger but that of dying an old maid."

Master Dapsul sighed several times in succession, and then continued, "But suddenly after this danger the course of Sirius is broken, and Venus and Jupiter, formerly divided, become again reconciled."

Master Dapsul von Zabelthau had not for many years talked so much as he had done on that day. He arose, entirely exhausted, and again ascended to his tower.

Little Anna had her answer to the Master von Nebelstern all ready early the next morning. It ran thus:

"My dearly beloved Amandus:

"You cannot believe what joy your letter gave me. I have told papa about it, and he has promised me to accompany us to church at our betrothal. Ah! if I could only understand your darling verses, which rhyme so prettily! When I read them aloud to myself they jingle so wonderfully I think that I understand them all, but then in a moment they are dispersed and gone, and it seems as if I had been reading words

which had no connection. The school-master thinks it may be so, and that it is some new, beautiful language; but I,—ah! simple, stupid thing that I am! Write me, however, whether I perhaps may not become a student at some future time, without neglecting my household affairs? That would never do. When we are man and wife, I will do my best in learning of you, and acquiring this new and beautiful language.

"I send you the Virginia tobacco, my dear Amandus. I have stuffed my handbox quite full,—as much as it would hold,—and in the meantime I have put my new straw hat upon Charles the Great, who stands in the best parlor, though without feet, for he is, as you know, only a bust. Do not laugh at me, little Amandus. I have also been making verses, and they rhyme very well. Write me how it happens that one knows so well how to rhyme without being learned. Just read, now:

I love thee, distant though thou art,  
And gladly soon would be thy wife,—  
The sky is blue in every part,  
And evening heavens with stars are rife.

Then never cease to love, dear friend,  
Nor vex me, or my will dispute.—  
The Virginia tobacco I herewith send,  
And hope its taste and smell will suit.

Accept these, with good will; when I understand the new language, I shall do much better. The golden stone head is this year uncommonly fine, and the Sevy beans are glorious. But my dog, the little Feldman, yesterday bit the great gander badly in the leg. Now, there can nothing be perfect in this world. A hundred kisses in thought, dearest Amandus.

"Thy most faithful bride,

"ANNA VON ZABELTHAU.

"P. S. I have written in great haste, on which account the letters here and there are somewhat crooked.

"P. S. You must not think the worse of me for it; I am, even if I write crooked, straight in heart, and always your true Anna.

"P. S. the thousandth, what I had forgotten, is a thing hard to remember. Papa salutes you, and says you are one who shall and will be, and that you will save me from a serious danger. I rejoice greatly at this, and am now and ever your most loving, most faithful ANNA VON ZABELTHAU."

A great burden was taken from little Anna when she had finished this letter, the writing of which had been not a little difficult for her to accomplish. Her heart was light and happy when she had enclosed it, and sealed it without burning the paper or her own fingers; and the letter and band-

box of tobacco on which she had pencilled a tolerably distinct "M. von N.", was given into the hands of Gottlieb, both to be carried into the city, to go by the post.

After having taken proper care of the poultry in the yard, Lady Anna hastened to her favorite kitchen garden. When she reached the carrot bed, she thought that the time had certainly come when the epicures in the city must be cared for, and the first carrots pulled up. The maid was called to lend her assistance. Lady Anna stepped carefully into the middle of the field and took hold of a noble top, but as she drew it from the ground she perceived a singular sound. Do not think of the mandrake root, and of the dreadful whine and cry which, when it is pulled from the ground, pierces the human heart. No, the sound which appeared to come from the earth resembled a small, pleasant laugh. Lady Anna took her hand from the green top of the carrot in some alarm. "Ha, who is laughing at me?" but hearing nothing farther, she again took in her hand the plant which seemed to stand up more gloriously than any of the others, and pulled out boldly, — not heeding the laughter which she again heard, — the finest and most delicate carrot in the world. But as the Lady Anna was gazing upon the carrot, she cried aloud in joyful surprise, so that the maid sprang toward her, and also cried out as well as the Lady Anna at the beautiful miracle which they saw. Closely encircling the carrot was a splendid gold ring containing a topaz sparkling like fire.

"Ha, ha!" said the maid, that is intended for you; that is your wedding ring, — you must try it on."

"What are you talking about, you stupid thing," answered Lady Anna, "the ring of betrothal I must receive from Master Amandus of Nebelstern, and not from a carrot."

The longer the Lady Anna gazed at the ring, the more it pleased her. It was, in fact, wrought in such a delicate manner that it seemed to exceed everything which human art had ever produced. On the circle of the ring were hundreds of the most minute little figures, thrown into various groups, which the eye at the first glance could scarcely distinguish, but which, when one looked longer and more closely, were perceived to be in order, and seemed to become animated and to dance about in graceful circles. The brilliancy of the stone was of such an entirely peculiar kind that even in the grand shops at Dresden there is hardly such a one to be found.

"Who knows," said the maid, "how long the beautiful ring may have lain in the ground, until it was raised with the spade, so that the carrot could grow into it."

Lady Anna now drew the ring from the carrot, and singular enough it was that the carrot immediately slipped through her fingers and vanished in the ground. But neither Anna nor the maid heeded this much, they were so deeply engaged in examining the splendid ring, which Anna without farther delay put upon the little finger of her right hand. As she did this, she felt from the bottom to the tip of her finger a sharp, prickling pain, which, however, ceased the moment after she felt it.

She naturally related, at noon, to Master Dapsul her singular adventure with the carrot, and showed him the splendid ring which had been found upon the root. She wished to take the ring from her finger that her father might examine it more nearly; but she felt a prickling pain, like what she experienced when she put on the ring; and this pain lasted as long as she made an effort to remove it, until it became so insupportable that she was forced to leave off her attempts. Master Dapsul looked at the ring on Anna's finger with the most minute attention, — made her, with her outstretched finger, describe circles in every direction; he then sunk into a deep meditation, and, without saying a single word farther, ascended his tower. Lady Anna observed that her father, as he went up the stairs, sighed and groaned deeply.

The next morning, when the Lady Anna was driving the old cock, who was behaving in a disorderly manner, and quarrelling with the doves, out of the yard, Master Dapsul whined down from his tower, through the speaking tube, in such a dismal manner, that Anna called up through her hand,

"Why do you moan so dreadfully, my best papa? the poultry are frightened to death."

Master Dapsul called down through the tube, "Anna, my daughter Anna, come up to me."

Lady Anna was greatly astonished at this order, for her father seldom asked her to visit him in the tower, the door of which was carefully kept shut. She was apt to feel a certain degree of anxiety as she mounted the narrow winding stairs, and opened the heavy door which led into the only room in the tower. Master Dapsul was seated in a great arm-chair of a singular form, surrounded by wonderful instruments and dusty books; before him stood a trestle on which was a paper stretched out in a frame, upon which various lines were drawn. He had a high, pointed gray cap on his head, wore a broad mantle of gray calimanco, and had a long, white beard upon his chin, so that he bore a wonderful resemblance to a sorcerer. The false beard disguised him so much that Lady Anna hardly knew her father, and she looked

about to see if he were not hidden in some corner of the room. When she had made sure that the man with the beard was actually her little papa, Anna laughed heartily, and asked whether Christmas had come already, and whether papa was playing Knight Rupert.

Without heeding Anna's question, Master Dapsul von Zabelthau took a little iron in his hand and stroked Anna's forehead with it, and moved it several times over her right arm from the shoulder to the tip of her little finger. He then made her sit in the arm-chair, which Master Dapsul had left, and place her little finger, with the ring upon it, on the paper which was stretched out in the frame, so that the topaz formed the central point in which all the lines united. Immediately there shone all around from the jewel, yellow rays, which colored the paper a deep yellow. The lines now sparkled up and down, and it seemed as if little men sprung up gaily out of the circle of the ring, and moved over the whole paper. Master Dapsul, without turning his eyes from the paper, had meantime taken a thin plate of metal, held it with both hands high in the air, and wished to press it down upon the paper, but in that very moment, he slipped upon the smooth stone floor, and fell violently down backward, while the metal plate, which instinctively he had dropped, if possible to break his fall and save his bones, fell jingling on the floor. Anna awoke with a gentle "Ah!" out of the singular dreamy state into which she had sunk. Master Dapsul slowly got up, put on again his gray, sugar-loaf hat, which had fallen off, put his false beard in order, and seated himself on some folios, which were piled one on another, opposite Lady Anna.

"My daughter," said he, "my daughter Anna, how stood your courage, what did you think, what did you feel, what forms did you see with the eyes of your inward spirit?"

"Ah," answered Anna, "I was in as good heart as I ever was, for I was thinking of Master Amandus von Nebelstern. I saw him directly before my eyes, but he looked more comely than ever, and was smoking a pipe of the Virginia tobacco which I sent him, of which he is uncommonly fond. Then there came suddenly over me a great appetite for carrots and little sausages, and I was entirely transported as the plate stood before me, — and I awoke with a sudden, painful stroke, as it were out of a dream."

"Amandus von Nebelstern — Virginia tobacco — carrots — sausages." Thus spoke Master Dapsul, in deep thought, and made signs to his daughter, who was about to go away, to remain.

"Happiest, most simple of children," he

then began, in a yet more dismal tone than he generally used, "you are not versed in the deep mysteries of the universe, and do not know the dangers which threaten you. You know nothing of the celestial science of the holy Cabala. To be sure you cannot therefore share the heavenly pleasure of the philosopher, who having reached the highest step, needs neither to eat nor drink, nor desires anything but the satisfaction with which nothing human can compare. But you are also spared the anxiety to mount that step, which your unhappy father feels, who yet retains desires all too earthly, and who, ardently as he strives, only attains to fear and horror, and who always, from mere earthly necessity, must eat and drink and be a man. Learn, my lovely child, blessed as you are with ignorance, that the deep earth, the air, the water, fire are filled with spiritual beings of higher, but yet more restricted nature than ours. It is not necessary, my dummy, to explain to you the particular nature of gnomes, salamanders, sylphs, and undines, — you would not comprehend it. It is sufficient to point out to you the danger which perhaps hovers over you; — to tell you that these spirits aspire to a union with the human race, and that they know men in the regular course of events fear such a union, therefore the said spirits make use of all kinds of artful means to entice the human beings to whom they take a fancy. Sometimes is it a branch, a flower, a glass of water, a flint, or something to appearance entirely insignificant, which they make use of to accomplish their ends. To be sure, such unions have sometimes turned out well, as in the case of one of the two priests, of whom the Prince of Miranda relates, that he lived in the most happy marriage with such a spirit for forty years. And it is farther true that the greatest sages have sprung from such a union of a human being with elementary spirits. Thus, the great Zoroaster was a son of the salamander Oromasis, and the great Apollonius, the wise Merlin, the brave Count of Cleves, the renowned Cabalist Bensyra, were all the glorious fruit of such marriages; and the fair Melusina was, according to the declaration of Paracelsus, nothing less than a sylphide.

"Nevertheless, the danger of such an union is but too great; for, though the elementary spirits desire that the being on whom they bestow their favors should shine in the light of the most profound wisdom, yet they are extremely sensitive, and revenge every injury very severely. Thus, it once happened that a sylphide, who was united to a philosopher, when he was once conversing with some friends, and speaking of a beautiful woman, became perhaps too much excited upon the subject, immediately

displayed in the air her well-formed, snow-white foot to convince the friends of her beauty, and then killed the poor philosopher on the spot. Yet, alas! why need I speak of others, — why do I not speak of myself? I know that for the space of twelve years I have been beloved by a sylphide, but she is so modest and timid, and the thoughts of the danger of attempting to secure her by cabalistical methods so alarms me, — so many earthly wants still hang about me, that the necessary wisdom is wanting. Every morning I begin by fasting, and do very well without breakfast; but when noon comes, — oh, Anna, my daughter Anna, you are aware of it, — I eat terribly!"

These last words were spoken by Master Dapsul with a dismal tone amounting almost to a howl, while bitter tears poured down over his meagre cheeks. He then continued in a somewhat calmer tone,

"Yet I demean myself toward my elementary spirit in the most delicate manner; I show her the most refined gallantry. Never do I venture to smoke a pipe of tobacco except after the most exact cabalistical rules; for I do not know whether my delicate spirit of the air is fond of it, and whether she may not be displeased at the union of her elements, or the species of the herb. I also always endeavor, if I cut me a hazel staff, or pluck a flower, or eat fruit, or strike a fire, to use all my skill not to injure any elementary spirit; and yet, do you see this nutshell on which I slipped, and stumbling backwards, ruined my whole experiment, which would have disclosed to me the secret of the ring? I do not remember ever in this apartment, dedicated only to science, (you now know why I always breakfast upon the stairs,) to have eaten a nut; and this makes it the more clear that a little gnome must have been hidden in this shell, perhaps to enjoy my hospitality and see my experiments, for elementary spirits love human sciences, particularly those which the uninitiated people, who are only simple and foolish, think exceed the power of the human mind, and therefore call dangerous. Thus are they present in crowds at the divine operations of magnetism. Particularly the gnomes, who can never cease from their tricks; and these will cheat the magnetiser, who has not yet reached the highest step of wisdom which I just described, and to whom earthly desires cling too much, — the gnome will substitute a mere child of earth for the sylphide which the sage fancies himself about to embrace. So when I trod on the head of the little student, he became angry and threw me down. But the gnome had deep reasons for preventing me from deciphering the secrets of the ring. Anna, my daughter Anna, understand, I have dis-

covered that a gnome has shown favor to you; to judge from the making of the ring, he must be rich, distinguished, and therefore particularly well formed.

"But my dear Anna," continued Master Dapsul, "my heartily beloved little dummy, how can it be that you can enter into such an union without danger of the most dreadful consequences? If you had read Cassiodorus Remus you might, to be sure, maintain to me that according to well-grounded reports the celebrated Magdalena de la Croix, Abbess of a cloister at Cordova in Spain, lived thirty years in happy marriage with a little gnome; that a similar one took place between a sylph and the young Gertrude, who was a nun in the cloister of Nazareth, near Cologne. But think, my child, on the literary occupations of these intellectual ladies, and on your employments. What a difference! instead of reading in fairly written books, you are feeding hens, ducks, and geese, and other cabalist-molesting animals; instead of looking up to the heavens to observe the motions of the stars, you are digging in the ground; instead of following the traces of the future in skilfully made horoscopic drawings, you are churning milk into butter, and making sour kroust for common winter use, — which is however a species of food which I should be sorry to do without. Say, will all this please an elementary spirit, in the long run? For, oh, Anna! by you, Dapsulheim flourishes, and this earthly calling may and will never leave your spirit. Still you feel a pleasure in the ring, even when it gives you pain. For your good I wished by this operation to break the power of the ring, to free you from the gnome who has placed it upon you; it failed through the malice of the little student in the nutshell, — and yet I feel a courage such as I never felt, to contend with the elementary spirit. You are my child, borne me, to be sure, not by a sylphide, a salamander, or an elementary spirit, but a poor country maiden of an excellent family, whom the God-forgotten neighbors mocked with the name of 'goat girl,' on account of her rural tastes, which led her every day to drive herself a small flock of goats to the green mountains, to whom I, then a love-smitten fool would from my tower play on my pipe to amuse her. Yet still you are my child, my own blood. I will save you, — this mystical file shall free you from the fatal ring."

Master Dapsul von Zabelthau then took a little file in his hand, and began to work upon the ring. Scarcely had he however drawn the file up and down once, when little Anna screamed out with pain,

"Papa, papa, you are filing my finger off," and as she spoke actually a drop of dark blood fell from under the ring. Master



Dapsul let the file drop from his hand, sunk half fainting into the arm-chair, and cried out in despair,

"Oh—oh—oh, it is all over with me! Perhaps this very hour the offended gnome will come and take my life, if the sylphide does not protect me. Oh, Anna, go! fly!"

Lady Anna, who had long since wished herself afar off, while her father was addressing her in this wonderful manner, sprung away as swift as the wind.

### CHAPTER THIRD.

The entrance of a remarkable man into Dapsulheim is set forth and related, and what happened farther thereupon.

Master Dapsul von Zabelthau had embraced his daughter with many tears, and was about to ascend to his tower, where he expected every moment the threatened visit of the angry gnome, when the clear, joyous sound of a horn was heard, and a little cavalier of a very singular and odd appearance sprung into the court. His yellow horse was not large, but of a slight, delicate appearance, on which account the little knight, in spite of his thick, misshapen head, did not have so much of a dwarf-like look, but rose sufficiently high over the head of the horse. This was, however, to be ascribed to his long body, for what hung down over the saddle as leg and foot, was so small, that it could hardly be reckoned. The little man wore a very distinguished coat of gold-colored satin, a high cap of the same color, with a fine bunch of green feathers, and riding boots of highly polished mahogany. With a piercing "P-r-r-r-r-r!" the cavalier drew up before the Master of Zabelthau. He seemed to wish to dismount, but suddenly he disappeared under the horse, turned himself on the other side, twice, three times in succession, twelve yards up in the air, at every yard's height he turned himself six times, till he came down on the pommel of the saddle standing on his head. He then galloped about, while his little feet played Trochees, Pyrrhics, Dactyles, &c., in the air, forwards, backwards, sideways, in all kinds of wonderful turnings and bendings. When at last the elegant gymnastic and equestrian stood still, and politely bowed, the following words were discovered on the ground of the court, "Hail to the highly honored Master Dapsul von Zabelthau, and the lady his daughter." His evolutions had produced these words in beautiful ancient Black letter upon the ground. He then sprung from his horse, turned three summersets, and said, that he was employed to present to Master Dapsul von Zabelthau the most polite compliments

from his gracious master, the Lord Baron Porphyrio von Ockerodastes, surnamed Cordova-top, and if it were not disagreeable to Master Dapsul von Zabelthau the Lord Baron would visit him in a social manner for a few days, as he hoped to become his near neighbor for the future.

Master Dapsul von Zabelthau seemed more like a dead than a living man, so pale and stiff did he stand leaning upon his daughter. Scarcely had the words "Will be—be very happy," escaped slowly from his lips, than the little cavalier suddenly departed, with the same ceremonies with which he had made his appearance.

"Ah, my daughter," cried Master Dapsul, moaning and sighing, "my poor, unhappy daughter! it is but too certain that it is the gnome who has come to take you away and wring my neck. Yet will we exert all our courage to the last; perhaps it is possible to reconcile the angry elementary spirit;—we must receive him as politely as we can. In the meantime I will read you, my dear child, some chapters out of Lactantius, or Thomas Aquinas, upon the manner of communicating with elementary spirits, in order that you may not commit any fatal mistake."

Before, however, Master Dapsul von Zabelthau could take advantage of Lactantius, Thomas Aquinas, or any other elementary writer, a sound of music near at hand was heard, which resembled that which echoes in the ears of children on dear Christmas eve. A splendid, long procession came up the street. First, rode sixty or seventy little cavaliers on small yellow horses, all dressed, like the ambassador, in yellow coats, pointed caps, and boots of polished mahogany. They were followed by a coach of the purest crystal, drawn by eight yellow horses, after which came about forty coaches of less splendor, drawn, some of them by six, others by four horses. Then a multitude of pages, couriers, and other servants, in brilliant dresses, ran up and down; so that the whole formed a spectacle as beautiful as it was remarkable. Master Dapsul von Zabelthau remained sunk in deep astonishment. Lady Anna, who had never imagined that there were in existence any such little, pretty things as these people and horses, was lost in surprise, and forgot everything, even to shut her mouth, which she had stretched wide open in uttering a cry of joyful amazement.

The carriage with eight horses drew up before Master Dapsul von Zabelthau. The riders sprung from their horses,—pages and servants hastened to the spot, the carriage steps were thrown down, and he who was helped out of the coach was no other than the Lord Baron Porphyrio von Ockerodastes, surnamed Cordova-top. As regards his figure, the Lord Baron was far from com-



paring with the Apollo Belvidere, or even the dying Gladiator, for beside his not measuring more than three feet in height, a full third part of this little body consisted of the head, which was manifestly too large. To this a long curved nose, and a pair of great, round, projecting eyes formed no unfit ornament. As the body was somewhat long, there remained not more than four inches from the knee. But this space was well employed, for the lower part of his person was of itself exceedingly well formed, and he had the prettiest little feet that were ever seen. They seemed, to be sure, too weak to support the great head, for the Baron had a staggering gait, frequently stumbled, but came again upon his feet, like a little, tumbling wooden toy, so that these stumbles appeared like the evolutions of a dance. The Baron wore a close fitting coat of shining gold stuff, and a cap that nearly resembled a crown, with a monstrous bunch of grass green feathers. When the Baron reached the ground, he approached Master Dapsul von Zabelthau, took both his hands, swung himself up to his neck, hung upon it, and cried out with a voice which sounded much louder than might have been expected from his stature,

"Oh, my Dapsul von Zabelthau! my dearest, best beloved father!"

The Baron then quickly and adroitly swung himself down from the Master von Zabelthau, sprang or threw himself upon Lady Anna, took her hand on which was the ring, covered it with loud kisses, and called out in a more alarming tone than before,

"Oh, my most dearly beloved Lady Anna von Zabelthau, my dearest bride!"

Thereupon the Baron clapped his hands, and immediately the screaming, noisy music began, and more than a hundred little men, descending from the horses and coaches, danced as the courier had done before, sometimes on their heads, and then on their feet, in the most beautiful spondees, iambs, pyrrhics, anapests, tribrachs, bacchii, antibacchii, choriambes, and dactyles, so that it was a pleasure to see them. While this pastime was going on, the Lady Anna recovered from the great fear into which she had been thrown by the address of the Baron, and fell into some well-grounded economical meditations. How, thought she, will it be possible to find room for these little people in our small house? If the necessity would excuse me for lodging the attendants in the great granary, would there then be room? And what can I do with the nobility, who came in the coaches, and who are undoubtedly accustomed to sleep in fine chambers and soft beds? "If I were unmerciful enough to take the two plough-horses out of the stall, and turn the old

lame fox-hunter out to grass, would there then be room enough for all these little beasts of horses that the ugly Baron has brought with him? And what is to be done with the forty-and-one coaches?" But now comes the worst: "In the name of heaven, if I were to collect the whole year's stores it would not be sufficient to satisfy all these little creatures for two days." This last idea was indeed the worst. Lady Anna saw everything consumed, — all the young vegetables, the sheep, the poultry, the salted meat, yes, even to the ruby colored brandy, — and the tears filled her eyes.

It seemed to her that the Baron Cordovato gave her a very bold and impudent look, and this emboldened her, while his people were engaged in one of their best dances, to explain to him in a few words, that agreeable as his visit might be to her father, a stay in Dapsulheim of more than two hours was not to be thought of, as room was entirely wanting for the suitable entertainment of such a rich and distinguished gentleman and his numerous attendants. The little Cordovato, however, immediately assumed a countenance as sweet and tender as a cake of gingerbread, and assured the Lady Anna, while he pressed her rough and not too white hand to his lips, that he was very far from intending to put the dear papa and his lovely daughter to the slightest inconvenience; he carried everything with him which kitchen and cellar could afford; and as for a dwelling, he desired nothing but a piece of land and the free heaven over it, that his people might erect for him his usual travelling palace, which would accommodate himself, all his attendants, and the cattle belonging to them.

The Lady Anna was so much pleased at these words of the Baron Porphyrio von Ockerodastes, that to show him she did not grudge her delicacies, she was about to offer him some fritters which she had been lately making, and a glass of the ruby colored spirits, unless he preferred the double bitters, which the maid had brought from the city and recommended as strengthening to the stomach. But at that moment Cordovato added that he had chosen, for the spot on which to erect his palace, the vegetable garden, and Anna's pleasure was all gone!

But while the attendants, to celebrate the arrival of their master at Dapsulheim, continued their Olympian games, and performed all sorts of feats, tumbling over each other, representing nine-pins, balls, players, &c., the little Baron Porphyrio von Ockerodastes had entered into a conversation with Master Dapsul von Zabelthau, which appeared to become more and more interesting, till they joined hands and ascended together to the astronomical tower.

Full of anxiety and terror, little Lady

Anna now ran hastily to the kitchen garden to discover if it were yet possible to save anything. Her head maid was already standing in the field, and gazed around her with open mouth, and motionless as if, like Lot's wife, she had been changed to a pillar of salt. Lady Anna stood near her, petrified in the same manner; at last they both shrieked out, so that the air resounded to a great distance with their cries,

"Oh, my Lord Gemini! what a misfortune is here!"

They found the whole beautiful kitchen garden changed into a wilderness. No green herb nor shrub was there, — it appeared like an empty waste field.

"No!" cried the enraged maid servant, "it can be the work of no one but those cursed little creatures who have just come; they came in coaches, and pretended to be decent people; — ha, ha! they are cobolds, believe me, Lady Anna, nothing but unchristian sorcerers, and if I had only a piece of the wood of the true cross in my hand, you should soon see its power. Let them only come, the little beasts, and I will be the death of them with my spade," and saying this, she brandished her fearful weapon in the air, while Lady Anna wept aloud.

Meantime four of the gentlemen from Cordovatop's suite approached, of such a pleasing and delicate appearance, and made such polite salutations, and looked so striking, that the maid-servant, instead of knocking them down, as she had intended, slowly permitted her spade to fall, and Lady Anna restrained her tears.

The gentlemen announced themselves as the most intimate friends of the Lord Baron Ockerodastes, surnamed Cordovatop. They were, as their somewhat symbolical apparel indicated, of four different nations, and were called: Pan Kapustowicz, from Poland; Lord Horseradish, from Pomerania; Signor di Brocoli, from Italy; and Monsieur Roccambola, from France. They declared, in very fine sounding speeches, that the builders would soon come, and would prepare a sublime pleasure for the fairest of ladies, by erecting with the greatest haste possible a beautiful palace of fine silk.

"And what good will a silken palace do me?" cried little Lady Anna, weeping aloud in the deepest grief, "and what is your Baron Cordovatop to me in comparison with all my fine vegetables? You are wicked people, and all my pleasure is gone."

The polite gentlemen comforted Lady Anna, and assured her that the ruin of the kitchen garden was no fault of theirs, and that, on the contrary, this should soon grow and flourish again, better than Lady Anna had ever seen it, or than one had ever been seen in the whole world.

The little builders actually came, and now

began such a mad, wild running and tumbling about the field, that Lady Anna, as well as the maid, in great terror ran till they reached the corner of a grove, where they stopped, intending to see in what it would all end.

While they did not in the smallest degree understand how the thing was brought about, they saw formed before their eyes, in a few minutes, a high, splendid pavilion, made of gold-colored stuff, ornamented with variegated garlands and plumes. It was so large that it took in all the space of the great kitchen garden, and the cords of the tent stretched over the village into the neighboring forest, and were there fastened to strong trees.

Scarcely was the pavilion finished, when the Baron Porphyrio von Ockerodastes, with Master Dapsul von Zabelthau, descended from the astronomical tower. After several embraces, the Baron entered his eight-span carriage and departed with his followers in the same order in which he came, and entered his silken palace, which closed behind the last man.

Never had the little Lady Anna seen her father in the condition in which he now appeared. The very slightest trace of the grief with which he had been until now always afflicted, was banished from his countenance; it almost seemed as if he smiled, and his expression had in it something so like glorification, that it appeared to indicate that some altogether unexpected good fortune had fallen upon him. Silently Master Dapsul von Zabelthau took the hand of little Lady Anna, led her into the house, embraced her three times in succession, and then at last exclaimed,

"Happy Anna! superlatively happy child! still more happy father! Oh, daughter! all care, all grief, all heart-ache is now over. A lot has fallen to you, such as mortal never won so easily. Learn that this Baron Porphyrio von Ockerodastes, surnamed Cordovatop, is not an unfriendly gnome, but he springs from one of those elementary spirits to whom it has been given to purify their higher natures by the lessons of the Salamander Oromasis. Out of the purified element of fire arose the love of the mortal to whom he united himself, and he became the ancestor of the most illustrious family whose name ever graced a parchment.

"I believe I told you, my dear daughter Anna, that the scholar of the great Salamander Oromasis, the noble Gnome Tsilemenech, — a Chaldean name, which, in plain German, means the same as Graits, — became enamored of the celebrated Magdalena de la Croix, the Abbess of a Cloister of Cordova, in Spain, and lived with her in happy marriage for thirty years. The dear Baron Porphyrio von Ockerodastes is a shoot

from this sublime family of higher natures; he has taken the surname of Cordova as a sign of his family having originated in Cordova in Spain, and to distinguish himself from a more proud, but in fact less worthy branch of the family, which bears the name of Morocco. That he has added *top* to the Cordova, must be for elementary astrological reasons,—I have not thought of them yet. The example of his great ancestor, the Gnome Tsilemenech, who was in love with Magdalen de la Croix from her twelfth year, directed the love of the excellent Ockerodastes to you when you first attained the age of twelve. He was so fortunate as to receive a little gold finger-ring from you, and now have you put on his, so that you have irrevocably become his bride."

"How?" cried Lady Anna, filled with terror and astonishment, "his bride? Must I marry the frightful little Cobold? Have I not long been the bride of Master Amandus von Nebelstern?—No, never will I take the ugly sorcerer for a husband, let him be a thousand times descended from Cordova or Morocco."

"There," answered Master Dapsul, becoming more earnest, "I see to my sorrow how little the heavenly wisdom penetrates your stupid earthly spirit! Ugly, do you call the noble elementary Porphyrio von Ockerodastes?—perhaps because he is only three feet high, and beside the head on his body, has very insufficient arms and legs; and such a simple dolt as you may imagine his legs are not long enough to carry on your vulgar farming work. Oh, my daughter! into what a fatal error have you fallen! All beauty lies in wisdom, all wisdom in thought, and the physical symbol of thought is the head! The more head, so much the more beauty and wisdom; and could man throw away all the rest of the members as shameful articles of luxury, tending to evil, he would stand there as the highest ideal! Whence comes all crime, evil, all discord, dispute, in short all ruin of the earthly, but from the vanity of the members! Oh, what peace, what repose, what blessedness upon earth, if mankind existed without body, back, arms, or legs, if they were simple busts! Happy, therefore, is the conception of artists, when they represent great statesmen or scholars as busts, thus symbolically to represent their higher nature, which dwelling in them disposes them to their office or their books. So, my daughter, say nothing of ugliness, dislike, or any other objection to the most noble of spirits, the glorious Porphyrio von Ockerodastes, whose bride you are and will remain. Know, that through him your father will shortly reach the highest step of fortune, after which he has so long striven in vain. Porphyrio informs me that the Sylphide Nehalibah

(Syriac for Sharp-nose,) loves me, and will assist me with all her power that I may become entirely worthy of an union with this superior spiritual nature. You will, my dear child, be altogether pleased with your future step-mother. May a kind fate so order things, that our two weddings may be celebrated at one and the same happy hour." Master Dapsul then, with a pathetic air, left the room, while his daughter gave a significant look in reply to him.

Lady Anna's heart felt heavy, when she remembered that actually, a long time ago, when she was but a child, a little gold ring was lost from her finger in an unaccountable manner. Now, it was certain that the little, ugly Cobold had really entangled her in his net, so that she could hardly hope to escape; and she thereupon was in the greatest affliction. She felt compelled to relieve her oppressed heart, and for this purpose she made use of a goose-quill, and wrote quickly to Master Amandus von Nebelstern in the following manner:

"My best beloved Amandus:

It is all clean over,—I am the most unhappy person on the whole earth, and sigh and moan from mere sorrow so much, that the dear cattle take pity upon me; much more will you share my trouble; this trouble, moreover, falls upon you as well as myself, and will grieve you as much as it does me. You know that we love each other as dearly as a couple can love, and that I am your bride, and that papa was willing to accompany us to church. Now, all at once, there arrived a little, ugly, yellow man in a coach with eight horses, accompanied with a troop of knights and servants, and maintains that he has exchanged rings with me, and that we are bride and bridegroom! Only think how dreadful! Papa says I must marry the little horror, because he comes of a very excellent family. That may be, to judge from his followers, and the brilliant dresses they wear; but the man has such an ugly name, that I can never be his wife. I cannot understand the unchristian words of which his name consists, much more speak it. He is beside called Cordovatop, which is the family name. Write to me whether the Cordovatops are really so celebrated and remarkable;—people in the city will know. I cannot understand what is the matter with papa in his old age; he is going to marry again, and the ugly Cordovatop is going to join him to a wife who floats in the air. God protect us! The head maid shrugs her shoulders, and is of opinion that she shall not like for a mistress one who flies in the air, or swims in the water; and she threatens to leave the service, and wishes on my account that the step-mama may break her neck on her first air-trip to Walpurgis. Fine

things, these! But on you rests all my hope. I know you are the one who shall, and must, and will save me out of great danger. The danger is here,—come,—make haste—save!

Your—till death—troubled,  
but most faithful bride,  
ANNA V. ZABELTHAU.

P. S. Could you not challenge the lit yellow Cordovatop? You will certainly conquer, for he is weak in the legs.

P. S. I pray you, nevertheless, get ready and hasten to your most unhappy, as above but your most faithful bride. A. v. Z."

(To be concluded in our next.)

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MUSIC.

"Let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voiced quire below,  
In service high and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into extasies,  
And bring all heaven before my eyes."  
*Il Penseroso.*

Soul of Music! unto whom creation  
Is but as a shell in which doth lie  
Hauntings and remembered modulations  
From the ocean of pure harmony;—

Wings thou art, by which the soul hath soarings  
Out of sense into a finer air;—  
Breeze thou art, that drifts us from earth's moorings  
Into deeps serener and more fair.

Thou 'rt the exiled soul's prismatic fringes,  
Trailing glory from its native skies,  
Whose outskirts thine unfaded tinges  
Rim with pure and perfect harmonies.

Thou art centre of all life and being;  
Without thee the universe must cease,  
With its deep, harmonious agreeing,  
With the balance of its sleepless peace.

Thou wert born. The void and vague creation  
Floating loose, in harmony was bound,—  
Dark and bright in rapid alternation  
Whirled the balanced spheres in music round.

Not a movement of this wondrous planet,  
Spinning in its tremulous bed of air,  
Which with undulating breezes fan it,  
That thy spirit is not moving there.

In the storm-heaved ocean's foamy seething,  
When the dark-green waves yawn in the sea,  
And the angry blast in gusts is breathing,  
And the hurrying gulls before it flee.

In the forest's melancholy roaring,  
 As the wind from forth the pines doth tease  
 Sighings like the distant, dim imploring  
 Of imprisoned souls of melodies ;—

In the hum of noon, when o'er the meadows  
 Basks the golden sunshine, amply bright,  
 And the drifting clouds trail down their shadows,  
 Piled like Alpine peaks in heaven's blue height ;

In the peaceful night so calm and solemn,  
 When the foam-rimmed waves crisp up the beach,  
 And the moonlight's broken, quivering column  
 Lies upon the wide sea's heaving reach ;

In the golden, misty breath of morning,  
 In all color, spreading far and bright  
 Like a festal robe the earth adorning,  
 At the marriage of mute form with light ;

In all forms of grace I feel thy presence,  
 In all motion, in all earnest thought, —  
 Through the web of Nature thy clear essence  
 Woof to Beauty's warp is still inwrought.

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Through all Time hath strayed thy perfect spirit,  
 Casting grace o'er all things here below,  
 Crime and blood have passed full often near it,  
 Yet no stain nor sullyng doth it know.

Thou didst speak, — insatiate Cerberus lowly  
 Drooped his charmed head beneath thy spell,  
 And before thy tones so sweet and holy,  
 Open swung the ponderous gates of hell.

Thou didst whisper to the lonely shepherd  
 While upon the sloping greensward lain,  
 Thou didst fire the eye-balls of the leopard  
 In the vine-crowned Bacchus's festive train.

Thou didst smile on sunny-haired Apollo,  
 When the gathering music's silver swell  
 Beckoned him with voice of dreams to follow  
 Where the chords soared up from Hermes's shell.

Thou wert near the prophet high and holy,  
 When his soul with mighty thought was stirred,  
 And the eternal whispers solemn, lowly,  
 In the deep abyss of thought he heard.

When the strings of David's harp were ringing,  
 And the bearded Psalmist, with closed eyes,  
 Those divine and holy hymns was singing  
 Which majestic on his soul did rise ;—

When the cymbals in the sun were glancing,  
 And the jubilant song of Freedom sprang  
 From the beating heart of Miriam dancing  
 O'er the flashing sands with silver clang ;—

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MUSIC.

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Often when stern warriors round did gather  
Grouped in silence, in attentive throng,  
Thou wert standing near the blind old father,  
Who hath sung that noble Grecian song.

Forward sweepeth thought, — I see thee mingling  
With the Troubadour of sunny France,  
While the light guitar-strings idly jingling  
Company some love song or romance.

Now the solemn priests are treading slowly  
Up the dim cathedral's sombre aisle ;  
Hark ! the requiem soundeth sad and lowly,  
And the torches gleam along the files.

Farther on in time, before me sweepeth  
Still a loftier, more majestic train, —  
Souls in whom I feel thy spirit leapeth  
Like an inward fire through every vein ; —

Souls to whom the curtain was uplifted,  
Called by heavy-lidded mortals Time,  
And, like wind-borne clouds, were far out-drifted  
To a life more inward and sublime.

Thou didst fan them with celestial breezes, —  
Oped those regions with thy golden key,  
Where the spirit wandereth as it pleases  
Through the mystic gates of harmony ;

Where majestic thought and love-eyed wonder  
Bore them upward, with a tireless flight ; —  
Where deep harmonies keep circling under  
Melodies which float away in light ;

Where lies Truth, the simple, pure foundation,  
Tone and base of every noble thing,  
Whence the triple chord of God's creation  
— Love, and Faith, and Hope, — forever spring.

Not the sensuous out-gates of the spirit,  
Which to younger ages thou didst ope,  
But the immortal life that we inherit,  
Spreading wide and with an infinite scope.

Like a guided child thou art no longer,  
Holding close on Poesy's soft hand ;  
But alone with steadier steps and stronger  
Striding onward to a loftier land.

Feet thou hast, which need no more its leading,  
Walking free beyond the verge of speech, —  
Out of spoken thought — through mysteries treading,  
Where its groping powers can never reach.

Wings as soft as love, as strong as reason,  
Which uplift thee far above all time,  
Where no change can come, no blighting season,  
Where the fear of death did never climb.

Brave Sebastian Bach the train is leading,  
— Star that earliest shone in German skies, —  
With a simple thought forever threading  
Mazy labyrinths of harmonies.

Intertangling figures wind up advancing,  
Then receding in harmonious tread,  
Rearing a cathedral high and glancing,  
Spired, and pinnacled, and turretted.

Now approaching, like a stately column,  
Handel reacheth cloudward from the earth,  
With majestic organ-tones and solemn,  
That from perfect trusting have their birth.

Full completion — nothing asked or wanted,  
Like a crystal dream doth all appear, —  
Music is a perfect land enchanted,  
'Neath a moon-illuminated atmosphere.

Full of life and passionate modulation  
Breathes the human music of Mozart, —  
All his wild and natural creation,  
Beating with the pulse of his own heart.

Damned spirits, ceaseless wailing, wander  
Through the changing crowds that hurry by, —  
Streams of tender love and joy meander,  
Watering green plains of harmony.

Next I feel the childlike soul of Haydn,  
Full of joy, and hope, and simple love,  
With no sorrowing shade of doubt o'erladen,  
In green fields and sunshine smiling move.

Through wild labyrinths and sunlit mazes,  
Where the bubbling brooks gush swift and clear,  
Full of singing birds and endless graces  
And a tender, rosy atmosphere.

Now the mighty spirit of Beethoven  
Overwhelms me like a rushing sea,  
Who that troublous, yearning deep hath cloven,  
Heaved with under-tides of harmony ;

Mighty chords, that keep a wild imploring,  
Like the surging ocean, change and heave,  
Whence with dripping wings of light up-soaring  
Melodies through heaven's blue distance cleave.

Great, prophetic One, — thy music telleth  
Of that perfect beauty of the soul,  
When this strong unrest that in us dwelleth  
Bears the One unto the perfect Whole.

That deep central base of every spirit,  
Whence like fiery tones Hopes, Longings, rise,  
Spiring after that it shall inherit,  
Like a pulse within thy music lies.

Like a wave of joy it o'er me rushes,  
Bathes me with a mild and subtle air,  
Till my eyes o'erflow, and warm cheek flushes  
With the yearning of unspoken prayer.

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## MUSIC.

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Not alone in Nature's endless ranges,  
Not alone within the bounds of Art,  
But in all the simplest tones and changes  
Bursting outward from the swelling heart.

When above the gathering army flying  
Flaps the bloody flag, and dark on high  
Smoke-clouds hover o'er the dead and dying,  
Through the tumult peals thy battle-cry.

Mid the countless footsteps of the city,  
'Neath the humblest roof, where hearts agree,  
Where is heard the voice of Love and Pity,  
Where the child sits on its mother's knee.

When from thousand voices upwards soaring,  
Shouts of triumph beat the sky o'erhead,—  
When a famished nation's wild imploring  
Shook the air of France with cries of "Bread!"

O'er the human heart thy fingers sweeping,  
As across a harp, its passions move,—  
From the fiercest rage within us leaping  
To the tenderest blossom of our love.

None so desolate but thou canst near them  
On the hearth-stone of their misery stay,—  
None so joyous but that thou canst bear them  
To a happier clime and clearer day.

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Hark! the whole orchestra is in motion,  
And before its tongue the once blank air  
Trembleth like a moving, musical ocean,  
All alive with longing and with prayer.

Now the mass of music is advancing  
Like a huge white cloud across the blue,—  
With its domes and spires in sunlight glancing,  
Shifting as the swift winds hurry through.

Now it surgeth onward like the ocean,  
Bursting in wild foam along the shore,  
Hurrying on in vehement, restless motion,  
Crowding back in spray and wild uproar.

Now ascending, higher still it ranges,  
And the far-off music of the spheres  
With angelic tones and interchanges  
Pierce the labyrinths of these human ears.

From the soul swarm forth its fair creations,  
Infinite seekings, vague and undefined,  
Thousand outward-stretching aspirations,  
Wooded like blossoms by the soft spring wind.



In a twilight mist the Past is glowing, —  
 As a wind that fans the living coal,  
 Hope's fresh breath from out the Future blowing  
 Sweeps Time's ashes from the burning soul.

In my heart great springs of Hope are gushing,  
 Impulses which sway me to and fro,  
 Like tide-currents in the ocean rushing,  
 In my restless bosom ebb and flow.

All the fret of life I cast behind me,  
 Thou hast purged to clearer sight mine eyes;  
 From the bonds of earth thou dost unbind me,  
 Till a perfect Faith within me lies.

Now thy voice is awful, like the thunder,  
 Swelling like an ebbless surge of air, —  
 With thy shattering tones thou crack'st asunder  
 All the world-built dome of our despair.

In thy longing for a full agreeing,  
 In thy hate of Discord incomplete,  
 Thou dost prophesy that future being  
 When all souls in harmony shall meet.

MARCH 1st, 1842.

W. W. S.

#### VASCO DE GAMA.

"With such mad seas the daring Gama fought,  
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,  
 Incessant laboring round the stormy cape."

It was a dark and tempestuous night. Clouds were heaped on clouds, the wind howled, the waves rose mountain high, and all was lowery and fearful, when four small ships were seen scudding with bare poles before the tempest, — no land in sight, — they the only moving things on the world of waters and of darkness. The watch had been set on board these frail barques, and they moved fearlessly on their destined track, though seemingly all unable to contend with the storm which racked their joints and whistled threateningly through their spars. In the largest of the four vessels — at whose mast-head floated, even in the night, the small ensign which marked it as the commandant's ship, — were collected, on this night of storms, a knot of swarthy, weather-beaten men, who, with low voices almost smothered by the gale,

were debating on some subject apparently of deep interest.

"I tell you, Pietro," said one of them, "we shall never see home again, if we go on much farther with the Captain. Here have we been tossing about in unknown seas, and land we have not seen for many weeks."

"Yes," interrupted one of the others, "who ever heard of sailing away from land before? The only safe way, say all the old commanders, is to keep close in shore; but we have stretched forth till we have got where there is nothing but tempests, and still the captain cares not, but looks all the time at those maps and charts, as he calls them, which know nothing, and trusts altogether to them and the compass-box. He has got us now where there is no bottom to the sea, and if we should chance to go to

pieces in the storm, no hope of being saved."

"I, for one," said Miguel, the first speaker, "am determined to follow no longer; and if you, Fernando and Pietro, will stand by me, we will force the captain to return, or put another in his place. All the sailors are dissatisfied, and if we rise will join us."

"But," said Pietro, "our captain is good and kind to us; he is noble and brave, and shares all our dangers; besides, he only will know how to get us home. Had we not better trust him a little longer?"

"Peace, fool!" said Miguel, angrily, "you are always for delay. I wish you had never known anything about it; I distrust you, — you have not courage enough for a bold attempt."

"I do not fear, Miguel; my comrades know I can face the fire of the enemy without flinching, and you know I can dive into the waters for a friend, but I cannot be treacherous. I am homesick and heartsick, but I love the captain, and think he has the worst of the trouble. I would rather serve him faithfully a little while longer, than turn upon him."

"I have given up to you, before, Pietro, and I tell you I will not again. Before two days the prow of our vessel shall be turned homeward, by fair means, if possible, if not by force. I swear it. Holy Maria! heard you ever such a tempest? And our captain, kind though you call him, Pietro, sleeps quietly while we keep watch on this fearful night."

As he spoke a heavy step was heard, and the plotters started back as a flash of lightning showed them their commander almost in the midst of them.

"What do you here, my men? There are more than are needed on the watch."

"When the master sleeps, it behoves the men to keep double guard," growled Miguel; "and what comfort have we on this shoreless ocean but to herd together and talk of those homes we shall never see, and of the watery grave or the famine death you seem to destine us for."

"Hold, Miguel! what mean you by these angry words? What do you suffer that I do not share? Have I not left a home as dear to me as yours? Do I take any luxuries or comforts forbidden you? This is unworthy of you who have always been so faithful; but I forgive it; — this dark night will excuse some complainings, but I trust it will herald a brighter dawn than has yet greeted us. Call now the other watch, the night requires all our care; and instead of thinking of your hardships, remember the glorious reward which will await you when we return to our beloved homes laden with the treasures of the new kingdom, which will reward our enterprise."

The men sulkily turned away, unbrightened by the alluring image which their captain had thrown out to them. The splendid visions had faded which, in the early part of their voyage, they had conjured up of the glorious lands they hoped to discover. The Christian domains of Prester John, the report of whose magnificence had reached them in their far-off homes, and where they hoped to meet the welcome of brethren, and to establish those commercial relations which should place their country on a level with, if not above the republics of Italy, which had so long monopolized the trade of the east. But cold, anxiety, watching, and fear, had dimmed the hope which at first burned so steadily in the breasts of these hardy mariners, tossed on an unknown ocean, far out of sight of land, with naught to guide them but the compass, — that wonderful instrument, the new-found friend of the mariner, which they had hardly known long enough to trust. They were saddened, and ready to relinquish all hope of future gain, could they only once more return to their home and country. The captain had watched with deep anxiety from day to day the increase of this spirit of discontent, which he could but too plainly read in the bent brows, the heavy steps, and sullen replies of his men; but his own indomitable spirit was uncrushed, and each morning dawned with fresh hope upon him, but each night came with disappointment. By the calculations he had made during his voyage, he thought he could not be far from realizing his hopes; and the very storm which he was now encountering convinced him that he was in that "sea of tempests" which drove his predecessor, Bartholomew Diaz, back ere half his purpose was accomplished.

The few words which the captain had heard on the evening on which our history commences, had alarmed him. Pietro and Miguel he had trusted in as the most faithful of his followers; and when he found that they too were infected with the feeling of distrust which had been so long silently expressed by the others, he trembled lest the fruits of his perseverance might be snatched from him before he had time to pluck them; but he determined to keep a steady watch, and not to be surprised into any change of plan.

The storm continued to rage throughout the night and the following day, and the tossed barque made but little progress; fortunately her companions kept pace with her, and the weariness was a little softened by the constant exchange of signals. At the close of the second day the storm ceased, the wind died away, a heavy calm settled upon everything, but all was still dark and hopeless. The very clouds seemed to brood

over the unhappy vessel. The commander paced the deck till long after midnight, looking in vain for some glimmering of light, some friendly star peeping forth from the night of darkness, to encourage him by its faint beams with the hope of a brighter morrow, but in vain; at last wearied and exhausted, he retired to his cabin, and all on board the vessel was profound silence. Soon, however, two or three dark forms were seen emerging with stealthy steps from behind the ropes and bulwarks, where they had been ensconced. They met at the helm, held a short whispered conference, and then proceeded towards the cabin. They opened the door, which was unfastened, and saw their commander sitting at a table, tracing his way upon some charts which lay before him. A pair of the rude pistols of the time, and a cutlass, were by him. As he heard the door open, he sprang up, seized one of the pistols, and cried,

"Stand! come no nearer, or ye are dead men! What mean you by thus coming upon me at this hour?"

At his threatening words the men shrunk back for a moment, but Miguel was at their head, and he was not easily daunted.

"I tell you boldly, captain, that we come for your life, or your promise to turn with to-morrow's sun to our homes; and we will not leave you without one or the other."

"Miguel," said the commander, "why do you stir up this disturbance? I am doing all I can for you, but I tell you I will never be forced to give up the glorious prospect before me without a longer effort to accomplish it. But I am willing to concede so much, — that if in one week, with fair wind, we do not meet with land, I will alter my direction."

"You have too long deceived us," said Miguel. "The cry of 'land, ho!' has been too often shouted in our night watches, for us again to trust you; and I repeat, unless you will promise us on the dawn of day to retrace our steps, we must and will put some one in your place who will do our bidding."

"Never!" firmly said the captain.

"You have signed your own death-warrant," said the desperate sailor, and drawing a small knife from his belt, he sprang forward, but ere he could reach the captain, the loaded pistol was discharged with true aim, and he fell upon the floor, the life-blood gushing from his mutinous heart. His few followers looked aghast and seemed at first to give way, but Fernando uttering a cry of revenge leapt over the body of his comrade, and seized the captain, who, snatching up the other pistol, levelled it at his new assailant and fired. But it was faithless to its trust, and frail chance had that noble captain in the power of the bold desperado; but, for-

tunately for Portugal, and for Vasco de GAMA, — for he indeed it was, — the report of the pistol had roused the sailors, and they came rushing up from their sleeping places to find the cause of the disturbance. Pietro, who, from their fear of his betraying them, had not been trusted by the mutineers with their plans, was foremost; and as he dashed headlong into the cabin, from which his practised ear told him the sounds proceeded, he overturned one or two of the shrinking confederates of Fernando and Miguel, and at one glance saw his commander's danger. The pistol which had wounded Miguel was on the floor, — seizing it, with a well aimed blow he laid Fernando, who was still struggling with the captain, by the side of his dying companion.

All was confusion, till the calm voice of De Gama was heard bidding the sailors remove the bodies of the senseless men, and giving the necessary orders for the confinement of the two or three who had come to sanction this iniquitous attempt by their presence, though they had not the courage to aid their companions.

The ball had passed through Miguel's heart, and short shriving and short funeral service had he; he was borne out from the cabin, a heavy plunge was heard, and the waters received into their unquiet bosom the body of the traitorous sailor.

The morning dawned brightly, and no trace was seen in the vessel of the disturbance of the night. Another filled Miguel's place at the helm and in the yards, Fernando was handcuffed below, and all went quietly on in the caravel; but the day passed heavily, the sailors were alarmed and weary, the captain sad at the deferring of his hopes, — his charts told him he ought to have been long ere this at the "tempest cape," which Diaz twenty years before had discovered; and he began to fear he had trusted too implicitly to his compass, and had taken the wrong direction. He could not wonder at the discontent of his followers, for they were ignorant men, and could not understand the sources of his confidence; they were unused to anything but coasting on the shore, — not one of them had ever before passed Cape Bojador, and now they had been many weeks out of sight of land. They knew, too, that their provisions were getting low, and there was no place to turn to for aid.

Long after the night-watch was set, did Vasco de Gama walk the deck trying to arrange his plans, praying with fervent and still hopeful heart to Saint James, and all the saints in the calendar, for aid and counsel. The wind was favorable, and they were making rapid way through the waste of waters. He stood leaning over the side of the vessel, now watching the stars in

their silent but ceaseless course, which he, alas! could not comprehend, for the Copernican light was but just dawning upon the world; the mighty master who unravelled the mazes of the planetary system, and confuted the long established Ptolemaic creed, was still a stripling loiterer in his native village of Thorne, all unconscious of the latent power within, which was to call down the curses of his own generation, but was at the same time to raise to him a never-crumbling monument on which each succeeding age should delight to heap its tribute of gratitude. As Vasco thus stood gazing upon the heavenly world, or straining his eyes in eager search of that land which never for one moment left his mind, he thought he saw at a distance the dim twinkling of a light; his heart beat quick, and he almost feared to breathe lest he should lose it; at times it was gone, and then it would flash forth again, and each moment hope strengthened in his heart; soon he could distinguish what seemed a dark cloud rising up at the edge of the horizon.

"What call you that, captain?" said a rough voice at his side.

Roused from his intent gaze, Vasco de Gama turned quickly round and found his mate standing by his side, watching the dim distance. "Thank God! it is land; say you not so, Diego?" and he grasped the rough hand of the sailor.

"I do believe this time we are not deceived; but perhaps it were better not to give the signal till morning's light records the truth, for it may be only an illusion, though holy Mary forbid."

"It cannot, cannot be!" said De Gama, "the good God of Heaven would not so mock me; he has answered my prayers, and I vow to present a couple of golden candlesticks to the church of Santa Maria in Lines, as soon as I return to Portugal, in humble commemoration of this blessed hour, and the light which came to cheer my darkness."

Till dawn of day the two sailors watched the growing cloud, and with the first red streak of morning the cheering sound of "land ahead!" uttered by the captain and echoed by his mate, rang through the ship and summoned the sailors from their night's repose. As they rushed on deck and saw once more land before them, they dropped involuntarily upon their knees, and uttered a brief but heartfelt prayer of thanksgiving. None but those who have been tossed for weary weeks upon the ocean, hopeless and far from home, can estimate the feelings of these mariners.

By his charts Vasco de Gama soon made out the land to be the southernmost part of Africa, which had never been visited but

once before by an European vessel. In 1486, Bartholomew Diaz anchored in its bay, and from encountering a severe storm, which almost wrecked him, he gave it the name of "Cabo des Tormentos," or the Cape of Storms; but this ill-omened appellation was exchanged by his master, John the Second, for that of the Cape of Good Hope, as indicating the fair prospect which this fortunate discovery opened to them of finding the rich realms beyond. But Diaz, wearied by his long voyage, did not prosecute it any farther, but returned to tell of the new land he had taken possession of in the name of his sovereign, and carried with him as an incentive to future voyagers, ivory, ostrich feathers, aloes, and dried fruits, which he obtained from the natives in exchange for his own commodities. But valuable as these were, they proved no temptation to the Portuguese mariners; so great was their dread of encountering the unknown ocean, of losing sight of the landmarks which had hitherto guided them, and the fear of the belt of heat which they fancied girdled the earth below the equator, that even the ardent and enthusiastic Prince Henry had been unable to stimulate them to attempt further discoveries. But the naval college he had established at Sagres, and his patronage of all men wise in nautical knowledge, had begun to dispel the mists of error which had so long enveloped the science; a great improvement had been made in maps and charts,—the astrolabe had been brought into use, and Vasco de Gama was now to reap the fruits of the Prince, who, though dead, yet lived in the hearts of his people.

He died in 1473, his last days cheered by the knowledge of the discovery of Diaz, and full of hope that his beloved country would yet revel in the riches of the Indian world. He left a noble legacy of glorious deeds to his successors; and his very device, so different from those usually chosen by the cavaliers of his time, proves the strength and high aim of his character: "The talent to do good." If all princes would consider, as did Prince Henry, that the talent consisted in the *will* to do it, how much brighter would be the page of history!

The anchor of the caravel was soon cast in the bay, which Vasco named Saint Blas. It was a treacherous resting-place, as it is deficient in every point that constitutes a good harbor; but the sky was clear,—no prospect of a storm, and the commandant felt he incurred no risk, and he was anxious to give his sailors the refreshment of a day on or near the shore. A boat was sent to land, and soon returned with fresh water, pulse, wild grapes, and salted elephant's flesh. They were accompanied by several of the natives in little boats of palm-tree

leaves. Camoëns, in his *Luciad*, has thus described their picturesque appearance :

" Their garb, discovered as approaching nigh,  
Was cotton, striped with many a gaudy dye ;  
'T was one whole piece, beneath one arm confined,  
The rest hung loose, and fluttered on the wind.  
All but one breast above the loins was bare,  
And swelling turbans bound their jetty hair.  
Their arms were bearded darts and faulchions broad,  
And warlike music sounded as they rowed."

One of them only could speak a little Arabic, and from him Fernon Martinho, the interpreter of the fleet, gathered that not far distant was a country to which ships in form and size like Gama's frequently resorted.

Encouraged by this report, and determined to lose as little time as possible, but to proceed in search of the marvellous kingdom of the renowned Prester John, which he felt assured was the one designated by the natives, De Gama allowed his sailors only two days to recruit from their fatigues, but he permitted each one to feel the luxury of being on terra firma, and even the culprit Fernando received his freedom as a jubilee celebration of their good fortune. Keeping on his course, he rounded the southern coast, and standing a little off shore passed through the channel of Mozambique, leaving the noble island of Madagascar on the right. He once more cast anchor at the town of Mozambique, which is situated on a small island of the same name two miles from the coast.

Here he landed, and was received in state by Zacocia, the governor, dressed in rich embroidery, who imagining the Portuguese to be Mahomedans from Morocco, hastened to welcome him and congratulate him on his arrival in the east. But when he found his error, and that the strangers were worshippers of the hated Nazarene, and when he foresaw the consequences of the arrival of the Europeans, he determined, if possible, to prevent such formidable rivals from obtaining any settlement on the African coast ; therefore, though still wearing the outward mask of kindness and hospitality, he laid a plan for the sudden surprisal of the little fleet ; but accident discovered it to the wary admiral, and, indignant at the treachery of the Moors, he with his artillery and bombs reduced their town, — which was mostly built of wood, — to ashes, and then hoisting sail pursued his course.

He next dropped anchor at the town of Quiloa, which he had been led by the arts of Zacocia to believe was inhabited by Christians ; but he soon found his error. Treachery was in wait for him, and an abrupt departure alone saved him from a general attack. Wearied by these conflicts De Gama began to fear he was to have too powerful enemies in that eastern ocean to

contend with, and he almost determined not to trust himself to land again till he was sure he had arrived at the great object of his ambition — India. But a few days after he left Quiloa, he captured a vessel, from the captain of which he received such an account of the city of Melinda, that he bent his course to that port, trusting there to meet the true hospitality he so much needed.

The city of Melinda was situated on a verdant plain, surrounded with groves of orange and lemon trees, whose flowers diffused a delicious odor. It was a rich and beautiful town ; the lofty palace of the king forming the centre, round which were erected the houses of his officers ; — they were built of stone, and stood in the midst of gardens filled with fruits, vegetables, and flowers, and the whole place was marked by a much greater air of refinement than any of the African cities De Gama had yet seen. As soon as he arrived near the city, De Gama sent an embassy to the king, representing himself as the agent of an all-powerful sovereign, who would willingly enter into an alliance and commercial treaty with the King of Melinda. The embassy was most kindly received, and on its return to the ship was accompanied by the Prince, who sometimes governed under the direction of his father. He and the nobles who accompanied him were magnificently dressed, being robed in silk and embroidery, sparkling with gems ; they were laden with gifts for De Gama, as a pledge of the friendship which the king already felt for him ; he came with ample powers to conclude a treaty, and requested that on the return of the fleet to Lisbon they would carry an ambassador with them to the Court of the King of Portugal.

De Gama remained for a number of days at Melinda, winning by his kindness and courtesy the confidence of the inhabitants, who little thought the strangers they so hospitably entertained were but the fore-runners of conquerors who would claim, by a right they recognized not, — the "ipse dixit" of one man, of whose very existence the poor Melindians were ignorant, — the sovereignty of all the lands between their own far-distant country and the Indian El Dorado they were in search of. Being furnished with an able pilot, who was conversant with those seas, and having received many a warning against trusting to the Moors, who had now the command of trade in the Indian ocean, De Gama, on the 22nd April, once more weighed anchor. In a few days they crossed the line, and it was with unbounded ecstasy that the Portuguese beheld once more their native sky, and gazed enraptured on the "unchanging constellation of the north," the *Ursa Major*,

belted Orion, and the morning Pleiades, which were reflected even as they looked in the waters of their own loved Tagus. It was a dearer sight to them than all the riches of India, and brought, even to those toil-worn sailors, thronging recollections of home, of aged parents, anxious wives, blooming boys, and all the comforts of home,—than whom no class of men cherish more fondly than the wandering sailor, who, in all his roving, is true to that pole-star.

They passed among the rich isles of the Indian Ocean; the "Amirantes," and the Maldivians, where spicy gales moved them to stop. But De Gama was too impatient to reach his destined port, and he sped onward with crowded sail till he found himself on the coast of Malabar, within two leagues of Colient, the magnificent capital of the Zamorins, who, at this period, possessed the whole Malabar coast from Goa to Cochin. Seringapatam has now taken the place in importance and wealth which Colient held at the time of the Portuguese landing; and the modern traveller can form but a slight estimate of the magnificence of this royal city, as it first greeted the eyes of Vasco de Gama, and repaid him by the sight of its rich treasures for his weary voyage. Although in many things it fell short of the splendor he had anticipated in the oriental kingdom,—inasmuch as the houses were not built of gold and porphyry, inlaid with precious stones, or the streets paved with jasper and onyx,—there was sufficient proof everywhere of the abundant wealth of the country. De Gama thought, on his first arrival, he had found the renowned kingdom of Prester John, that Christian monarch who was supposed to rule the eastern world, whose fame had spread far and wide, and whose shadowy world was fabled to contain all that was magnificent and beautiful; but in vain did Vasco look for the cross, which was said to be the insignia of this potentate; instead of it, images of Boodh, with his short and crisped hair, filled the pagoda-like temples, and the devotees of his faith, so much more rational than that of his rival Bramah, were seen paying their homage by the most severe penances in all parts of the town.

The beauty of the country filled the Portuguese with wonder and admiration; they had been but little accustomed to tropical landscapes, the distinguishing feature of which is the multitude of noble trees,—the queens of the forest world,—the lofty cocoa, the stately palms of various kinds,—the most beautiful of which, the greater fan-palm (*corypha umbraculifera*) abounds on the Malabar coast and the mountains of the Carnatic,—the cotton tree, which rises with a thorny trunk eighteen feet in circumfer-

ence to the height of fifty feet, and then throws out numerous boughs, adorned in the rainy season with large, purple blossoms, then succeeded by capsules of fine cotton. These were new things for the eyes of the weary mariners, and it was with joyful hearts they landed on this ground, which they already claimed as their own by the gift of the Pope, who had guaranteed to their nation all the countries they should discover beyond the Cape of Good Hope.

As soon as the Zamorin was informed of the arrival of this strange fleet in his harbor of Colient, and understood that they came as the envoys of a powerful monarch, he sent his Catual, or prime minister, with a suitable retinue, to bring the commander of the fleet to his palace of Pandarene, which was two miles from Colient. As an interview with the king was absolutely necessary to complete the purpose of his voyage, De Gama acceded to it, though the treachery he had already experienced in the eastern seas, and what he had gathered of the character of the Zamorin, made him feel that he hazarded personal safety. Leaving the strictest orders with his brother, whom he left commandant, to keep the most guarded watch, that he might not be surprised, he chose twelve men as his attendants to accompany him to the Court of India.

As soon as they landed, he and the Catual were carried in great pomp in sofas on men's shoulders to the chief temple, and thence amidst immense crowds to the royal palace.

The apartment and dress of the Zamorin were such as might be expected from the luxury and wealth of India:

"The tapestried walls with gold were pictured o'er,  
And flowery velvet spread the marble floor;  
In all the grandeur of the Indian state,  
High on a blazing couch the Monarch sat;  
With starry gems the purple curtains shined,  
And ruby flowers and golden foliage twined  
Around the silver pillars; high o'erhead  
The golden canopy its radiance shed;  
Of cloth of gold the Sovereign's mantle shone,  
And his high turban flamed with precious stone."

The chief Brahmin, a venerable old man, presented De Gama to the Emperor, who welcomed him by a gentle nod, and appointed him to sit on one of the steps of his sofa, and then demanded his embassy.

The admiral then set forth the power of his sovereign Emmanuel, and the desire he had to enter into an alliance with so great a prince as the Zamorin,—pointing out the advantages of such a treaty; to all of which the King listened with much apparent interest, and when De Gama had concluded, he professed his willingness to enter into a friendly alliance with his monarch.

He then ordered the Catual to see that proper apartments were provided for the Portuguese commander in his palace, and having promised him another conference, dismissed him with every appearance of sincerity. The character of this monarch is strongly marked in the history of Portuguese Asia. Avarice was his ruling passion; he was haughty or mean, timid or bold, wavering or resolute, as his interest prompted. He was pleased with the prospect of obtaining the commerce of Europe, but he feared to *act* lest he should incur the displeasure of the Moors, from whom he derived the greatest portion of his immense income.

Wishing to ascertain as much as possible of the country, Vasco, accompanied by the Catual, made many excursions into it; visited Ceylon, that happy island, which was supposed by many of the Hindoos and Mahomedans to have been the birth-place of the parents of the generations of the world; and to the surprise of the Portuguese navigator he found the names given to the different parts of the island such as to indicate that tradition had for a long time assigned it as the garden of Eden, the paradise of the first man. The natural rocky bridge which connects it to the main land, was called "Adam's bridge," and it needed but a little exercise of the imaginative power so universally possessed in that semi-enlightened age, to fancy the angel with the flaming sword standing on it, waving off the suffering and unhappy pair, as they turned with lingering glances towards their happy home. The lofty mountain which rises in its midst, and is visible from all parts of the island, bears the name of "Adam's peak;" and there is also a large sepulchre hewn in the solid rock, called "Abel's tomb." Most singular is it that, in a land consecrated to the worship of Boodh such proof should be found that the true God was once known, and that the history of the first created beings is preserved on the very face of the country! The island is not only rich in these its sacred and historical associations, but it abounds in rare metals and precious stones; the onyx, the bdellium, the ruby, the sapphire and topaz are found in its capricious bosom; and gold,—that commodity for which men sell their souls,—sparkles in the sandy bottom of its streams, and is dug out of its mountain ridges.

The Zamarin was very willing to allow De Gama to amuse himself by visiting the coast, for, instigated by the Moors, he was maturing a plan for the destruction not only of the admiral but his whole fleet. From day to day he put off the conference he had promised, and evaded any reply to De Gama's earnest entreaties sent through the Catual for an answer to his sovereign's proposal. Some circumstances at last awa-

kened De Gama's suspicions, and they were soon confirmed by the report of a faithful Moor, named Mongaida, who, having acted as his interpreter, had become very much attached to him, and whose fidelity to the foreign admiral was not suspected by his own countrymen. By the aid of this faithful Moor, De Gama contrived to escape from his splendid prison before the dawn, and arriving at the shore was taken on board his own vessel by one of the boats he had ordered to hover about the coast.

This was but the commencement of difficulties. Enraged at being thus eluded, the Zamarin seized the store-ship, in which was a cargo of valuable goods, and put in irons those who had the charge of her. De Gama remonstrated through Mongaida at this treachery, but receiving no promise of compensation he determined himself to use force. He therefore attacked a vessel in which were six Nogres, or noblemen, with their servants, and took them all prisoners. He set ashore part of the servants to relate the tidings, and when there had been time for the alarm to spread he hoisted his sails as if to proceed homeward. The city was in uproar. The friends of the captives rushed to the palace, uttered loud complaints of the policy of the Moors, and so alarmed the weak Prince that he sent a deputation after De Gama entreating his return, promising to accede to all he should desire, and even requesting that an agent or consul should be left in the city to transact the business of the Portuguese. He sent also the goods he had seized, with some magnificent presents for the admiral and his sovereign. After some show of resistance to his entreaties, De Gama returned once more to his old station, and set the noblemen free, who were received with the utmost rejoicings by their friends.

The treacherous Zamarin was not to be trusted; he had privately sent orders to a fleet he had in the Gulf of Bengal to come and attack the admiral's ships. They were sixty vessels, full of armed men, and confident in their numbers they gathered about the Portuguese; but the tremendous fire-arms, with which they were but little acquainted, the bombs, shells, cannon with their destructive shot pouring in upon them, sinking and setting fire to their frail boats, so alarmed them that they prepared for flight, when a tempest came on which Gama's strong ships rode out in safety, while not one of the Indian fleet was left to tell the tale of woe.

Many months were thus passed by Vasco de Gama in vain contentions with the Moors. At last finding no hope of arriving at anything like a peaceful intercourse with them, and having obtained ample knowledge of the country and specimens of its

produce, he determined to return home with his report, knowing that Emmanuel would not hesitate to send out a more powerful armament to obtain the control of Indian commerce. Accordingly, with his vessels freighted with the produce and riches of the country, — cassia, tamarinds, gamboge, sandal wood, with diamonds from Golconda and Colore, gold from the Indus, pearls from Ormus, and specimens of the beautiful muslins, which have been so long celebrated, and which are still woven in the same primitive manner as centuries ago, — the simple loom being placed under a tree in the morning and carried home in the evening, — he set sail in March, 1499, for his far-distant home. On the twenty-sixth of April, he again doubled the Cape, which had indeed been one of Good Hope to him, and after experiencing the usual fortunes of mariners, — many a favoring and many an adverse gale, — he found himself, early in July, after an absence of two years, once more casting his anchor at the mouth of the Tagus.

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm and surprise caused by his arrival, as the word passed from street to street, from mouth to mouth, "Vasco de Gama has arrived!" gladdening many a heart that had long mourned in silence and sorrow for those whom it dared not hope ever to greet again. Eager were the inquiries as to where they had been, and what they had seen; but the commander felt himself bound to make his discoveries first known to his monarch, and he had imposed strict commands of silence upon his sailors. He had prepared despatches, with full charts, and most glowing descriptions of the places he had seen; and these, with the rarest specimens of the produce of the countries he had visited, he sent to King Emmanuel, who was then fortunately at his court at Lisbon.

The marriage festivities of the young King with the Infanta of Spain had just been concluded; and though the persecution of the Jews, which the youthful Isabella's bigotry had exacted as the price of her fair hand from her enamored lover, had cast something of a cloud over their bridal days, yet the sounds of rejoicing had not yet ceased; and now new kingdoms were to be laid at their feet, — new lands for Isabella to christianize, vast riches to fill the coffers of Emmanuel. This noble Prince had the good of his people and country nearest his heart. He had been very anxious for the success of various discoveries which had been attempted, and he had stimulated by every reward Portuguese enterprise. The wonderful discovery recently made by Columbus, which had given to Spain a new world, — an El dorado of unknown riches, — had both aroused and mortified the Portu-

guese. They remembered that this same Columbus, a few years before, applied to their King, John the Second, for the little aid he required; and that had it been granted, the new world would have been theirs, instead of swelling as it now did the pride and pomp of their old rival. Profiting by this lesson, Emmanuel determined to lose nothing more by refusing aid to those who were ready to seek new realms. The plan of finding a route to the East Indies, which should open to the Portuguese that rich branch of commerce so long monopolized through the Moors by the Venetians, had been a cherished one ever since it was first suggested by Prince Henry; and now the enterprise of Vasco de Gama had opened to them more than they had dared to hope. He was received with the greatest kindness by his monarch, and as Emmanuel listened to his clear account of the countries he had visited, as he saw placed before him the spices and fruits of a tropical clime, the gems and gold of an Indian world, he felt that he could not honor too much the bold navigator who had dared unknown seas and braved all perils to achieve this one great object. But fully repaid was the young commander for all the fatigues of his voyage by the gratitude of his king, who loaded him with favor, and proclaimed to the world "that this was the man he delighted to honor."

Immediate preparations were made for sending out another fleet to complete the conquest of India. Vasco de Gama was appointed to the command, with the title of the Admiral of the Eastern Seas, and an annual salary of three thousand ducats. With his fleet he succeeded in obtaining the control of all the principal ports, Coient, Goa, Cochin, Dio, Ormutz, &c., and established the most prosperous factories and commercial relations. Albuquerque was appointed Viceroy in Portuguese Asia, and his brief but splendid career would form a romance but little inferior to that of the glorious Cid; but his government was but of short duration, lasting little more than five years. And yet in that time he had not only opened the treasures of the eastern world to the commerce of Portugal, but by the regulations of his humane and exalted policy, and the strict distribution of justice, he secured its power on a basis which nothing but the discontinuance of his measures could subvert. He died, and one wail of lamentation was heard throughout India; the princes clothed themselves in mourning as for a father, and for many succeeding years the people would gather about his tomb to utter their complaints of the tyranny of their Portuguese masters, and to call upon his God to avenge them.

The viceroys who succeeded Albuquerque,



with the exception of Stephen de Gama and Nunio, were cruel and treacherous. Caring only for their own aggrandizement, they trampled ruthlessly upon the people, and so alienated them that they were fully prepared to throw off the Portuguese yoke when they could receive foreign aid so to do. Accident directed the attention of some Hollanders, about 1600, to the east; Hootman, a Dutch merchant, sailed for Asia, and finding the state of the country, planned a settlement there for his countrymen. This gave birth to the Dutch East India Company, an institution of deep commercial wis-

dom, the very reverse of the despotic anarchy of the Portuguese. The English soon followed the Dutch, and effected their important settlement; and the next century was to the baffled Portuguese a succession of skirmishes, contests with the natives and the new settlers, which ended in the entire destruction of its eastern kingdom; so that the flag of that power which once commanded the entire commerce of Africa and Asia, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the eastern side of Japan, now waves its melancholy folds only over the ports of Goa, Dio, and Macao.

#### VESPER'S ON THE SHORE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Forsyth, in his work on Italy, describes the performance of the rosary or evening prayers by the sailors on the coast of the "Riviera di Gensa." Of their affecting litany to the Virgin he quotes the burden, — two lines, which are both *choice Italian* and good Latin, — namely:

"In mare irato, in subita procella,  
Invoco te nostra benigna stella."

RELIGION'S purest presence was not found  
— By the first fathers of our Savior's creed, —  
In stately fanes where trump and timbrel-sound  
Rolled up the chorus in a strain agreed,  
And where the decked oblation's wail might plead  
For guilty man with Abraham's holy seed.

Not in vast domes, — horizons hung by men,  
Where porphyry panels fret a marble sky,  
And things below look up, and wonder when  
Those life-like seraphim will start and fly;  
Not where the heart is mastered by the eye  
Will worship, anthem-winged, ascend most high.

But in the damp cathedral of the grove,  
Where Nature feels the sanctitude of rest,  
Or in the stillness of the sheltered cove  
Where noiseless water-fowl the wave molest,  
At times a reverence will pervade the breast  
Which will not always come, a bidden guest.

Oft as the embracing smiles of day and night  
Flush earth and ocean with a restless hue,  
And the quick changes of the modest light  
Prolong the glory of their warm adieu,  
Each pilgrim on the hills, and every crew  
On the lulled waters, frame their vows anew.

Then by the waves that lip Liguria's land,  
 In Genoa's gulf, I too have often heard  
 What, more than hymns from Pergolesi's hand,  
 The living soul of adoration stirred, —  
 And, like the note of Spring's first welcomed bird,  
 Some thoughts awoke for which there is no word.

The shipman's chant! as noting travellers tell,  
 In either language — old and new — the same;  
 And more they might have truly said, and well,  
 For 't is a speech the *universe* may claim,  
 Which not to be familiar with were shame.  
 Devotion's tongue! which from the Godhead came.

## H Y M N .

Tossed rudderless around the deep,  
 By Apennine and Alpine blast,  
 Which o'er the surge in fury sweep,  
 And make a bulrush of our mast —  
 We murmur in our half-hour's sleep,  
 To thee, Madonna! till the storm be past.  
 In mare irato, in subita procella,  
 Invoco te nostra benigna stella.

Whether for weeks our barque hath striven  
 With death in wild Capraja's waves,  
 Or downward far as Tunis driven,  
 Threats us with life — the life of slaves;  
 We know whose hand its help hath given,  
 And locked the lightning in its thunder caves.  
 In mare irato, in subita procella,  
 Invoco te nostra benigna stella.

Oh, Virgin! when the landsman's hymn  
 At vesper time on bended knee,  
 In cloister cell, or chapel dim,  
 Or tomb-paved aisle, is paid to thee, —  
 Hear *us!* that ocean's pavement skim,  
 And join *our* anthem to the raging *sea*.  
 In mare irato, in subita procella,  
 Invoco te nostra benigna stella.

Though Carignano's hill be black,  
 And gloom the Riviera shrouds,  
 Forth will we — fearless on our track, —  
 Nor heed the vapors gathering crowds,  
 Nor fear the whirlwind's mad attack,  
 Sure of thy hearing through the thickest clouds!  
 In mare irato, in subita procella,  
 Invoco te nostra benigna stella.

When, too, the tempest's wrath is o'er,  
 And tired Libeccio sinks to rest,  
 And star-light falls upon the shore  
 Where love sits watching, uncaressed,  
 Though hushed the tumult and the roar;  
 Though the prayer we'll chant which Thou hast blest.  
 In mare irato, in subita procella,  
 Invoco te nostra benigna stella.

## THE THREE SLEIGH-RIDES.

WITH AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men  
Gang aft agley." Burns.

THE past winter flitted by, in our regions, without a single old-fashioned snowstorm! Save and except one fortunate party which, on the mild and moon-lit evening when the November of 1841 bade us farewell in its calm but splendid beauty, snatched the only opportunity of the season to take the only recorded sleigh-ride, none can look back upon this crowning enjoyment of a New-England winter. "The more 's the pity," sigh a few of our conservative friends; while the great tee-total reform, with its brow contracted and its hands upraised at the fearful visions of the accustomed mugs of flip and noggins of mulled wine of by-gone years, sees in all this the hand of Providence, and rejoices as in duty bound. We may, however, turn back to "a tale of the times of old," and if our fair readers will acknowledge years enough to remember those when in winter the snow covered the face of the earth, and sleigh-bells were allowed to jingle, and young hearts beat thick under fur mufflers, we would recall their recollections of those years, in the story we are about to tell of THE THREE SLEIGH-RIDES.

In and about the substantial country town of P——, (for since the folk of the region all recollect the affair we need not hide the *locale*,) near the western frontier of Yankee-land, there had been a great and generous fall of snow. The stout ox-teams of its inhabitants and the neighboring farmers had been in request to break out the roads. The mail "stages" — for they were as yet, — came gliding in on nature's rail-roads, the only kind then thought of for that mountain land. The heavily loaded wood-sleds were bringing down the fruits of the spring and autumn labors of the woodman from the forest-covered hills, and the "up country" people, many-caped and be-hooded, appeared in their "cutters" and "pungs" of all shapes, sizes, and devices, taking advantage of this easy means of transportation, for their various traffics and needs. Nor was this all. Leave alone the bright eyes and merry heads of the jocond children of P——, to see and to plan out their own enjoyment in all this. Already many a moonlight ride, with its accompanying dance and frolic, had been projected, and — But we are getting on too fast.

Those of our readers who play chess, have doubtless availed themselves of those arrangements of games given in the books, by which a part only of the pieces may be set upon the board, as if the first commonplace and tedious portion of the game were played, and — this labor saved — the remainder may be carried through all its interesting crises to the *denouement*. We wish we could, by a similar show of figures, exhibit the position of the parties to our tale; but, alas! the reader does not as yet "know the pieces." We will, however, give as briefly as possible a view of the "*status quo ante bellum*."

And we know where to begin. Betsey Prince was the *beauty* of the village, and for what we know the beauty of the commonwealth; but we do not mean to describe her now. Of course — no — well, let it stand "of course," — She had her favored swain, but Madam Prince, so called, her ever-respected mother, and a good lady of no small authority and no slight opinion thereof in P——, by no means favored Frank Hassler, whom she considered too much of a genius to do anything, and too "well-to-do" to be anything, and whom she visited with all the afflictions that a self-important dame, who has no idea of parting with her only daughter as yet, is wont to lavish upon the head of the wight whom "all the world" thinks is the very man who should, or at any rate who will, one day, have that daughter for his wife.

Indeed Frank quite considered himself as forbidden the house; and since the young lady would not so far indirectly disobey this command of her mother as to appoint meetings with him in their walks and rides, he might have become entirely disconsolate but for the kind-hearted smiles, which she could not put under the ban, which she threw him across the church on Sunday, — and for many an unarranged meeting at the little sociable gatherings of the village, where their happiness was undisturbed if not connived at. No people find such universal sympathy and ready assistance in their distresses as a pair of lovers attempting to thwart the edicts or avoid the eyes of parental opposition.

Frank Hassler, always on the watch for opportunities and circumstances that might favor a meeting — even among others, so





THE TERRIBLE SUBMERGENCE.

From a painting by J. M. W. Turner.

they were friends, — with the no less willing Betsey, was not the least happy of the young people who were rejoicing at the thought of the sleighing. He was not so absorbed in a selfish passion that he did not think of the enjoyments of others, for he was almost king of the revels in their happy society, but we need not conceal that as he first began to plan the large and merry party that this snow-fall suggested, the pleasure of his own meeting with his mistress was a ruling motive. No time was lost in sketching out the expedition to himself. The four large sleighs would hold sixty people. It would be full moon the night after the next. A dance and supper at L——. Nothing could be simpler. He himself put his black horse into his light cutter, flung in a comfortable heap of buffalo-ropes, and drove into the village.

Frank's sister, Mrs. Bennett, entered at once into his feelings and his scheme, like a good, kind sister as she was. She would take upon herself the responsibility of the party. He should have everything as he wished, and the sleigh-ride should be such a one as there never had been before in all Berkshire. She knew all the girls would be delighted; and so indeed some of them were who soon after "dropped in," with their cheeks flushed and their eyes glistening with the exercise of rushing through the deep snow and the clear frosty air, and were much more surprised at finding our friend Frank with his sister than one would have supposed they need have been, since his horse, well known throughout the village, was shaking his ring of bells so merrily before the door.

"Oh, yes! they were so glad!" and they readily consented to fling down their hoods, take pencils and paper, and begin the all-important canvassing of "desirables" and "must-be-askeds," and the formation of the fatal list of the company. Frank was in his element. Now he was sitting writing names, now he was capering about the room, now he was eloquently expatiating on the glories to come to the circle of laughing girls, now he was whisking down the street in his sleigh, to engage fiddlers, drivers, and the like, to ask advice, to give notice to Bob Burton his bounden ally; and now he was back again, busily writing notes and answering questions. And then a certain drab bonnet and blue cloak is seen going into the door of Mrs. Tappan, an opposite neighbor, and Frank suggests that the whole party run over there with him and consult with the ready-witted Mrs. Tappan, and the whole party assents not without many a wink and nod that say plainly enough that he is not the only person who has recognized the habiliments and graceful form of Betsey Prince. And

here all is again recounted with the additional applause of another pair of bright eyes, worth to the hero of the day all the rest; so that when the party separated at the approach of the dinner hour, and Frank had taken all his good-byes and whisked back to his own house, there to detail his successes to the kind though no longer enthusiastic old aunt, who formed with him his whole household, it would have been impossible for any prospective sleigh-ride to have stood on a surer or pleasanter footing.

When, however, Frank drove into town about noon of the ensuing day and went immediately into "executive session" with his sister, he found her with a cloud upon her brow. Something had gone wrong, she had not yet been able to discover how. Some jealousy between rival *sets* must have been aroused, although she could not conceive on what ground. She thought she had consulted all real or imaginary dignities in their just and demanded order; she thought she had conciliated, and urged, and coaxed, and bidden each in its proper place; but there was a falling off somewhere. The Biggses mysteriously pleaded another engagement; John Coutts said flatly that he could not come, and the "girls at the doctor's" said faintly that they "should not be able to." It was very evident that somebody had been sowing tares. In the midst of their speculations a note came from Betsey Prince. She could n't go! would explain hereafter.

Frank drove his hat upon his head and dashed off to consult Bob Burton and "take the opinion of the street" upon the new phase in which matters were placed. It was not long before he returned. The mischief was out, — *Madam Prince* had determined to have a sleigh-ride the same night!

None of the consulting parties at Mrs. Bennett's that day doubted for a moment as to the motive for this manœuvre; but to poor Frank it was a death-blow. He evidently flagged in spirits, and the quiet dinner at his sister's went heavily off. After dinner he commissioned his friend Burton to do what was necessary to carry on the project now "shorn of its beams," and himself drove sulkily to his home.

His moods of melancholy never lasted long, yet we cannot say how this was dissipated. He appeared in town again in the evening, for he had promised Mrs. Tappan to meet a few friends at her house; but he attempted no merriment, he answered coldly the enthusiastic remarks made to him about the sleigh-ride, and even turned a cold glance to Betsey Prince, who was one of the party, but whom he naturally looked upon as one gone over to the enemy, if not indeed as one of the enemy's generals. After an

hour passed in this way, he was seen however, — whether or not in obedience to her call gossips did not discover, — to take a seat by her side, and there remained a long, long time in earnest conversation. Whether or no they made up their difference did not appear. He rose from her side, bade good night to Mrs. Tappan with a somewhat more joyous expression of countenance than he had worn before, but still a subdued one, — all these things were studied, as his face was looked upon as a sort of thermometer of the enjoyments of the next evening, — and took his leave.

"Are you going with us, Betsey, are you?" shouted more voices than one, as he left the room, and she joined the circle of her friends.

"Where?" asked she, with rather an absent air.

"Why! on the sleigh-ride, to-morrow night," responded Mrs. Tappan, while all remained anxious to know what had been the result of the protracted interview.

"Oh, no; you know my mother has another sleigh-ride to-morrow, too, and of course depends upon me" —

Of course — but what could they have been talking about all that time? Who thought it would come to this? And she seems to take it very easily, as if she did not care, — as we know well enough she does, — although she cannot go on Frank Hassler's frolic. The party broke up in a very discontented state of excited but baffled curiosity.

Frank came into town early the next day a new man. "It was no use crying for spilt milk," he said. They could have a good time with two sleigh-loads of people, if they could not have four. People did not know how much they would lose by not going with his party. Had not his sister engaged the Greenes, and the Baxters, and the McIlroys, and the girls up at the Hill? and was not Robert Burton a host? Who doubted but they should have a good time? Certainly nobody who saw his smiling face, who heard his merry laugh, or came within sound of his somewhat boisterous but refined joking. All went merry as a marriage bell.

Madam Prince was getting up her party, meanwhile, with what energy she might. She was to have the other two sleighs. People might have hesitated to join her but for the happy, winning manners of her daughter. The latter was all life and spirit. She seemed to have determined to stake her influence against that of her lover. She enticed away from his faction several of the most valuable *beaux*, and then used these new recruits to draw off some of the prettiest and brightest of his ladies. She was all the morning running about the town chattering with the gentlemen, whispering

with the girls, and glancing her bright eyes about in a way which must have been the death of poor Frank, had he not been so wrapped up in his own plans and engagements and hilarities that even her usually universal influence seemed to have lost its effect on him. Once they met in a parlor, where both had come to canvass a yet undecided family. Both argued the advantages of their respective parties, as if not only their interests had never been allied, but they were bent on showing how happy each would be without the other. And yet they wielded their pique so gracefully and good-naturedly that it seemed a great pity they should have come to such a settled difference of position. Amid all the general excitement of the town that day, their private relations nevertheless awakened much remark. They were evidently playing a deep game against each other; the future could only show which should get the better in the end.

And we have now, according to our promise, as briefly as possible described our "pieces" to the reader, and have "set" them in their positions, and may proceed with the story, to tell which we sat down.

#### SLEIGH-RIDE THE FIRST.

It was getting as dark as it would be that night, at five o'clock on the evening upon which so much interest had accumulated, for the red sun had been set for some time, and the moon had not yet arisen to supply his place in the heavens. Just then two large sleighs drove up before Mrs. Bennett's house, which was the place of rendezvous for Frank Hassler's party. The bells were jingling without, and the belles were chattering and laughing within. There was cloaking and muffling, and much resounding joking and merriment, to cover the chicanery and strategy by which various parties were arranging that this one should sit by that, and that *each* sleigh should contain *all* the desirables and none of the bores. Then there was a rush to the door. There was much clamoring and shouting as all were taking their seats, and these deep-laid plans were brought into action with such success as is usual on such occasions; for some of the deepest manœuvres were disappointed, and some of the simplest little devices succeeded. Robert Burton and Frank were rushing here, there and everywhere; handing in this lady, throwing in that cloak, satisfying now a mother's stentorian question as to where her daughters were placed, and then a bashful swain's whispered one on some similar point. Bob was to command the first sleigh, and Frank in the one behind, and each marshalled his clan with a mock dignity and authority to which all merrily yielded.

They were all ready for a start, when

Bob came running back to the sleigh of his friend, and after a moment's consultation led him off on the plea that there was more room in that in front, and that the other was crowded. The friendly clamor raised against this depredation was hushed by the sudden call to "go on," given by Bob from his high station by the driver, when reins were drawn up, whips cracked, and with a loud shout from all the party and all the on-lookers, the two sleighs, with their masses of life and fun and cheerful uproar, glided off, by the green, round the corner, and dashed on towards the south.

Merrily the hour flew by, as with all the exhilaration of the season, of the ride, of the occasion and each other, they were whirled on to the well known place, associated with so many former frolics, where the dance and the romp which were to crown the pleasures of the evening awaited them. Many a bright sally, from some of the noisier, set the whole party in a roar; many a whispered sentence, in the quieter tête-à-têtes, awakened a smile or an unseen flush of pleasure quite as heartfelt. All were wound up to the highest pitch of enjoyment and expectation, as they drove rapidly down the hill into the compact village of L——, and drew up at the portico of its brilliantly lighted hotel. The sleighs were vacated in an instant, and the party rushed together into the drawing-room prepared for them.

The gallants were already tendering their ready services to assist in the disencumbrance of the cloaked and hooded damsels, when a murmur, which began to arise of "Where's Mr. Hassler?" "Where is Frank?" was silenced by the authoritative call of Robert Burton:

"Don't take off your things, girls! I beg pardon, don't disrobe yet, ladies, we are not going to stop here."

"Not stop?" "Where's Frank?" "Are n't we going to dance?" "Where's Frank?" "We must stop." "Where is Frank?"

"Frank has changed his plan. We shall only stay here for you to get a little warm and take a little refreshment, and then we are to drive on to Lebanon Springs for the dance. Frank has gone on to arrange. This is all right, is it not, Mrs. Bennett?" was the hurried reply of Bob, the 'master's mate.'

"Yes," said Mrs. Bennett, quietly, "So I understood the plan."

"To Lebanon Springs!" "Ten miles." "So Mrs. Bennett understood,"—"one of his freaks,"—"just like Frank,"—"grand ride,"—"grand hall for a dance,"—"just like Frank," again chimed in the many-headed and many-hooded.

And so all in astonishment they stood about the blazing fires, and sipped the can-

onical mulled wine, and nibbled the national—we might say "symbol"—ical—doughnuts, and wondered at Frank's invention and energy, and enjoyed their surprise as they might. And then, with a cheering stirrup cup, and the murmured conversation growing into a shout, they again "bundled" into their sleighs, and whisked off under the light of the now rising moon towards their happy destination. And so we leave them for the present while we turn our attention for a moment to

#### SLEIGH-RIDE THE SECOND.

At the same hour that the friends we have just left were assembling at Mrs. Bennett's joyous mansion, two other sleighs, equally large and handsome, with their spirited horses equally caparisoned and jingling with their merry bells, drew up before the house of Madam Prince. Here was another party preparing for as gay a scene. Madam Prince moved among them with an admirable mixture of dignity and affability; Betsey glided, or almost danced about with all the life and gaiety in the world.

"Ha!" she cried, "Dr. Michael, I am glad you've come. Put on your royal authority with what quickness you can, for we are all ready to be ordered off."

"Well, my gipsy," replied the smiling Doctor, who, though he had cured half the sick people of the town—let us forget the other half—for twenty-five years past, felt still as young as when he first entered its world-famed medical school, and began his young and joyous intercourse with those merry maidens who were now the staidest matrons of P——, "well, shall I begin with you, with whom I shall have the most trouble?"

"No, doctor, begin with the rest, and divide them as equitably as you can into two caravans. If you choose you can consult me as to what flirtations are to be interrupted, and what are to be encouraged; and, by the way, you mus' n't ride in the same sleigh with Mrs."—

"Stop, stop, stop, you scoffer," interrupted the Doctor, and he proceeded to his duties. Although the most sympathizing of leeches, he did not pause now to condole with the matrons,—of whom indeed there were few, and those well-selected,—about rheumatic husbands and teething infants, nor, if we might judge by the smiles and blushes of the damsels, as he spoke to now one and another as he bustled about shawling and cloaking them, were his words to them concerning the health of father and mother, or any way framed to identify him with any former generation. He was young among the young, and the murmured pleasure which had prevailed before his arrival, began to swell into boisterous gaiety under the influence of his presence.



Without reluctance all left the cheery fires, and rushed out to the sleighs. They did not heed the low jingle that might be heard, or the lights seen glancing from the other end of the street, for it seemed to them—as how often! if we could stop to preach awhile—that all the fire and brilliancy of the town was collected in their own party. Madam Prince held her state at the back of the leading sleigh; the good Doctor and Betsey were to be responsible for the other. There was just room enough and no more, and so with what cheerfulness we may suppose, and with such arrangements of precedence and position, public and private, as always must be, they were well stowed in. Only the Doctor stood on the steps, hooking his fur muffler about his neck.

"Drive on to the gate, Jonas," cried he, "and there wait a moment;" and the first sleigh, with its six horses prancing and curvetting, at the start, amid the deep snow moved on a few rods.

"Come, come, Doctor, what are you waiting for,—get in, Doctor," was reiterated from the other.

"Is all right?—yes—no—let me see, let me see,—Oh, I thought I had forgot some last word of Mrs. Prince,—Miss Betsey, you are to go with your mother, she says," said he, now losing his hesitation and running up to the sleigh.

"What! with my mother? Well, let us be quick," and out jumped the merry maiden, laughing as if unwilling to be disconcerted by any of the good old lady's notions, and with the Doctor she ran on through the darkness and the deep snow to where the horses of the leading vehicle were impatiently shaking their noisy bells.

"All right, *now*," cried the Doctor, as he came back panting and leapt into his seat. "Go on! go on! I suppose it would n't have been right for an old man like me to start with dry feet, and I don't wonder 'Madam' was afraid to trust Betsey with me. If all your mothers, girls, were as cautious of us un-rheumatic old bachelors, I should have had the whole sleigh to myself."

And off they went, with the north star for their guide, dashing the deep snow up in a sort of frozen spray as they passed along; their motion, as noiseless as that of a meteor in the heavens, offering no sound to drown the clear music of the bells, the laughter of the joyous girls, and the merry shouts of the beaux. Twice at one sitting we will not describe this, but we pass on to inform the patient reader of a strange occurrence, that gave the whole party a startling theme for curiosity, and a new subject for jest, speculation and wonder during a long and merry drive.

They had dashed rapidly northward four or five miles, and stopped—strange to say, since the ride had been so pleasant, without sorrow or disappointment,—at the gay and brilliant-looking hotel at La——. Here, before they had fairly assembled around the blazing wood-fires, began an inquiry, which will convince our readers that the sleigh-rides of that evening were fated. We do not linger on the less defined and less authorized interrogatories of others; the voice of Madam Prince, loud and commanding, was soon heard above these:

"Doctor Michael! where is my daughter?"

The Doctor was a man not easily abashed or disconcerted; even when most ill at ease, he generally contrived to draw himself from a disagreeable position under the shelter of a laugh, and turn the embarrassment upon others. But he seemed to hesitate a little as he began on this occasion, and it was only as he went on that he recovered his tone; for he was explaining a direct secession from the sovereign authority of Madam Prince.

Betsey Prince was not here (as had been clear before). She had obtained his consent to change her mother's plan, and arrange the dance at Lebanon Springs instead of at La——. This he had done, and she had gone directly there with some of her friends to finish the decoration of the hall. They would find on "counting heads" that others were absent. Where were the Hatton girls, and where his scape-grace nephew, Jack Hinton? They must only warm their feet, sip a little mulled wine, (and here he raised his own glass to his lips,) and consenting to postpone their dance a little longer, drive on.

All eyes were on the august Madam P. She was evidently raging within, but she bore this rebellion from her authority—her own party taken completely out of her hands—with outward complacency. There was one comfort; it would give her party decidedly the advantage over Frank Hassler's, this change; for the Springs were much the best place. Her eyes lighted up with some triumph amid her griefs. The Doctor sued for forgiveness, and was forgiven.

The rest of the party were as easily satisfied. And this explained some of the doubts of the day. Betsey had triumphed over Frank; it was a master-stroke to have the dance at the Springs.

"And so, Doctor, the Hattons' grandmother is n't at the point of death, after all? and Jack Hinton didn't start for Hartford in the 'down' stage, to-day? How shy you have all been!"

"We shall see," said the Doctor; and bustling, and wondering, and chattering,

and laughing, they nestled into the sleighs; the horses' heads were turned westward, and over a road somewhat the roughest and the crookedest, but now clearly visible by the light of the rising full moon, they sped on towards "the Springs."

Having seen both parties of our friends journeying onward in the same direction, we must hurry back to pick up some of those equally dear to us, who have "taken out" by the way, and to give such an insight as we may into the motions and motives of

#### SLEIGH-RIDE THE THIRD.

When Betsey Prince was led forward from the sleigh in which she had seated herself, she did not, as the reader has perceived, take her place in that directed by her mother, who had given no such command, as the reader has also learned, as that announced by the double-dealing Doctor. She had only passed on into the shadow, and then opening the little garden gate, and running to a side door, returned into the house, and retired in silence to her own chamber. When the bustle of the departure had ceased, and she discovered that her defection had not been seen through, she quietly left the house again and passed noiselessly down a small street which led away from the village. What her objects and expectations were, if they are not already guessed, we shall disclose in the sequel; what the thoughts were and feelings that paled her beautiful cheek, and made her heart beat quick and almost audibly in her bosom,—we do not know.

When Frank Hassler went forward with his friend towards the sleigh in which the latter presided, the reader also knows that he did not enter it. Passing round the corner of the house, he went into the stable behind, and throwing himself down in the darkness upon a heap of straw in the corner, waited for the rushing sound which showed that his escape was successful and complete. He then got up and lighted a lantern, and with the assistance of a black boy whom he summoned, (and who fell to work grinning and capering with glee, at the accomplishment of he did n't know what,) he proceeded to harness to a light cutter-sleigh his own noble black horse and his sister's jolly grey; a pair that had often before boldly trotted off together, on many an excursion for pleasure or for good, and had helped him and his friends into and out of many a freak of mischief, and many a frolic of the night.

"Stop grinning there, and hold the light as I go through the gate."

"Yassir."

"You say you are sure Mr. Hassler started with a large party to go sleighing, to-night?"

"Yassir, I'm sure we all *see* him start,"

and the boy began grinning again, if we are to take his word for it that he left off when told to.

Frank walked his horses—restless enough—round the corner, down the lane by the cobbler's, then round by the little pond, and as he turned into another lane he saw a form by the side of the road before him, and drawing up to it and stopping, leapt out.

"Betsey?"—"Frank?" We shall not say what they did then; not wholly because we think a reader's curiosity ought to be limited, but because also we do not certainly know, although we have a pretty good guess. This we do know, that after a little unaffected hesitation, although she had done so much and come so far for this very purpose, Betsey suffered herself to be put by her lover into the sleigh, and to turn upon him a subdued smile of pleasure, although her eyes were half full of tears, as he placed himself by her side and drove rapidly on towards the west.

On the whole we will pass by in silence that long though deeply interesting conversation between these lovers as they drove on, and we will spare the reader that long quotation from Ossian which should have described the black horse and the white horse, as he erst described Sulin-Sifadda, and Dusronnal, those "high-maned, broad-breasted, proud, wide-leaping, strong steeds of the hill." As we have set our *three sleigh-rides* all in motion towards the west, we must take the wings of the wind in order to arrive before them.

At LEBANON SPRINGS, that bright, beautiful evening of mid-winter, "Columbia Hall" by six o'clock presented a blaze of light. The large drawing-room, now deserted for many months, since its summer loungers, invalids, and rejoicing fashionables, had all retired to their winter homes or their winter gaieties, had been dusted, arranged, and illuminated. In the dining-room below, the long table with its snow-white cloth and shining glass and silver, betokened that even in this unwonted season there should be again there a jovial supper and resounding voices of mirth. The host walked rapidly up and down the corridor, his footsteps the only interruption to the quiet gurgling of the little spring, as it bubbled gaily up in its basin, heedless of the frost or the white snow about the brim. In one of the sitting-rooms, shielding his face from the undue heat of the little iron stove with the last number of the "Missionary Herald," which he held in his hand, sat restlessly a sedate looking individual with a black coat and a white neckcloth, clearly enough, in this region, indicating that he was a clergyman. For the last time he rose from his seat and

looked out upon the white face of nature, now just illuminated by the rays of the rising moon.

"Why don't they come?" said he to himself, "I begin to be tired of waiting."

Poor man! he had "begun to be" tired long ago. He laid down his book and strolling into the now still bar-room, occupied only by the host and one other individual, asked, with proper solemnity and gravity, for that universal *solatium* of our countrymen, a cigar. As he lighted it he said,

"Where is our wedding party, Mr. —?"

"I think they must be here soon," replied the host, "for they are to get through the ceremony before the great ball comes off, and we expect the folks for that before eight;"—and as he uttered the words, by that strange coincidence, so often noticed that our French friends have made a profane proverb about it, the jingling of bells was heard from the road, and a loud "Hallo!" summoned the inmates of the family to the door.

And so Frank Hassler and his blushing love arrived; and before half an hour had elapsed, a small party, consisting of the young couple, the host and his wife, with another young matron, and the "other individual" whom we mentioned above, having collected in the room in which the clergyman had been sitting, that clergyman, who was an old and tried friend of both the parties and their parents, united Betsey and Frank—so happy, though both grave,—by the holy rite of marriage,—the solemn ceremony of which he performed with a beautiful and touching simplicity,—as man and wife. They had crossed the border into the State of New York, where no "publication of banns" detained them. The quiet gentleman,—whom we have been obliged to call only the "other individual,"—gave away the bride.

And now from two directions is the loud sound of sleigh-bells heard. Rapidly they come rushing, the one party up and the other down the hill towards the door. Quick, quick the wedding party fly to take their places in the large hall; and as the mingling revellers from the four sleighs, with mutual surprise and hurried question came hastily along the piazza;—they form themselves at the head of this room. Frank Hassler and his bride in the centre; and we were there, also, hitherto patient reader,—my wife on one side and I upon the other.

A splendid couple they were. Frank stood proud and erect, with a flush almost of defiance upon his young but manly face, while he held the ungloved hand of his beautiful bride, who with her head down cast, her blue eye wholly shaded by its dark lash, her lips parted in the excitement of the moment, stood firmly although trembling by his side.

Her mother rushed foremost into the room. Her complacency all vanished at seeing her daughter in this companionship, at seeing them hold their position thus unblushingly before her. Her rage, which had been covered up, not extinguished, since her discovery of her daughter's secession from her party, now burst upon her with all its fury. She could hardly find words to speak as she dashed up the hall, followed by all of both the parties, pressing eagerly onwards, full of interest and curiosity. At length she broke out:

"Betsey Prince! what do you mean!"

"I believe you are laboring under some mistake, Mrs. Prince," said Frank, leading forward his trembling bride. "Let me present to you *Mrs. Hassler, my wife.*"

A thunder-clap—no, not that,—*nothing* could have given Mrs. Prince such a sudden and powerful blow. She looked up in an agony of rage, and her eye met that of the respected minister of C., her friend of many years. She saw the destruction of her own plans, the success of other and wider ones at a moment. The clergyman came forward.

"Yes," said he, "your daughter is truly and irrevocably the wife of Mr. Hassler, for better or worse. May it be a happy union! Had it not been that I knew, my dear friend, that your opposition was founded in nothing but a dread of that loss of your daughter that must come sooner or later, notwithstanding they told me all their piteous story," (and here the good man smiled,) "I should not have done this. Come, give them your hand and your blessing."

The pride of a baffled woman struggled for a moment with the feelings of a kind mother; but the latter conquered.

"I forgive you, Betsey," she said, "and you, sir, and may God bless you. I give you both joy, and rejoice at this myself, before all these our friends."

And then how happy everybody was. Betsey kissed her mother in tears, and Frank too kissed her, all smiles. And then the girls, who had been standing, hoods in hand, not knowing what to make of it, all rushed forward and kissed Betsey too; and—I can't tell, for my wife seemed eager to draw me away,—there was a great deal of kissing nobody could account for; but soon all the "things" were taken off and carried to another room, and the ladies arranged their dresses, and the gentlemen adjourned down stairs, to take "something cheerful" to the health of the bridegroom, and all met at last in the great hall, where the music had been gaily pealing forth for many minutes, to unite in one of the happiest evenings ever known,—Mrs. Prince the happiest of the happy,—in celebrating the successful end of THE THREE SLEIGH-RIDES. G. Q.



Painted by G. G. G.

Engraved by J. H. G.

*The Inquiry.*



## THE ENQUIRY.

AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.

THIS spirited Engraving is from a picture by Liverseegee, a celebrated English painter now dead. It represents an interview between an English Gatekeeper and an urchin who comes, apparently with a present of game, to the proprietor of the estate to which the former belongs. Both of the figures of the group are life-like and the faces expressive, and the effect of the painting is very well preserved in the Engraving.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

SPEECH ON INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, *Delivered at the Dinner to Charles Dickens, at the City Hotel, New York, February 19, 1842.* By Cornelius Mathews. 12mo. 16 pp.

THIS pamphlet contains a very able and spirited condensation of the arguments for an International Copyright law, and as such we have read it with pleasure. The friends of good literature, and the friends of right and justice, throughout the country we believe, stand together upon this question. There has long been a great and very general desire that we might be up and doing in this good cause.

It is because we firmly believe this to be the case, that we have regretted the tone given to the discussions arising from the fresh interest excited upon this subject by the visit of Mr. Dickens to this country, and the remarks he has thought it proper to make upon several public occasions. The natural reply to be made, — if not to Mr. Dickens, who as a guest upon these occasions is not to be taken to task for anything his feeling or his taste dictated to him to say, — at least to those of our own countrymen who thought it worth while to take up the same line of remark, was evidently: — What shall we do about it *here*? Are you so uncharitable as to suppose that you are the only persons who have looked at this question, — plain in principle, — in the just light? Are you so ill-informed as to suppose that there is not a very general desire to do right in this matter, when the way is pointed out?

Very few literary men, we imagine, certainly very few writers in this country needed to be urged at this time by much force of argument, before acknowledging the right and the expediency of such a law. But there are many practical difficulties in the way, which the enthusiastic defenders of the principle do not seem inclined to face. Would it not be a worthier application of their powers, if they should set themselves to the drawing up of a BILL for the establishment of an International Copyright? such a bill as should ensure

an actual reciprocity of rights between the countries; and while it gave the proper protection to authors, should give to readers in both countries the certainty of being able to obtain — without unreasonable restraints — the works of those authors in each.

We do not pursue this suggestion; our only intention being to enter a protest against the supposition that the country was lukewarm on the subject before, and that there was any necessity for an extraneous impulse to urge it to action when action should be possible. It may be right to blame *Congress* for not acting upon the matter; but we believe that no American, looking upon all the other subjects to which he is desirous that body should attend when it begins to do *anything*, will be desirous to enter upon a diatribe on this particular point. We certainly are not, and although willing to yield to none in our desire to set this matter on the footing of justice, and urged thereto by the strongest motives of self-interest, (as no one who looks at the sources and resources of the publications with which American periodicals stand in competition can doubt,) we prefer to avoid all agitation upon it, and to leave discussion, until it can be founded upon some direct proposition on which a useful decision can be taken.

CECIL A PEER. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard's Reprint. 1842.

THIS continuation of that sprightly novel of last season, "Cecil a Coxcomb," has even more life and spirit than its predecessor. As a book it wants unity, and on that account the interest sometimes flags. The series of adventures of which it is a history, are not sufficiently connected and worked into each other to form one complete drama. The author in fact disclaims any design of effecting this. "As to your historical three-volume novels," says

he, "with a beginning, an end, and a middle, it strikes me that there is beginning to be no end to them, and that they are all middling."

The story is told with at least an *affectation* of heartlessness; but if there is nothing in the *principles* of Cecil which may serve as examples, there is much that may serve for amusement. The author's wit is very ready, too often perhaps seeking vent in a *pun* over which the sense stumbles, and much too often in a "fatal facility" of quotation. Notwithstanding, however, all these blemishes, we may commend Cecil to our fair readers as one of the most lively and agreeable novels of the day. We avoid the treachery of giving them any sketch of the story, or any premature extracts, and we do not doubt that they will hope with us that the promise of the author to his readers, that they "shall hear from him again," is intended in good faith.

ESSAYS FOR SUMMER HOURS, by Charles Lanman. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, and Company. 1842.

THIS is a pleasant little volume of quiet Essays, written by a warm lover of nature, and dealing principally with descriptions of natural scenery, or the development of simple feeling. The author has well characterized them as reading "for summer hours." They neither furnish deep thought, nor are the parent of it; and yet they conduct the reader through pleasant places, in peaceful and undisturbed meditative shades, without disturbing him with paradoxical statements, or, often, with opinions that his judgment or his taste rejects. The author appears to have read a good deal, with discrimination and sympathy, and,—as it is true that the more we know, the more we learn from what we read of the best written efforts of master-minds,—so the more a writer, especially of this class of essays, has gathered from the already accumulated stores of information and illustration, the readier will be his power to impress his own train of thought upon his reader. Mr. Lanman appears to have had a peculiarly apt sympathy and appreciation for his favorite authors, and we consequently find that (which, although artistically a fault, is no loss to the readers of his book,) whenever he comes to the real depth of his subject, or to a marked point either of argument or illustration, he flies to quotation to express himself, and his quotations are in general well selected and classical.

His volume is illustrated by an engraving from a pretty drawing of his own, and is dedicated to Louis L. Noble, an American Poet, from whose lyre his countrymen would gladly hear more frequent strains.

GOD THE GUARDIAN OF THE POOR, AND THE BANK OF FAITH. By William Huntington, S. S. Second American from the seventh London Edition. LOWELL. 1842.

THIS book is one of that class of which the well-informed reader may well feel a fear, that it may do more harm than good. Yet, after reading it, with many doubts as we went on, we believe it to be the work of an honest man, who intended to do good. It purports to be a biographical narrative of an entirely uneducated—we cannot even use that enticing and much-abused word "self-educated,"—dissenting preacher of London. His strongest belief, at least that which the book most directly inculcates, is, that particular prayers for definite temporal blessings are the duty of Christians, and will meet a direct reward. The narrative of a man believing thus, and acting with such success in this belief, that he advances from a poor coal-heaver to a substantial householder, keeping his carriage and pair, will be, our readers will say, necessarily *amusing*; and such, if one sets aside any other view of it, it certainly is.

This simple story—though we still speak in some doubt of its simplicity, preferring however to err on the side of charity,—has many quaint hits and happy passages, which might teach wisdom to those who call themselves wiser than their author. We copy for instance the following:—

"They have a common saying in the Wild of Kent when the daughter of an old farmer is married. If it be inquired what portion the old man gave, the answer is, 'He gave not much money; but the old people are always sending them something,—there is always something sent from a farm-house.' Then the observation usually is, 'Ay, hers is a hand-basket portion, which is generally the best; for there is no end to that.' Even so our everlasting Father gives to his poor children a hand-basket portion,—a basket being that which we generally fetch our daily provisions in: and God sometimes puts his blessing even in the basket, and then it seldom comes home empty; as it is written, 'Blessed shall be thy basket.' I am firmly of opinion that the hand-basket portion is the best, both for soul and body; because it keeps us to prayer, exercises our faith, engages our watchfulness, and excites to gratitude."

"It does not appear that the prodigal son added much to his fortune when he desired the portion of goods that fell to him; that is, he desired to be an Arminian, to have an independent stock of his own and to be left to improve it by himself. But self-will, free agency, self-sufficiency, and independency of God, seldom gain much by trading; for we all know that this independent merchant would have been starved and damned too, if free grace had not undertook to feed him and to save him. Poor soul! I warrant you he flourished away at first, but he soon brought himself down upon a level with the swine. Free agency, with her boasted dignity, made but a poor figure while she sat banqueting at the hog-trough. And one would imagine that, if anything would have excluded boasting, this certainly would. He could not boast of the *entertainment*, because it was nothing but *hush*; nor could he boast much of *company*, they being only *swine*. I believe the prodigal left all boasting behind when he forsook the pig's pound."



ROMANZA,—"L'ombrosa notte, vien," from *Matilde von Guise*.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY J. N. HUMMEL.

*Larghetto.*

L'om-bro-sa not-te

vien, E span-de il sa-cro ve-lo! Tu se-con-da,

cie lo, Gli af-fet-ti del mio cor. De-ci-de o-mai quest'

*cres.* *p* *pp*



o - - ra Di mai fe - li - ci - tà; . . Lo spo - so che m'a -

- - do - - ra Al - fin pur mio sa - rà. Lo spo - so che m'a - do - ra . . Al -

- - - fin . . . . . pur mio sa - - - rà.

*p* *cres.* *p*

## SECONDA.

Affetti del mio cor,  
 Tacete affetti miei!  
 Vieni tu che sei  
 Il caro mio tesor:

Decide omai quest' ora  
 Di mia felicità,  
 Lo sposo che m'adora,  
 Alfin pur mio sarà.

# BOSTON MISCELLANY.

## A VIRTUOSO'S COLLECTION.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE other day, having a leisure hour at my disposal, I stepped into a new museum, to which my notice was casually drawn by a small and unobtrusive sign: "TO BE SEEN HERE, A VIRTUOSO'S COLLECTION." Such was the simple, yet not altogether unpromising announcement, that turned my steps aside, for a little while, from the sunny sidewalk of our principal thoroughfare. Mounting a sombre stair-case, I pushed open a door at its summit, and found myself in the presence of a person, who mentioned the moderate sum that would entitle me to admittance:

"Three shillings, Massachusetts tenor," said he; "no, I mean half a dollar, as you reckon in these days."

While searching my pocket for the coin, I glanced at the door-keeper, the marked character and individuality of whose aspect encouraged me to expect something not quite in the ordinary way. He wore an old-fashioned great coat, much faded, within which his meagre person was so completely enveloped that the rest of his attire was undistinguishable. But his visage was remarkably wind-flushed, sun-burnt, and weather-worn, and had a most unquiet, nervous, and apprehensive expression. It seemed as if this man had some all-important object in view, some point of deep interest to be decided, some momentous question to ask, might he but hope for a reply. As it was evident, however, that I could have nothing to do with his private affairs, I passed through an open door-way, which admitted me into the extensive hall of the Museum.

Directly in front of the portal was the

bronze statue of a youth with winged feet. He was represented in the act of flitting away from earth, yet wore such a look of earnest invitation that it impressed me like a summons to enter the hall.

"It is the original statue of Opportunity, by the ancient sculptor Lysippus," said a gentleman who now approached me; "I place it at the entrance of my Museum, because it is not at all times that one can gain admittance to such a collection."

The speaker was a middle-aged person, of whom it was not easy to determine whether he had spent his life as a scholar, or as a man of action; in truth, all outward and obvious peculiarities had been worn away by an extensive and promiscuous intercourse with the world. There was no mark about him of profession, individual habits, or scarcely of country; although his dark complexion and high features made me conjecture that he was a native of some southern clime of Europe. At all events, he was evidently the Virtuoso in person.

"With your permission," said he, "as we have no descriptive catalogue, I will accompany you through the Museum, and point out whatever may be most worthy of attention. In the first place, here is a choice collection of stuffed animals."

Nearest the door stood the outward semblance of a wolf, exquisitely prepared, it is true, and showing a very wolfish fierceness in the large glass eyes, which were inserted into its wild and crafty head. Still it was merely the skin of a wolf, with nothing to distinguish it from other individuals of an unlovely breed.

"How does this animal deserve a place in your collection?" inquired I.

"It is the wolf that devoured Little Red Riding-Hood," answered the Virtuoso; "and by his side, — with a milder and more matronly look, as you perceive, — stands the she-wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus."

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed I. "And what lovely lamb is this, with the snow-white fleece, which seems to be of as delicate a texture as innocence itself?"

"Methinks you have but carelessly read Spenser," replied my guide, "or you would at once recognize the 'milk-white lamb' which Una led. But I set no great value upon the lamb. The next specimen is better worth our notice."

"What!" cried I, "this strange animal, with the black head of an ox upon the body of a white horse? Were it possible to suppose it, I should say that this was Alexander's steed Bucephalus."

"The same," said the Virtuoso. "And can you likewise give a name to the famous charger that stands beside him?"

Next to the renowned Bucephalus stood the mere skeleton of a horse, with the white bones peeping through its ill-conditioned hide. But, if my heart had not warmed towards that pitiful anatomy, I might as well have quitted the Museum at once. Its rarities had not been collected with pain and toil from the four quarters of the earth, and from the depths of the sea, and from the palaces and sepulchres of ages, for those who could mistake this illustrious steed.

"It is Rosinante!" exclaimed I, with enthusiasm.

And so it proved! My admiration for the noble and gallant horse caused me to glance with less interest at the other animals, although many of them might have deserved the notice of Cuvier himself. There was the donkey which Peter Bell cudgelled so soundly; and a brother of the same species, who had suffered a similar infliction from the ancient prophet Balaam. Some doubts were entertained, however, as to the authenticity of the latter beast. My guide pointed out the venerable Argus, that faithful dog of Ulysses, and also another dog, (for so the skin bespoke it,) which, though imperfectly preserved, seemed once to have had three heads. It was Cerberus. I was considerably amused at detecting, in an obscure corner, the fox that became so famous by the loss of his tail. There were several stuffed cats, which, as a dear lover of that comfortable beast, attracted my affectionate regards. One was Dr. Johnson's cat Hodge; and in the same row stood the favorite cats of Mahomet, Gray, and Walter Scott, together with Puss in Boots, and a cat of very noble aspect who had once been a deity of

ancient Egypt. Byron's tame bear came next. I must not forget to mention the Erymanthean boar, the skin of St. George's Dragon, and that of the serpent Python; and another skin, with beautifully variegated hues, supposed to have been the garment of the "spirited Sly Snake," which tempted Eve. Against the wall were suspended the horns of the stag that Shakspeare shot; and on the floor lay the ponderous shell of the tortoise which fell upon the head of Æschylus. In one row, as natural as life, stood the sacred bull Apis, the "cow with the crumpled horn," and a very wild looking young heifer, which I guessed to be the cow that jumped over the moon. She was probably killed by the rapidity of her descent. As I turned away, my eyes fell upon an indescribable monster, which proved to be a griffin.

"I look in vain," observed I, "for the skin of an animal which might well deserve the closest study of a naturalist, — the winged horse Pegasus."

"He is not yet dead," replied the Virtuoso, "but he is so hard ridden by many young gentlemen of the day, that I hope soon to add his skin and skeleton to my collection."

We now passed to the next alcove of the hall, in which was a multitude of stuffed birds. They were very prettily arranged, some upon the branches of trees, others brooding upon nests, and others suspended by wires so artificially that they seemed in the very act of flight. Among them was a white dove, with a withered branch of olive leaves in her mouth.

"Can this be the very dove," inquired I, "that brought the message of peace and hope to the tempest-beaten passengers of the ark?"

"Even so," said my companion.

"And this raven, I suppose," continued I, "is the same that fed Elijah in the wilderness?"

"The raven? — no," said the Virtuoso, "it is a bird of modern date. He belonged to one Barnaby Rudge; and many people fancied that the devil himself was disguised under his sable plumage. But poor Grip has drawn his last cork, and has been forced to 'say die' at last."

My guide next pointed out Minerva's owl, and the vulture that preyed upon the liver of Prometheus. There was likewise the sacred Ibis of Egypt, and one of the Stymphalides, which Hercules shot in his sixth labor. Shelley's sky-lark, Bryant's water-fowl, and a pigeon from the belfry of the Old South Church, preserved by N. P. Willis, were placed on the same perch. I could not but shudder on beholding Coleridge's alb-tross, transfixed with the Ancient Mariner's crossbow shaft. Beside this bird of awful

poesy stood a gray goose of very ordinary aspect.

"Stuffed goose is no such rarity," observed I. "Why do you preserve such a specimen in your Museum?"

"It is one of the flock whose cackling saved the Roman Capitol," answered the Virtuoso. "Many geese have cackled and hissed, both before and since; but none, like those, have clamored themselves into immortality."

There seemed to be little else that demanded notice in this department of the Museum, unless we except Robinson Crusoe's parrot, a live phoenix, a footless bird of Paradise, and a splendid peacock, supposed to be the same that once contained the soul of Pythagoras. I therefore passed to the next alcove, the shelves of which were covered with a miscellaneous collection of curiosities, such as are usually found in similar establishments. One of the first things that took my eye was a strange looking cap, woven of some substance that appeared to be neither woollen, cotton, nor linen.

"Is this a magician's cap?" I asked.

"No," replied the Virtuoso, "it is merely Dr. Franklin's cap of asbestos. But here is one which, perhaps, may suit you better. It is the wishing-cap of Fortunatus. Will you try it on?"

"By no means," answered I, putting it aside with my hand. "The day of wild wishes is past with me. I desire nothing that may not come in the ordinary course of Providence."

"Then, probably," returned the Virtuoso, "you will not be tempted to rub this lamp?"

While speaking, he took from the shelf an antique brass lamp, curiously wrought with embossed figures, but so covered with verdigris that the sculpture was almost eaten away.

"It is a thousand years," said he, "since the genius of this lamp constructed Aladdin's palace in a single night. But he still retains his power; and the man who rubs Aladdin's lamp, has but to desire either a palace or a cottage."

"I might desire a cottage," replied I, "but I would have it founded on sure and stable truth, not on dreams and fantasies. I have learned to look for the real and the true."

My guide next showed me Prospero's magic wand, broken into three fragments by the hand of its mighty master. On the same shelf lay the gold ring of ancient Gyges, which enabled the wearer to walk invisible. On the other side of the alcove was a tall looking-glass in a frame of ebony, but veiled with a curtain of purple silk,

through the rents of which the gleam of the mirror was perceptible.

"This is Cornelius Agrippa's magic glass," observed the Virtuoso. "Draw aside the curtain, and picture any human form within your mind, and it will be reflected in the mirror."

"It is enough if I can picture it within my mind," answered I. "Why should I wish it to be repeated in the mirror? But, indeed, these works of magic have grown wearisome to me. There are so many greater wonders in the world, to those who keep their eyes open, and their sight undimmed by custom, that all the delusions of the old sorcerers seem flat and stale. Unless you can show me something really curious, I care not to look further into your Museum."

"Ah, well, then," said the Virtuoso, composedly, "perhaps you may deem some of my antiquarian rarities deserving of a glance."

He pointed out the Iron Mask, now corroded with rust; and my heart grew sick at the sight of this dreadful relic, which had shut out a human being from sympathy with his race. There was nothing half so terrible in the axe that beheaded King Charles, nor in the dagger that slew Henry of Navarre, nor in the arrow that pierced the heart of William Rufus,—all of which were shown to me. Many of the articles derived their interest, such as it was, from having been formerly in the possession of royalty. For instance, here was Charlemagne's sheepskin cloak, the flowing wig of Louis Quatorze, the spinning-wheel of Sardanapalus, and King Stephen's famous breeches, which cost him but a crown. The heart of the Bloody Mary, with the word "Calais" worn into its diseased substance, was preserved in a bottle of spirits; and near it lay the golden case in which the queen of Gustavus Adolphus treasured up that hero's heart. Among these relics and heirlooms of kings, I must not forget the long, hairy ears of Midas, and a piece of bread, which had been changed to gold by the touch of that unlucky monarch. And as Grecian Helen was a queen, it may here be mentioned, that I was permitted to take into my hand a lock of her golden hair. Here, likewise, was the robe that smothered Agamemnon, Nero's fiddle, the Czar Peter's brandy-bottle, the crown of Semiramis, and Canute's sceptre, which he extended over the sea. That my own land may not deem itself neglected, let me add, that I was favored with a sight of the skull of King Philip, the famous Indian chief, whose head the Puritans smote off and exhibited upon a pole.

"Show me something else," said I to the Virtuoso. "I have seen such an

position, that people in the ordinary walks of life cannot feel an interest in their relics. If you could show me the straw hat of sweet little Nell, I would far rather see it than a king's golden crown."

"There it is," said my guide, pointing carelessly with his staff to the straw hat in question. "But, indeed, you are hard to please. Here are the seven-league boots. Will you try them on?"

"Our modern railroads have superseded their use," answered I; "and as to these cow-hide boots, I could show you quite as curious a pair at the transcendental community in Roxbury."

We next examined a collection of swords and other weapons, belonging to different epochs, but thrown together without much attempt at arrangement. Here was Arthur's sword Excalibur, and that of the Cid Campeador, and the sword of Brutus rusted with Cæsar's blood and his own, and the sword of Joan of Arc, and that of Horatius, and that with which Virginius slew his daughter, and the one which Dionysius suspended over the head of Damocles. Here, also, was Arria's sword, which she plunged into her own breast, in order to taste of death before her husband. The crooked blade of Saladin's scimitar next attracted my notice. I know not by what chance, but so it happened that the sword of one of our own militia generals was suspended between Don Quixote's lance and the brown blade of Hudibras. My heart throbbed high at the sight of the helmet of Miltiades, and the spear that was broken in the breast of Epaminondas. I recognized the shield of Achilles, by its resemblance to the admirable cast in the possession of Professor Felton. Nothing in this department interested me more than Major Pitcairn's pistol, the discharge of which, at Lexington, began the war of the revolution, and was reverberated in thunder around the land for seven long years. The bow of Ulysses, though unstrung for ages, was placed against the wall, together with a sheaf of Robin Hood's arrows, and the rifle of Daniel Boone.

"Enough of weapons," said I, at length; "although I would gladly have seen the sacred shield which fell from Heaven in the time of Numa. And surely you should obtain the sword which Washington unsheathed at Cambridge. But the collection does you much credit. Let us pass on."

In the next alcove we saw the golden thigh of Pythagoras, which had so divine a meaning; and, by one of the queer analogies to which the Virtuoso seemed to be addicted, this ancient emblem lay on the same shelf with Peter Stuyvesant's wooden leg, that was fabled to be of silver. Here was a remnant of the Golden Fleece; and a sprig of yellow leaves that resembled the

foliage of a frost-bitten elm, but was duly authenticated as a portion of the golden branch by which Æneas gained admittance to the realm of Pluto. Atalanta's golden apple, and one of the apples of discord, were wrapt in the napkin of gold which Ramp-sinitus brought from Hades; and the whole were deposited in the golden vase of Bias, with its inscription: "To THE WISEST."

"And how did you obtain this vase?" said I to the Virtuoso.

"It was given me long ago," replied he, with a scornful expression in his eye, "because I had learned to despise all things."

It had not escaped me that, though the Virtuoso was evidently a man of high cultivation, yet he seemed to lack sympathy with the spiritual, the sublime, and the tender. Apart from the whim that had led him to devote so much time, pains, and expense to the collection of this Museum, he impressed me as one of the hardest and coldest men of the world whom I had ever met.

"To despise all things!" repeated I. "This, at best, is the wisdom of the understanding. It is the creed of a man whose soul, — whose better and diviner part, — has never been awakened, or has died out of him."

"I did not think that you were still so young," said the Virtuoso. "Should you live to my years, you will acknowledge that the vase of Bias was not ill bestowed."

Without farther discussion of the point, he directed my attention to other curiosities. I examined Cinderella's little glass slipper, and compared it with one of Diana's sandals, and with Fanny Elssler's shoe, which bore testimony to the muscular character of her illustrious foot. On the same shelf were Thomas the Rhymer's green velvet shoes, and the brazen shoe of Empedocles, which was thrown out of Mount Ætna. Anacreon's drinking-cup was placed in apt juxtaposition with one of Tom Moore's wine-glasses and Circe's magic bowl. These were symbols of luxury and riot; but near them stood the cup whence Socrates drank his hemlock; and that which Sir Philip Sydney put from his death-parched lips to bestow the draught upon a dying soldier. Next appeared a cluster of tobacco pipes, consisting of Sir Walter Raleigh's, the earliest on record, Dr. Parr's, Charles Lamb's, and the first calumet of peace which was ever smoked between a European and an Indian. Among other musical instruments, I noticed the lyre of Orpheus, and those of Homer and Sappho, Dr. Franklin's famous whistle, the trumpet of Anthony van Corlear, and the flute which Goldsmith played upon in his rambles through the French provinces. The staff of Peter the Hermit stood in a corner, with that of good old Bishop Jewel, and one of

ivory, which had belonged to Papyrius, the Roman Senator. The ponderous club of Hercules was close at hand. The Virtuoso showed me the chisel of Phidias, Claude's palette, and the brush of Apelles, observing that he intended to bestow the former either on Greenough, Crawford, or Powers, and the two latter upon Washington Allston. There was a small vase of oracular gas from Delphos, which, I trust, will be submitted to the scientific analysis of Professor Silliman. I was deeply moved on beholding a phial of the tears into which Niobe was dissolved; nor less so, on learning that a shapeless fragment of salt was a relic of that victim of despondency and sinful regrets, Lot's wife. My companion appeared to set great value upon some Egyptian darkness in a blacking jug. Several of the shelves were covered by a collection of coins; among which, however, I remember none but the Splendid Shilling, celebrated by Phillips, and a dollar's worth of the iron money of Lycurgus, weighing about fifty pounds.

Walking carelessly onward, I had nearly fallen over a huge bundle, like a pedlar's pack, done up in sackcloth and very securely strapped and corded.

"It is Christian's burthen of sin," said the Virtuoso.

"Oh, pray let us open it!" cried I. "For many a year I have longed to know its contents."

"Look into your own consciousness and memory," replied the Virtuoso. "You will there find a list of whatever it contains."

As this was an undeniable truth, I threw a melancholy look at the burthen, and passed on. A collection of old garments, hanging on pegs, was worthy of some attention, especially the shirt of Nessus, Cæsar's mantle, Joseph's coat of many colors, the Vicar of Bray's cassock, Goldsmith's peach-bloom suit, a pair of President Jefferson's scarlet breeches, John Randolph's red baize hunting-shirt, the drab small clothes of the Stout Gentleman, and the rags of the "man all tattered and torn." George Fox's hat impressed me with deep reverence, as a relic of perhaps the truest apostle that has appeared on earth for these eighteen hundred years. My eye was next attracted by an old pair of shears, which I should have taken for a memorial of some famous tailor, only that the Virtuoso pledged his veracity that they were the identical scissors of Atropos. He also showed me a broken hour-glass, which had been thrown aside by Father Time, together with the old gentleman's gray forelock, tastefully braided into a brooch. In the hour-glass was the handful of sand, the grains of which had numbered the years of the Cumæan Sibyl. I think it was in this alcove that I saw the inkstand which Luther threw at the Devil,

and the ring which Essex, while under sentence of death, sent to Queen Elizabeth.

The Virtuoso now opened the door of a closet, and showed me a lamp burning, while three others stood unlighted by its side. One of the three was the lamp of Diogenes, another that of Guy Faux, and the third that which Hero set forth to the midnight breeze in the high tower of Abydos.

"See!" said the Virtuoso, blowing with all his force at the lighted lamp.

The flame quivered and shrank away from his breath, but clung to the wick, and resumed its brilliancy as soon as the blast was exhausted.

"It is an undying lamp from the tomb of Charlemagne," observed my guide. "That flame was kindled a thousand years ago."

"How ridiculous, to kindle an unnatural light in tombs!" exclaimed I. "We should seek to behold the dead in the light of heaven. But what is the meaning of this chafing-dish of glowing coals?"

"That," answered the Virtuoso, "is the original fire which Prometheus stole from Heaven. Look steadfastly into it, and you will discern another curiosity."

I gazed into that fire, — which, symbolically, was the origin of all that was bright and glorious in the soul of man, — and in the midst of it, behold! a little reptile, sporting with evident enjoyment of the fervid heat. It was a salamander.

"What a sacrilege!" cried I, with inexpressible disgust. "Can you find no better use for this ethereal fire than to cherish a loathsome reptile in it? Yet there are men who abuse the sacred fire of their own souls to as foul and guilty a purpose."

The Virtuoso made no answer, except by a dry laugh. He then proceeded to show me other rarities; for this closet appeared to be the receptacle of what he considered most valuable in his collection.

"There," said he, "is the great carbuncle of the White Mountains."

I gazed with no little interest at this mighty gem, which it had been one of the wild projects of my youth to discover. Possibly it might have looked brighter to me in those days than now; at all events, it had not such brilliancy as to detain me long from the other articles of the Museum. The Virtuoso pointed to me a crystalline stone, which hung by a gold chain against the wall.

"That is the Philosopher's Stone," said he.

"And have you the Elixir Vitæ, which generally accompanies it?" inquired I.

"Even so, — this urn is filled with it," he replied. "A draught would refresh you. Here is Hebe's cup, — will you quaff a health from it?"

My heart thrilled within me at the idea of such a reviving draught; for methought I had great need of it, after travelling so far on the dusty road of life. But I know not whether it were a peculiar glance in the Virtuoso's eye, or the circumstance that this most precious liquid was contained in an antique sepulchral urn, that made me pause. Then came many a thought, with which, in the calmer and better hours of life, I had strengthened myself to feel that Death is the very friend whom, in his due season, even the happiest mortal should be willing to embrace.

"No, I desire not an earthly immortality," said I. "Were man to live longer on the earth, the spiritual would die out of him. The spark of ethereal fire would be choked by the material, the sensual. There is a celestial something within us that requires, after a certain time, the atmosphere of Heaven to preserve it from decay and ruin. I will have none of this liquid. You do well to keep it in a sepulchral urn; for it would produce death, while bestowing the shadow of life."

"All this is unintelligible to me," responded my guide, with indifference. "Life,—earthly life,—is the only good. But you refuse the draught? Well, it is not likely to be offered twice within one man's experience. Probably you have griefs which you seek to forget in death. I can enable you to forget them in life. Will you take a draught of Lethe?"

As he spoke the Virtuoso took from the shelf a crystal vase containing a sable liquor, which caught no reflected image from the objects around.

"Not for the world!" exclaimed I, shrinking back. "I can spare none of my recollections,—not even those of error or sorrow. They are all alike the food of my spirit. As well never to have lived, as to lose them now."

Without further parley we passed to the next alcove, the shelves of which were burthened with ancient volumes, and with those rolls of papyrus, in which was treasured up the eldest wisdom of the earth. Perhaps the most valuable work in the collection, to a bibliomaniac, was the Book of Hermes. For my part, however, I would have given a higher price for those six of the Sibyl's books which Tarquin refused to purchase, and which the Virtuoso informed me he had himself found in the cave of Trophonius. Doubtless these old volumes contain prophecies of the fate of Rome, both as respects the decline and fall of her temporal empire, and the rise of her spiritual one. Not without value, likewise, was the work of Anaxagoras on Nature, hitherto supposed to be irrecoverably lost; and the missing treatises of Longinus, by which

modern criticism might profit; and those books of Livy, for which the classic student has so long sorrowed without hope. Among these precious tomes I observed the original manuscript of the Koran, and also that of the Mormon Bible, in Joe Smith's authentic autograph.

Opening an iron-clasped volume, bound in black leather, I discovered it to be Cornelius Agrippa's book of magic; and it was rendered still more interesting by the fact that many flowers, ancient and modern, were pressed between its leaves. Here was a rose from Eve's bridal bower, and all those red and white roses which were plucked in the garden of the Temple, by the partizans of York and Lancaster. Here was Halleck's Wild Rose of Alloway. Cowper had contributed a Sensitive Plant, and Wordsworth an Eglantine, and Burns a Mountain Daisy, and Kirke White a Star of Bethlehem, and Longfellow a Sprig of Fennel, with its yellow flowers. James Russell Lowell had given a Pressed Flower, but fragrant still, which had been shadowed in the Rhine. There was also a sprig from Southey's Holly-Tree. One of the most beautiful specimens was a Fringed Gentian, which had been plucked and preserved for immortality by Bryant. From Jones Very,—a poet whose voice is scarcely heard among us, by reason of its depth,—there was a Wind Flower and a Columbine.

As I closed Cornelius Agrippa's magic volume, an old, mildewed letter fell upon the floor; it proved to be an autograph from the Flying Dutchman to his wife. I could linger no longer among books, for the afternoon was waning, and there was yet much to see. The bare mention of a few more curiosities must suffice. The immense skull of Polyphemus was recognizable by the cavernous hollow in the centre of the forehead, where once had blazed the giant's single eye. The tub of Diogenes, Medea's cauldron, and Psyché's vase of beauty, were placed one within another. Pandora's box, without the lid, stood next, containing nothing but the girdle of Venus, which had been carelessly flung into it. A bundle of birch rods, which had been used by Shennstone's schoolmistress, were tied up with the Countess of Salisbury's garter. I knew not which to value most, a Roc's egg, as big as an ordinary hogshead, or the shell of the egg which Columbus set upon its end. Perhaps the most delicate article in the whole Museum was Queen Mab's chariot, which, to guard it from the touch of meddlesome fingers, was placed under a glass tumbler.

Several of the shelves were occupied by specimens of entomology. Feeling but little interest in the science, I noticed only Anacreon's Grasshopper and a Humble-Bee,



which had been presented to the Virtuoso by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

In the part of the hall which we had now reached, I observed a curtain that descended from the ceiling to the floor in voluminous folds, of a depth, richness, and magnificence which I had never seen equalled. It was not to be doubted that this splendid, though dark and solemn veil, concealed a portion of the Museum even richer in wonders than that through which I had already passed. But, on my attempting to grasp the edge of the curtain and draw it aside, it proved to be an illusive picture.

"You need not blush," remarked the Virtuoso, "for that same curtain deceived Zeuxis. It is the celebrated painting of Parrhasius."

In a range with the curtain, there were a number of other choice pictures, by artists of ancient days. Here was the famous Cluster of Grapes by Zeuxis, so admirably depicted that it seemed as if the ripe juice were bursting forth. As to the picture of the Old Woman, by the same illustrious painter, and which was so ludicrous that he himself died with laughing at it, I cannot say that it particularly moved my risibility. Ancient humor seems to have little power over modern muscles. Here, also, was the Horse, painted by Apelles, which living horses neighed at; his first portrait of Alexander the Great, and his last unfinished picture of Venus Asleep. Each of these works of art, together with others by Parrhasius, Timanthes, Polygnotus, Apollodorus, Pausias, and Pamphilus, required more time and study than I could bestow, for the adequate perception of their merits. I shall therefore leave them undiscussed and uncriticised, nor attempt to settle the question of superiority between ancient and modern art.

For the same reason I shall pass lightly over the specimens of antique sculpture, which this indefatigable and fortunate Virtuoso had dug out of the dust of fallen empires. Here was Ætion's cedar statue of Æsculapius, much decayed, and Alcon's iron statue of Hercules, lamentably rusted. Here was the statue of Victory, six feet high, which the Jupiter Olympus of Phidias had held in his hand. Here was a forefinger of the Colossus of Rhodes, seven feet in length. Here was the Venus Urania of Phidias, and other images of male and female beauty or grandeur, wrought by sculptors who appear never to have debased their souls by the sight of any meaner forms than those of gods, or godlike mortals. But the deep simplicity of these great works was not to be comprehended by a mind excited and disturbed as mine was by the various objects that had recently been presented to it. I therefore turned away, with merely a

passing glance, resolving, on some future occasion, to brood over each individual statue and picture, until my inmost spirit should feel their excellence. In this department, again, I noticed the tendency to whimsical combinations and ludicrous analogies, which seemed to influence many of the arrangements of the Museum. The wooden statue, so well known as the Palladium of Troy, was placed in close apposition with the wooden head of General Jackson, which was stolen, a few years since, from the bows of the Constitution.

We had now completed the circuit of the spacious hall, and found ourselves again near the door. Feeling somewhat wearied with the survey of so many novelties and antiquities, I sat down upon Cowper's sofa, while the Virtuoso threw himself carelessly into Rabelais's easy-chair. Casting my eyes upon the opposite wall, I was surprised to perceive the shadow of a man, flickering unsteadily across the wainscot, and looking as if it were stirred by some breath of air that found its way through the door or windows. No substantial figure was visible, from which this shadow might be thrown; nor, had there been such, was there any sunshine that would have caused it to darken upon the wall.

"It is Peter Schlemil's shadow," observed the Virtuoso, "and one of the most valuable articles in my collection."

"Methinks a Shadow would have made a fitting door-keeper to such a Museum," said I, "although, indeed, yonder figure has something strange and fantastic about him, which suits well enough with many of the impressions which I have received here. Pray, who is he?"

While speaking, I gazed more scrutinizingly than before at the antiquated presence of the person who had admitted me, and who still sat on his bench, with the same restless aspect, and dim, confused, questioning anxiety, that I had noticed on my first entrance. At this moment he looked eagerly towards us, and half-starting from his seat, addressed me.

"I beseech you, kind sir," said he, in a cracked, melancholy tone, "have pity on the most unfortunate man in the world! For heaven's sake answer me a single question! Is this the town of Boston?"

"You have recognized him now," said the Virtuoso. "It is Peter Rugg, the Missing Man. I chanced to meet him, the other day, still in search of Boston, and conducted him hither; and, as he could not succeed in finding his friends, I have taken him into my service as door-keeper. He is somewhat too apt to ramble, but otherwise a man of trust and integrity."

"And—might I venture to ask," con-



tinued I, "to whom am I indebted for this afternoon's gratification?"

The Virtuoso, before replying, laid his hand upon an antique dart or javelin, the rusty steel head of which seemed to have been blunted, as if it had encountered the resistance of a tempered shield or breast-plate.

"My name has not been without its distinction in the world, for a longer period than that of any other man alive," answered he. "Yet many doubt of my existence, — perhaps you will do so, to-morrow. This dart, which I hold in my hand, was once grim Death's own weapon. It served him well for the space of four thousand years. But it fell blunted, as you see, when he directed it against my breast."

These words were spoken with the calm and cold courtesy of manner that had characterized this singular personage throughout our interview. I fancied, it is true, that there was a bitterness indefinably mingled with his tone, as of one cut off from natural sympathies, and blasted with a doom that had been inflicted on no other human being, and by the results of which he had ceased to be human. Yet, withal, it seemed one of the most terrible consequences of that doom, that the victim no longer regarded it as a calamity, but had finally accepted it as the greatest good that could have befallen him.

"You are the Wandering Jew!" exclaimed I.

The Virtuoso bowed, without emotion of any kind; for, by centuries of custom, he

had almost lost the sense of strangeness in his fate, and was but imperfectly conscious of the astonishment and awe with which it affected such as are capable of death.

"Your doom is indeed a fearful one!" said I, with irrepressible feeling, and a frankness that afterwards startled me; "yet perhaps the ethereal spirit is not entirely extinct, under all this corrupted or frozen mass of earthly life. Perhaps the immortal spark may yet be rekindled by a breath of heaven. Perhaps you may yet be permitted to die, before it is too late to live eternally. You have my prayers for such a consummation. Farewell."

"Your prayers will be in vain," replied he, with a smile of cold triumph. "My destiny is linked with the realities of earth. You are welcome to your visions and shadows of a future state; but give me what I can see, and touch, and understand, and I ask no more."

"It is indeed too late," thought I. "The soul is dead within him!"

Struggling between pity and horror, I extended my hand, to which the Virtuoso gave his own, still with the habitual courtesy of a man of the world, but without a single heart-throb of human brotherhood. The touch seemed like ice, yet I know not whether morally or physically. As I departed, he bade me observe that the inner door of the hall was constructed with the ivory leaves of the gateway through which Æneas and the Sibyl had been dismissed from Hades.

# SONNET.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

WHENE'ER I read in mournful history  
How all things crumble at the touch of time,  
And even great deeds renowned in mighty rhyme  
Show but as cities buried 'neath the sea  
Which in calm days men gaze on awfully,  
My heart grows heavy; but one thought sublime  
Rises, and therewith the uplifting chime  
Of morning stars comes back rememberingly;  
Woman, thou art that thought, in whom I know  
That I alone gave Time his tyrant might,  
Drooping my foolish lids of clay too low,  
For, looking up, I see great Love, far, far  
Above all changes, like a steadfast star  
Behind the pulsings of the northern light.

SEPT. 25, 1841.

## THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.—No. II.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

"Or, if I would delight my private hours  
With music or with poem, where, so soon  
As in our native language, can I find  
That solace?"—*Milton. — Paradise Regained.*

"Men  
— who shed great thoughts  
As easily as an oak looseneth its golden leaves  
In kindly largess to the soil it grew on,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Whose hearts have a look southward, and are open  
To the whole noon of nature."—*Festus.*

THE ancients were wont to say that he who saw a god must die. Perhaps this meant simply that he who has looked deepest into the vast mysteries of being, and held closest converse with the Eternal Love, is overpowered by the yearning and necessity to speak that which cannot be spoken, and which yet seems ever hovering in fiery words upon the tongue. The voice of the mighty universe flows through the slender reed and shatters it with the very excess of quivering melody. Certain it is that without that law of genius which compels it to utter itself as it best may, very few great words had been spoken or great deeds done. Every great man is more or less tinged with what the world calls fanaticism. The disbelief of the whole world cannot shake the faith that he is God's messenger, which upbears him like a rock. He knows that the whole power of God is behind him, as the drop of water in the little creek feels that it is moved onward by the whole weight of the rising ocean. Unsupported by any of earth's customs or conventions, he leans wholly on the Infinite. The seal of God's commissions is set within, and they have no ribbands about them to make them respectable in the eyes of the many. Most men are fearful of visitings from the other world, and, set on by those whose interest lies mainly in this, they look with distrust, and often with hate, on him who converses with spirits. All the reliance of the seer is on what is within him. His own fiery soul—for the bush wherein God veils himself must needs burn—is all that urges him on and upholds him.

Men at first always deny the messenger of God. For the cunning devil holds a glass before their eyes which turns everything upside down and makes that seemingly come from hell which has indeed just descended, warm and fragrant, from the bosom of God. But Time can never put off Eternity more than a day;—swift and strong, with a step made majestic and irre-

sistible by an eternal law, comes the fair To-morrow, and with it that clearer perception of the beautiful which sets another star in the fair girdle of the universe. The world is at last forced to believe the message, but it spitefully uses the bearer of it. In most cases man does not recognize the messenger until the disguise of flesh falls off and the white wings of the angel are seen gleaming in the full sunshine of that everlasting peace back into the home of whose fathomless bosom their flight is turned. If they recognize him earlier, it is with an ill grace. Knowing that hunger is the best taskmaster of the body, and always using to measure spirit by the laws of matter, in which their skill chiefly lies, they think that it must needs be the sharpest spur for the soul also. They hold up a morsel of bread, as boys do to their little dogs in the street, and tell the prophet to speak for it. They know that he has a secret to tell them, and they think that they must starve it out of him, as if it were an ill demon. It is true enough that hunger is the best urger of the soul, but it is the hunger, not of the body, but of the soul, which is love. A state of rest and quietude in the body is the most conformable to the happiness and serenity, and so to the inspiration of the soul. Love, which is its nature, quickens the soul of the seer,

"And then, even of itself, it high doth climb;  
What erst was dark, becomes all eye, all sight,  
Bright starre, that, to the wise, of future things  
gives light." \*

The distracting cares and sorrows of want are not the best nurselings of genius. It is fit that the great soul should pass through the fiery furnace of sorrow, that it may come out refined and whitened, and that it may learn its own infinite deepness and strength, which sorrow alone can teach it. But that

\* Henry More's *Psychathanasia*.

the fierce gnawings of that bitter flame are consistent with the calmness and serenity which are needful to the highest and noblest moments of the creative power has never yet been proved. The prophet knows his calling from childhood up. He knows that he has that to say which shall make the heart of the vast universe beat with a more joyous peacefulness and a serener motion. As he grows to man's estate, the sense of a duty imposed on him by nature and of a necessary obedience to heavenly messengers which the world neither sees nor acknowledges, becomes stronger and stronger. He feels his divine right of kingship, but earthly eyes cannot see the crown which the exceeding brightness of his forehead weaves around his head in the thick air of this earth. He speaks his message, and the world turns its hard face upon him, saying, "Thou art a drone in my busy hive; why dost thou not something?" He must elbow through the dust and crowd of the market-place, when he should be listening to the still, small voice of God,—he must blaspheme his high and holy nature and harden his heart to a touchstone for gold, when it is bursting with the unutterable agony of a heavenly errand neglected, that bitterest feeling of "one who once had wings."\* The world has at length acknowledged his sovereignty and crowned him with a crown of thorns.

As he has sown in the spirit, in the spirit he shall reap also. It is true that the poet will sing in spite of poverty or any other misery, but we do not know how much sweeter and clearer his song would have been had it not been for these. The infinite harmony and beauty which he sees and hears force him to give vent to the glorious agony which swells his breast.

"The sweetnesse hath his herte persed so  
He cannot stint of singing by the way."†

But it cannot be that the haggard face of an uncomplaining wife and the love-suppressed moans of darling children do not shatter the crystal silence of the air of song. Is a lonely and desolate life, or a social one, which is only social so far as it draws want and sorrow upon the heads of those he loves best, the fittest for him whose heart is the chosen nest of all homelike feelings and delights, who loves his kind with a love whose depth and purity only he can know, to whom the gentlest offices of love, friendship, and honor belong as of right, whose pillow should be smoothed by the white hands of purest womanhood, and in whose path little children should scatter lilies and

violets? Alas! many beside Drummond have asked bitterly,

"Why was not I born in that golden age  
When gold yet was not known?"\*

We have been led to these rather desultory reflections by having our thoughts turned to the lives of the great men whose works we are glancing at. Marlowe, Greene, Peele, and Nash, have left behind them records of their struggles with actual starvation rather than of their genius. Those of the old dramatists who have established their fame most firmly, and whose writings do them most justice, were those whose situation in life was easy and comfortable. We cannot refrain from copying here a document, touching and mournful in the extreme, inasmuch as it shows us the haggard face behind the majestic mask of Tragedy, and turns the stately march of the buskin into the crouching limp of the beggar. Moreover, the name of Philip Massinger,—one of those whom we shall consider in this article,—is attached to it. Massinger soon found the truth of those lines written by one almost his cotemporary, and whose tearful portrait of a dependent situation is familiar to all:

"That single Truth and simple Honestie  
Doe wander up and down despyed of all."†

He lived in want, and the only record of his burial are these sad words:—"March 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger—a stranger." The document we alluded to reads as follows:

"To our most loving friend, Mr. Philip Hinchlow, Esquire, These:

"Mr. Hinchlow,

"You understand our unfortunate extremitie, and I doe not thincke you so void of christianitie but that you would throw so much money into the Thames as wee request now of you rather than endanger so many innocent lives. You know there is xl more at least to be received of you for the play. We desire you to lend us vi of that; which shall be allowed to you, without which we cannot be bayled, nor I play any more till this be despatch'd. It will lose you xxi ere the end of the next weeke, besides the hinderance of the next new play. Pray, sir, consider our cases with humanity, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true friend in time of neede. We have entreated Mr. Davison to deliver this note as well to witness your love as our promises, and alwayes acknowledgement to be ever,

"Your most thanckfull and loving friend,  
"NAT. FIELD."

"The money shall be abated out of the money remayns for the play of Mr. Fletcher and ours.

"ROB. DABORNE."

"I have ever found you a true loving friend to mee, and in soe small a suite, it beeing honest, I hope you will not fail us.

"PHILIP MASSINGER."

\* Keats's *Hyperion*.

† Chaucer. *Prioress's Tale*.

\* 85th Sonnet.

† Spenser. *Colin Clout's come home again*.

"O, what avails it of immortall seed  
To beene ybred and never borne to die;  
Farre better I it deeme to die with speed,  
Than waste in woe and wailefull miserie?" \*

But let us leave so painful a theme.

We shall begin this article with extracts from the plays of JOHN FORD. His powers have, we think, been rated too highly. That he has a great deal of tragic *excitability and enthusiasm*, and a good knowledge of stage effect, we readily admit. But these are the predominant qualities of his nature; whereas in the strong mind they are always subservient. The great dramatist uses them as means, the weaker one as ends, and is content when he has wrought himself up to a "fine madness," which is rarely consistent with sustained energy. Ford does not merit the exalted praise, which, if we remember, Lamb bestows upon him, and which other less judicious critics have repeated. The gentle lovingness of Lamb's nature fitted him for a good critic; but there was a knotty quirk in his grain, which seemed, indeed, when polished by refined study, little less than a beauty, but which led him to the worship of strange gods, and that with a more scrupulous punctuality, since the mass were of a different persuasion. No field is so small or so barren but there will be grazing enough to keep a hobby in very good case. Lamb's love was of too wide-spreading a kind to be confined to the narrow trellises which satisfy a common nature. It stretched out its tendrils and twined around everything within its reach, clipping with its tender and delicate green alike the fair tree and the unsightly stump. Everything that he loved was for the time his ideal of loveliness. Even tobacco, when he was taking leave of it, became the very crown of perfumes, "the only manly smell," and he esteemed

"Roses and violets but toys  
For the smaller sort of boys,  
Or for greener damsels meant."

John Ford, though he cannot rank with the first order of minds, is yet one of that glorious band who so illustrated and dignified our English tongue at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Set beside almost any of our modern dramatists he has certainly somewhat of the Titan about him; and, though he has not that "large utterance" which belongs to Shakspeare and perhaps one or two others of his contemporaries, he sometimes rises into a fiery earnestness which falls little short of sublimity, and proves that he has in him, as was said of Marlowe,

— "those brave, *sublunary* things  
That our first poets had." †

\* *Faerie Queene*, b. iii. ch. iv. s. 33.  
† Drayton.

It is this earnestness and simplicity which so much elevate the writers of that age above nearly all succeeding ones. They laid the deepset bases of their works on the eternal rock of Nature, not idly writing their names on the shifting and unstable sand of a taste or a prejudice to be washed out by the next wave or overdrifted by the first stronger breeze. Pegasus is a very unsafe hobbyhorse. The poet whose pen is governed by a theory, will only be read so long as that theory is not driven out by another. Creeds, we readily admit, are often of good service to the cause of truth. They may concentrate the will and energy of a strong mind on one point and so lead to the discovery of those truths which intersect that point in their revolutions, as the wells of the old astronomers, by shutting out all light from around, enabled them to see the stars. But the credit should be given rather to concentration and resolution than to creeds. Resolution is the youngest and dearest daughter of Destiny, and can gain of her mother any favor she chooses to ask, almost even in very wantonness. The great spirits of that day were of no "school." The door to the temple of any creed would not admit men of their godlike stature without stooping, and that they could not do. They scorned those effeminate conventionalities of fashion which soon after decked our ruddy English muse in the last Paris modes, powdered her fair golden hair, and so pinched her robust waist that she has scarce borne a healthy child since. Poesy with them was not an art which could be attained by any one who could detect the jingle of two words and count ten on his fingers. They esteemed Poesy as the most homelike and gentle of spirits, and would not suffer her to go abroad that she might bring home licentiousness veiled under a greater precision of manner at the expense of all freedom and grace. They knew that all the forms of poesy are changeable as those of a cloud. They fall away like the petals of a flower, but they leave the plain, sober seedpod which most men pass by heedlessly, but which is the source of all poesy, namely, the soul. Only that part of a form which is founded in nature can survive. The worth of the statue of Memnon as an oracle died with the wise priest who spoke through it; but, after three thousand years, it is still musical under the golden fingers of the sunrise.

It was not from ignorance of rules that the old dramatists committed anachronisms, made islands of countries set in the heart of continents, and put English oaths into the mouths of Roman mobs; they broke through them, for such cobwebs were not spun to catch eagles in. They laid their scene in the unchangeable heart of man, and so

"Made one little room an everywhere." \*

They mostly scorned to bow the knee to that popular idol which a voice in the depth of their hearts bade them spurn. They knew full well that whoso strives to keep an act of fealty to slavery secret, does most wofully deceive his better reason. It is as public and open as the prostration of King Ottocar. The homage that a man does in his secret soul is visible to all time. The galling mark of the fetter will never out. Men read it in every line he writes, hear it in every word he speaks, and see it in every look he looks. If he be no longer the slave of a cowardly deference to the opinions of the many, because they are so; he is still the bondman of Memory, who can make him cringe at her bidding. It may be thought that the writers of that day had no daws to peck at them. But hear what Harrington says, in an "apologie for poesie," † printed in 1591:

"We live in such a time in which nothing can escape the envious tooth and backbiting tongue of an impure mouth, and wherein everie blinde corner hath a squinteyed Zolius that can looke arighte on no man's doings."

Of all the dramatic poets of that day Shakspeare stooped the least.

But enthusiasm has led us astray. — We return to Ford. His dramatic power consists chiefly in the choice of his plots. His characters, as is often the case with those of retired students, are rather certain turns of mind, or often eccentricities, put into a body, than real men and women. His plots raise him and carry him along with them whither they please, and it is generally at their culminating points alone that he shows much strength. Indeed, we know not if this should not rather be called weakness. He puts his characters into situations where the heart that has a drop of hot blood in it finds it easier to be strong than weak. His heroes show that fitful strength which springs from an intense excitement, rather than from a true, healthy, muscular action. Their strength does not rise with the difficulty or danger they are in, and, looking down on it, assert calmly the unconquerable sovereignty of the soul, even after the body is overcome, but, in an exulting gush of glorious despair, they spring forward to grapple with death and fate. In a truly noble bravery of soul the interest grows from its immortality; here it is the fruit of mortality. In the one case we exult to see the infinite overshadow and dwarf the finite, in the other we cannot restrain a certain romantic admiration at see-

ing the weak clay so gallantly defy that overwhelming power which it well knows *must* crush it. High genius may be fiery and impetuous, but it never swaggers or wears the vulgar air of the bully. It does not defy death and futurity, for a doubt of its kingship over them never overflashed the majestic havir of its serene countenance.

Shakspeare's characters modify his plots as much as his plots modify his characters. As in life, there is a perpetual seesaw of character and circumstance, now one uppermost, now the other. Nature is never afraid to reason in a circle. The actors in his dramas are only overcome by so much as they fall below their ideal, and are wanting in some attribute of true manhood. Wherever we go with him the absence of nobleness always suggests its presence. We feel in his supinest characters that

"Man is his own star, and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man  
Commands all light, all influence, all fate." \*

But Ford's heroes are strong only in their imperfection, and it is to this that what admiration we give them is paid. They interest us so far only as their impetuosity can make us forget our quiet, calm ideal. This is the very stamp of weakness. We should be surprised if we saw them show any natural greatness. What we call greatness and nobleness is in fact only healthiness. To those only who are unnatural themselves does it seem wonderful. To the natural man it is as customary as the motion of his lungs or the beating of his heart, and as necessary. Praise always surprises and humbles genius. The shadow of earth comes then between it and its starry ideal with a cold and dark eclipse. In Ford's characters the sublimity is that of a defiant despair. The man of genius may fail, but it is never thus. In him the spirit often overbalances the body and sets its ideal too far beyond the actual. Unable to reach it, he seems to do less than one of less genius, for the performance, of anything lower than what he has marked out for himself has a feeling to him almost of degradation. His wings may be too weak to bear him to that infinite height, but, if he fall, he is an angel still, and he falls not so low as the proudest pitch of talent. His failures are more successful than their successes. It is only little wits that are allied to madness. "It is the ill success of our longings that with Xerxes makes us to whip the sea and send a cartel of defiance to Mount Athos." † But high genius has that in it which makes that its

\* Donne. "The good morrow."

† Reprinted with Puttenham's "Art of English Poetry," and other valuable tracts.

\* Fletcher. From a poem appended to "The Honest Man's Fortune."

† Daniel's "Defense of Rime."

longings cannot be unsuccessful. Its utmost imperfectness has always some touch of the perfect in it.

The slavery of the character to incident in the plays of Ford has sometimes reminded us of the story of the travellers who lost their way in the mummypits, and who were all forced to pass through the same narrow orifice, which readily admitted the slender ones, but through which the stout were obliged to squeeze and struggle with a desperate forgetfulness of bulk. It may be foolish for a philosopher, but it is wise for a dramatist to follow the example of nature, who always makes large holes for her large cats and small holes for her small ones.

Ford, perhaps, more than any of his contemporaries deserves the name of *sentimental*. He has not the stately gravity nor antique majesty of Chapman, nor the wild imagination or even the tenderness of Webster; but he has more sentiment than either. The names of his plays show the bent of his mind. "Love's Sacrifice," "The Lover's Melancholy," and "The Broken Heart," are the names of three of the best; and there is another in which the doctrine of the elective affinities is broadly laid down. \* Ford does not furnish so many isolated passages which are complete in themselves, a quality remarkable in many of the old dramatists, of whom only Shakspeare united perfectness of parts with adaptation and harmony of the whole. A play of Shakspeare's seems like one of those basaltic palaces whose roof is supported by innumerable pillars, each formed of many crystals perfect in themselves. As a fair way of judging Ford, we shall give a sketch of the plot of the most famous of his plays with occasional extracts.

The plot of "THE BROKEN HEART" is simply this. Ithocles, the favorite of Amyclas King of Laconia, instigated by an ancient feud, has forced his sister Penthea who was the betrothed wife of Orgilus to marry Bassanes. Orgilus, full of an intention to revenge himself at the first chance, pretends a reconciliation with Ithocles, who meanwhile has repented of the wrong he had done, and moreover loves and is beloved by Calantha the King's daughter. Penthea dies mad. Orgilus murders Ithocles on the eve of his marriage with Calantha, who dies of a broken heart, after making Nearchus,

\* Ford's personal appearance seems to have been answerable to what we have surmised of his character. A cotemporary writer says of him very graphically,

"Deep in a dump John Ford was alone got,  
With folded arms and melancholy hat,"

two lines which bring up the central figure in the frontispiece to the old editions of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy very vividly before our eyes.

her former suitor, her successor to the throne.

The following has great purity and beauty, and withal much sentimentalism in it. Orgilus has, in the disguise of a scholar, (a disguise as common now as then,) gained speech of Penthea. We copy only the last part of the scene :

*Penthea.* How, Orgilus, by promise I was thine,  
The heavens do witness; they can witness, too,  
A rape done on my truth: how I do love thee  
Yet, Orgilus, and yet, must best appear  
In tendering thy freedom; for I find  
The constant preservation of thy merit,  
By thy not daring to attempt my fame  
With injury of any loose conceit  
Which might give deeper wounds to discontent.  
Continue this fair race; then, though I cannot  
Add to thy comfort, yet I shall more often  
Remember from what fortune I am fallen,  
And pity mine own ruin. Live, live happy,  
Happy in thy next choice, that thou may'st people  
This barren age with virtues in thine issue!  
And oh, when thou art married, think on me  
With mercy, not contempt; I hope thy wife,  
Hearing my story, will not scorn my fall.—  
Now let us part.

This is touching, though there is a little too much of the "patient Grizzle" in it to comport with the higher graces of the womanly character. But to return.

*Orgilus.* Part! yet advise thee better:  
Penthea is the wife to Orgilus,  
And ever shall be.

*Pen.* Never shall, nor will.

*Org.* How!

*Pen.* Hear me: in a word I'll tell thee why.  
The virgin dowry which my birth bestowed  
Is ravished by another; my true love  
Abhors to think that Orgilus deserved  
No better favour than a second bed.

*Org.* I must not take this reason.

*Pen.* To confirm it,  
Should I outlive my bondage, let me meet  
Another worse than this and less desired,  
If, of all men alive, thou should'st but touch  
My lip or hand again!

*Org.* Penthea, now  
I tell you, you grow wanton in my sufferance;  
Come, sweet, thou art mine.

*Pen.* Uncivil sir, forbear,  
Or I can turn affection into vengeance:  
Your reputation, if you value any,  
Lies bleeding at my feet. Unworthy man,  
If ever henceforth thou appear in language,  
Message, or letter, to betray my frailty,  
I'll call thy former protestations lust,  
And curse my stars for forfeit of my judgment.  
Go thou, fit only for disguise and walks  
To hide thy shame; this once I spare thy life.  
I laugh at mine own confidence; my sorrows  
By thee are made inferior to my own fortunes:  
If ever thou did'st harbor worthy love,  
Dare not to answer. My good genius guide me  
That I may never see thee more! Go from me!

*Org.* I'll tear my veil of politic French off,  
And stand up like a man resolved to do:—  
Action, not words, shall show me. Oh, Penthea!

[*Exit.*]

*Pen.* He sighed my name, sure, as he parted from me;

I fear I was too rough. Alas! poor gentleman,  
He look'd not like the ruins of his youth,

But like the ruins of those ruins. Honor, [thee!]  
How much we fight with weakness to preserve

To our mind, Penthea's last speech is the best part of the scene. She shows, in the former part, a seemingly Roman virtue, but there seems to be in it a savor of prudery and a suspicion of its own strength, which true, courageous honor and chastity would be the last to entertain.

Now let us turn to the catastrophe of the plot. Calantha, after settling the succession to the kingdom, turns to the body of Ithocles.

*Cal.* Forgive me: now I turn to thee, thou shadow  
Of my contracted lord! Bear witness all  
I put my mother's wedding-ring upon  
His finger; 't was my father's last bequest.  
Thus I new-marry him, whose wife I am:  
Death shall not separate us. Oh, my lords,  
I but deceived your eyes with antick gesture,  
When one news straight came huddling on another,  
Of death! and death! and death! still I danced  
forward;  
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.  
Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and out-  
cries,  
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,  
Yet live to court new pleasures and outlive them:  
They are the silent griefs which cut the heartstrings;  
Let me die smiling.  
One kiss on these cold lips, my last! (*kisses Ithocles*)  
crack — crack —  
Argos now's Sparta's king. Command the voices  
Which wait at the altar, now to sing the song  
I fitted for my end.

Lamb speaks of this death-scene as "carrying us back to Calvary and the Cross," (or uses words to that effect), but this, it seems to us, is attributing too much importance to the mere physical fact of death. What one dies for, and not his dying, glorifies him. The comparison is an irreverent one, as that must needs be which matches a selfish with an universal love. Love's nobility is shown in this, — that it strengthens us to make sacrifices for others, and not for the object of our love alone. Our love for one is only so made preëminent, that it may show us the beauty and holiness of that love whose arms are wide enough for all. It is easy enough to die for one we love so fiercely, but is a harder and a nobler martyrdom to live for others. Then love is perfected when it can bear to outlast the body which was only its outward expression and a prop for its infant steps, and can feel its union with the beloved spirit in a mild serenity and in an inward prompting to thousand little acts of everyday brotherhood. The love of one is a means not an end.

Another objection which we should feel inclined to make to this scene is that the breaking of Calantha's heart seems too palpable and physical an event. It is too much like the mere bursting of a blood-vessel, which is by no means so poetically

tragic. It is like that verse of the old ballad:

"She's turned her back unto the wall,  
And her face unto the rock;  
And there, before the mother's eyes,  
Her very heart it broke." \*

In the ballad, however, there is more propriety. The heroine's heart breaks suddenly under a sudden blow; but Calantha, as it were, saves up her heart-break until it can come in with more effect at the end of the tragedy.

Ford sometimes reminds us of the picturesque luxuriance of Fletcher. The following exquisite passage is very like Fletcher, and is a good specimen of Ford's lighter powers. When we read it, we almost wish that he had written masques or pastorals rather than plays. It is from "The Lover's Melancholy":

— One morning early  
This accident encountered me: I heard  
The sweetest and most ravishing contention  
That art and nature ever were at strife in.  
A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather  
Indeed, entranced my soul: as I stole nearer  
Invited by the melody, I saw  
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,  
With strains of strange variety and harmony,  
Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge  
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,  
That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,  
Wond'ring at what they heard: I wondered too.

— A nightingale,  
Nature's best-skilled musician, undertakes  
The challenge, and, for every several strain [own;  
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sang her  
He could not run division with more art  
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,  
The nightingale, did with her various notes  
Reply to; for a voice and for a sound,  
Amethus, 't is much easier to believe  
That such they were, than hope to hear again.  
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last  
Into a pretty anger that a bird,  
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods and notes,  
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study  
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:  
To end the controversy, in a rapture,  
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,  
So many voluntaries and so quick,  
That there was curiosity and cunning,  
Concord and discord, lines of differing method  
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

— The bird, ordained to be  
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate [throat  
These several sounds; which, when her warbling  
Failed in, for grief, down dropt she on his lute  
And brake her heart!

Now let us gather up a few of the most striking lines in his plays, and then hasten to a brief notice of Massinger, who is, probably, better known to most readers.

#### FLATTERY.

— A sin  
Friendship was never guilty of; for flattery  
Is monstrous in a true friend.

The metre of this next passage is very fine.

\* "Prince Robert." In Scott's *Minstrelsy*.

There is a sadness and weariness in the flow of the verse which sinks gradually into the quiet of the exquisitely modulated last line :

## END OF A WASTED LIFE.

Minutes are numbered by the fall of sands,  
As by an hour-glass ; the span of time  
Doth waste us to our graves, and we look on it :  
An age of pleasures, revelled out, comes home  
At last and ends in sorrow ; but the life,  
Weary of riot, numbers every sand,  
Wailing in sighs, until the last drop down,  
So to conclude calamity in rest.

## OPINION.

Busy opinion is an idle fool,  
That, as a schoolrod keeps a child in awe,  
Frights the inexperienced temper of the mind.

## THE GREAT MAN.

He, in this firmament of honor, stands  
Like a star fixed ; not moved with any thunder  
Of popular applause, or sudden lightning  
Of self-opinion.

## AN OUTSIDE VIRTUE.

—————no fair colors  
Can fortify a building faintly jointed.

## REMORSE.

—————My miseries  
As in a glass present me the rent face  
Of an unguided youth.

## HUMILITY.

Let upstarts exercise unmanly roughness,  
Clear spirits to the humble will be humble.

## INDEPENDENCE.

—————I never wore  
The rags of any great man's looks, nor fed  
Upon their after-meals ; I never crouched  
Unto the offal of an office promised  
(Reward for long attendance) and then missed :  
I read no difference between this huge,  
This monstrous big word, lord, and gentleman,  
More than the title sounds ; for aught I learn,  
The latter is as noble as the first,  
I am sure more ancient.

What land soe'er the world's surveyor, the sun,  
Can measure in a day, I dare call mine :  
All kingdoms I have right to ; I am free  
Of every country ; in the four elements  
I have as deep a share as an emperor ;  
All beasts whom the earth bears are to serve me,  
All birds to sing to me ; and can you catch me  
With a tempting golden apple ?

We alluded to Ford's picture of Hell in our first article. It has certainly some fine touches in it, but it is only a material hell, after all.

There is a place,  
List, daughter ! in a black and hollow vault,  
Where day is never seen ; there shines no sun,  
But flaming horror of consuming fires,  
A lightless sulphur, chok'd with smoky fogs  
Of an infected darkness : in this place  
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts  
Of never-dying deaths : there damned souls  
Roar without pity ; there are gluttons fed  
With toads and adders ; there is burning oil  
Poured down the drunkard's throat ; the usurer  
Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten gold ;

There is the murderer forever stabbed,  
Yet can he never die ; there lies the wanton  
On racks of burning steel, whilst, in his soul,  
He feels the torment of his raging lust.

Mr. Dyce, in his edition of Webster, says that "Mr. Lamb calls this scene between Contarino and Ercole, 'the model of a well-managed and gentlemanlike difference.'"\* We refer the reader who is desirous of learning how a murder may be done in the same "well-managed and gentlemanlike" manner, to the "Broken Heart," Act iii., S. 4. We shall end by gleanings a few scattered lines or expressions from the different plays.

The sweetest freedom is an honest heart.

—————These are petty shifts  
*Souls bankrupt of their royalty* submit to.

—————Cupid has broke  
His arrows here ; and, like a child unarmed,  
Comes to make sport between us with no weapon  
But feathers stolen from his mother's doves.

—————far better 'tis  
To bless the sun than reason why it shines.

—————let not the curse  
Of old prescription rend from me the gall  
Of courage.

—————Time can never  
On the white table of unguilty faith  
Write counterfeit dishonor.

—————There is more divinity  
In beauty than in majesty (royalty).

Let us now turn to MASSINGER. He seems to us the Cowper of his age. If Cowper had lived then and written plays, he would have written such as the "Virgin Martyr," and the "Fatal Dowry." There is something even in Cowper's physiognomy which reminds of Massinger. In their writings we observe the same unobtrusive dignity, and much of the same religious feeling. But Massinger's mind was too strong to admit that sentimentalism into his religious faith which characterized Cowper's. Indeed his mind was altogether of a more majestic and vigorous cast. He seldom displays fancy or tenderness, and never the highest reaches of imagination. Ford has no humor, but Massinger has almost less than none. His attempts at it are ribaldry and buffoonery, and his lower female characters, whom he evidently esteems his forte in this kind of writing, are absolutely disgusting. From this want of humor the other wants of Massinger's mind might be readily deduced. The higher quality of genius, especially in dramatic poetry, cannot consist with an absence of it. Without it there can be little pathos and little grandeur of imagination. It lies next to our

\* Works of Webster, vol. ii.



strongest and deepest feelings, and, indeed seems then to be in fullest play when the mind is most intensely excited. Beyond the deepest sorrow in the minds of men there is a deeper deep of humor, and they who are naturally saturnine will often be very merry on an occasion of peculiar sadness. But in the mind of genius, as its sorrows are more deep, so its humor is nearer the surface; and it remains naturally at that height whereto common minds only

attain under the fiercest excitement. As Spenser, Shakspeare and Fletcher were evidently Milton's earliest favorites, so his grave mind was evidently attracted by Massinger, a fact not unnoticeable as illustrating our criticism, and which might easily be proved by parallel passages.

As our article is already long, we shall postpone our remaining remarks on Massinger to a future number.

### MY FLOWERS.

INSCRIBED TO C—— N——.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

My flowers! oh, fair and gentle flowers, your loveliness and bloom  
Remind me of the shadowy path before us to the tomb;  
I should not know your fairy tints were woven but to fade,  
Were not decay so plainly writ on all that God hath made!  
I would not raise the veil which shrouds the secrets of the dead,  
Nor look upon the altar-stone when light and heat have fled:  
What is to us the prison-house that held the fettered soul?  
Or what the dark and hungry waves that o'er their treasures roll?  
The holy dead! unveil them not! I could not brook to see  
The lip so cold and colorless where smiles were wont to be!  
The lifeless form, the glassy eye, nor heat, nor life, nor breath, —  
My soul recoils, and dreads to breathe the atmosphere of death!  
To feel and know that those we love have but some fleeting hours,  
Ere they shall fade, though now they bloom as bright as ye, my flowers!

Ye have another page, my flowers, within fair Memory's book,  
And while I on your gentle brows and loving tendrils look,  
I wonder why my heart should grieve, or deem that ye will die,  
Or that your leaves, like monuments, along my path shall lie.  
And so I turn me to this page, so wondrous white and fair,  
And as I gaze, methinks I hear light laughter on the air,  
While merry words come gushing up from fountain-hearts of glee,  
And birds are pouring forth their strains of untaught minstrelsy:  
I am a child once more, — I feel each soft and cooling breeze  
That murmurs its rich lullaby among the stately trees;  
I hear the living pulse which thrills each bright and varied leaf,  
And midst this mirth and loveliness there's not one note of grief;  
Within the mind's fair palaces the lamps of thought are lit,  
And round their pure and brilliant light bright spirits seem to flit;  
They beckon me, with glittering hands, to high, celestial bowers,  
And point me, in the gathered throng, my own loved, earthly flowers!

CINCINNATI, OHIO, 1842.

## THE TOURISTS: A TALE OF NAPLES.

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

"This, then, is Naples!" I exclaimed, as we entered the magnificent bay. "It is truly a glorious sight!" My eye ran with rapturous delight over spire, turret and convent, and rested for a moment on the castle of Saint Elmo. "Oh, who would not leave home and friends for such a sight as this!" My companion smiled. That smile had, to my youthful imagination, something in it that bordered upon a sneer; and I enquired, with nothing very pleasing in my voice and manner, what he meant.

"I smiled," said he, "at your enthusiasm, my young friend: I know your feelings, for they have been my own. When the beauty and grandeur of this scene first burst upon my sight, I was like you, young and buoyant with hope. The world was a garden of wild flowers, fragrant and thornless. I basked in the sunshine of fortune's smiles, and gathered pleasure's sweetest roses. Alas! I felt not the sting of the thorns until the flowers were withered."

His lip trembled as he uttered the last sentence; and he turned away to hide the tear that rushed unbidden to his eye.

I gazed after him with surprise, not unmingled with sorrow; for I had unwittingly touched some string of feeling that made discord within. There had always appeared to be a mystery and gloom hanging over the companion of my voyage. He was a man verging upon fifty; with a keen, dark eye, a countenance denoting strong intellect, and a dignity of manner that rendered him unapproachable by the rude or curious. For some moments I watched him, as he leant over the taffrail of the vessel looking into the depths below. I felt that some apology was due to him for the ungracious manner in which I had spoken; and I advanced to the spot where he stood, unmindful of all but that which was passing within.

"As you appear not to be a stranger here," said I, "will you do me the favor to inform me what is that we see on the left?" He raised his eyes: he was himself again; and replied,

"That is the Chiaja and the public gardens opening upon the Strada Nuova. It is often called the English settlement, from so many of that country taking up their abode there."

After thanking him, and again praising the extreme beauty of the scene, I ventured to hope that our acquaintance might not terminate with our voyage; and, presenting my card, informed him it was my intention,

during my sojourn in that part of the country, to take up my abode with a friend, whose residence, I understood, was on the road leading to Posilippo. He took the card, extended his hand to me, and said,

"We may meet again;" but of his name, intention, or country, he said nothing; he was still only known to me as a nameless fellow-traveller. I landed, and left him where I found him, on board of the vessel.

I was soon comfortably ensconced with my friend and school-fellow, Harry Danvers, whose amiable wife and prattling children banished from my mind all recollection of the companion of my voyage.

Each day brought with it new pleasures and new wonders. One bright and beautiful morning we set out to visit the tomb of Virgil, which was but a short distance from the residence of my friend. We had not proceeded more than half way on our intended ramble, when I was struck mute with wonder and delight by the sound of the sweetest voice that ever broke on mortal ear. I grasped Harry's arm. The thick foliage of a scent-breathing hedge parted the singer from our sight; but we listened with breathless delight to the following song:

In vain to me the morning dawns,  
Joy comes not with its beam;  
In vain to me the flowerets spring,  
And sun-rays kiss the stream:  
In vain the wild birds carol sweet,  
No joy their notes impart;  
Nor sun, nor flower, nor bird can bring  
Joy to a broken heart.

Why is it that our brightest hopes  
The soonest fade away?  
Why, when peace makes our heart her shrine,  
Doth fate forbid her stay;  
Why, when with pleasure's flowery wreath  
Our temples we adorn,  
Doth sorrow's blight the blossom mar,  
And leave us but the thorn?

The voice became tremulous towards the conclusion of the last stanza, but not less sweet. My curiosity conquered my prudence; I approached the hedge, and made an opening sufficiently large to permit me to see the singer. She was seated on a sloping bank, her head resting on her hand; a profusion of hair, dark as the raven's wing, fell in glossy curls and shaded her face. Her dress was of the simplest kind; it was white, and confined at the waist by a pale blue ribbon. At this moment she raised her head, and a face of heavenly beauty met my sight. Her eyes were streaming with tears, but they appeared rather to add

to than diminish their brilliancy. She was all that a painter could imagine, or a poet sing. Just as I had resolved to force the barrier and speak to her at every risk, I saw a monk approach. She rose to meet him. He took her hand, and they descended to the path which ran along the side of the hedge. I could distinctly hear every word they said.

"Why, my child," said the monk, "do I ever find you bathed in tears? Why will you thus wander from home?"

"Oh, tell me not of home, good father," she replied. "Since the death of my mother, or rather, if her words be true, my foster-mother, it has been no home to me. I dread the sight of Godfriedo. I can no longer call him father: and yet she, whom I called mother, warned me not to let him think I had a doubt that to him I owed my being. But never, father, did I feel for him that yearning fondness my heart tells me I ought to have for him who gave me life. You, holy father, know the secret. My mother told me it was known to you. She said, too, you would guide and counsel me. Oh, leave me not in doubt! If I am not the daughter of Godfriedo and Bertha, tell, oh, tell me who my parents are."

"Daughter, talk not in this wild strain," replied the monk. "Nothing is kept from you that is fitting you should know. Be content, and attend to my counsel: breathe not to Godfriedo aught his wife hath told you. Beware, lest he suspect you; and rely on my counsel and advice."

"But, father"—said she.

"Ask me no more, my child," he replied. "Put thy trust in God, and bend with submission to his will."

They passed on, and I listened till the faint murmur of their voices was no longer heard.

Our ramble was at an end for that day. We retraced our steps. Sleep that night was a stranger to my pillow. The beautiful unknown barred the approach of rest. The mystery in which she seemed enveloped but made me more anxious to behold her again. At an early hour the next morning I was again on the spot where I first saw her. Anxiously did I look and listen. Disappointment was my only reward; and I returned to my friend's dwelling with a gloom on my brow which his raillery did not diminish. I slept but to dream of the unknown; and the first beams of the sun saw me again at my post beneath the hedge; and again I was disappointed. I wandered on to the tomb of Virgil. I entered the grotto, when, to my unspeakable delight, I beheld her I sought. I approached, and apologised for my intrusion. To my astonishment she received my apology like one bred in courts, instead of—as her dress and

the conversation I had overheard denoted her to be,—one bred in the humbler walks of life. My offer to be her escort home was accepted without affectation. There was a frankness in her manner that had with it a winning charm; and the ease and grace with which she introduced me to her home and her father might be a pattern to many who pride themselves upon the dignity of their manners. Their dwelling was far from being splendid; yet all the comforts and many of the elegancies of life were there. A book-case well filled with books, a guitar, and materials for drawing, were a part of the furniture of the comfortable parlor. But I liked not her parent. I looked in vain to find a resemblance between the heavenly-beaming and beautiful face of the one, and the dark, heartless and crime-telling face of the other. He was a man of robust frame and coarse manners. Dark, heavy eye-brows overshadowed a pair of eyes which were seldom raised to the face of those he spoke with. On his left cheek was a deep scar; and on his brow, above the right eye, was another. In spite of the cordial welcome with which he greeted me, the delight he expressed at meeting with a traveller with whom he could talk of the manners and customs of other nations, I had for him an indescribable feeling of dislike. He told me he had been, in early life, the factotum, or man of trust, to a nobleman; but that, having accumulated wealth enough to satisfy his humble desires, he had purchased the place where he now resided, and retired with his wife and child, then an infant. "I have lived on this spot," said he, "seventeen years. I have lost my wife, and have now only Leonora to comfort me in my solitude." I looked at the beautiful girl. A tear was in her large, dark eye, and her countenance wore a withering look of horror and despair.

I became a constant visitor at the dwelling of Godfriedo. Each visit increased my fondness for Leonora and dislike to her father. He encouraged rather than repelled my attentions to the lovely girl; and I imagined that I was not disagreeable to her. I found her education had not been neglected. She had been carefully instructed by father Jose,—which was the name of the monk I had seen with her; and the lighter accomplishments had been acquired from teachers procured by the good father for that purpose. She was, besides, encircled with the sacred halo of virtuous principles. As my own fortune was abundant, I soon came to the resolution of offering my hand and that fortune for her acceptance. I was wending my way to her dwelling, when I suddenly encountered the mysterious stranger who had been the companion of my voyage. I was astonished at the ravages

that a few short weeks had made in his appearance. He seemed care-worn and sorrow-stricken; the brilliancy of his fine eye was gone; and, as I extended my hand and expressed my joy at again meeting him, he more than half met my advances, and acknowledged that he came there with the hope of meeting me.

"You must have thought," said he, "that I was a most ungracious being to repel your offered civilities in so strange a manner. Let us sit beneath the spreading branches of this tree, and I will endeavor, at all events, to make you think less harshly of me by telling you my sad story."

I assured him it would give me pleasure to hear whatever he might please to communicate; not, I added, from motives of curiosity, but from a desire that he should feel towards me something of the confidence I felt in him.

"The tale is a sad one," said he, "but it will ease my heart to tell it; for I feel that ere long that heart will be at rest."

I spoke not, for I well knew that when the heart is burthened with sorrow any attempt to console is but mockery to the feelings.

"It is twenty years," said he, "since I first visited Naples. Oh, how bright all things looked to my eye! My heart had not then known a sorrow, nor my eye a tear. I possessed an ample fortune at my own control. It was my first tour, and nature wore her gayest smile. At a splendid fête given by a nobleman, at a short distance from the city, I became acquainted with a young and beautiful girl, the only daughter of a neighboring nobleman. Isadora was all that fancy could desire; whatever could be imagined of beauty was hers. I loved her, not for her beauty, but for her pure and guileless heart. My love was returned. But her father liked me not. Often did we meet by stealth, beneath the light of heaven's pale lamp. Six joyful months sped on, when fate, envious of our bliss, dashed from our lips the honied cup. The father of Isadora had long set his heart upon matching his daughter with a neighboring nobleman, by birth a Spaniard, and in person and manners the most unfit of all earth's sons to be the husband of Isadora. Suddenly he arrived at the palace; and my loved one was informed that in three days she must become his wife. Heart-broken, she flew to tell me the fatal news. Our place of meeting had been a ruined chapel in the precincts of the estate. What was to be done? I must either resign all I loved on earth, and devote both myself and her who was dearer to me than life forever to wretchedness, or we must fly and bear with us a father's curse. Even that curse she was willing to brave for my love. I found

a friendly priest who consented to join our hands; and, at the broken altar in the ruined chapel, the good man made us one. We fled, and concealed ourselves in an humble dwelling till the search for us should be over. Those, though days of danger, were days of delight. Often have I gazed on my beautiful wife, in the peasant garb which she had assumed for security, till my heart has filled to overflowing with joy and thankfulness. Her father was furious at her flight. Assassins were hired, and search made; but our humble dwelling escaped suspicion. We had but one opportunity to leave the country; and then my Isadora was unfit to travel,—she was about to become a mother. Twelve months after our marriage I was a father; and tears of joy fell from my eyes as I pressed my first-born to my heart. My cup of bliss was full. Two months after the birth of our child, I had made preparation to leave in a vessel bound for my native land, where, as my wife said, we could at least live out of fear. Fate seemed to smile upon us. Alas, we knew not the storm was gathering that would crush us with its fury!"

Grief choked his utterance; he leant his head upon his hand, unable, from the agony of his feelings, to proceed. I begged him to defer finishing the sad tale to some other time.

"No, no," he replied, "I can tell it but once, and it will ease my burthened heart."

He proceeded: "The day previous to that assigned for our departure, we were seated at the window of our little parlor, watching the rays of the setting sun as it tinged the horizon with gold, and picturing scenes of bliss in a far-distant land, when Isadora suddenly grasped my arm and directed my attention to a small grove near the house. 'I have twice,' she said, 'seen the shadow of a man at the entrance of yonder grove. There! there he is again!' she exclaimed; 'and, Holy Virgin! there is another!' I endeavored to soothe her fears, although I knew she was right, for I distinctly saw by the dim twilight the two figures, and my heart trembled for the objects of my love. Pale, and sinking with fright, Isadora pressed our infant to her breast, while I endeavored by every argument in my power to persuade her that her fears were groundless. The two figures approached. I prevailed on my wife to retire to another apartment. I examined my pistols, placed my stiletto in the folds of my robe, and took my station within the portico of our rude dwelling, determined to sell our lives or liberty at such a price as should not yield profit to our assailants. They drew near with stealthy pace. The shades of night fell fast and thick; never, to me, had night worn such an aspect. One



long hour of intense anxiety was spent in watching, as well as the darkness would permit, the motions of our unknown visitors. So near would they sometimes approach that I could distinctly hear them whisper; then they would retire and listen at the windows with such caution as left not a doubt on my mind that they intended to surprise us while sleeping. They again approached the portico. The moon at that moment burst the dark curtain of night and sailed majestically along in such clear and calm splendor as if she were about to witness some scene of love and hope instead of bloodshed and murder. By her light I was able to discern the features of the intruders; and my heart sunk within me as I recognized a countenance I knew but too well; for I had often seen him with the father of my Isadora, and had from her understood that he was an old and confidential servant of the Count. Their errand, then, was plain. No time was to be lost; and I demanded what they wanted.

"'Entrance!' was the reply of the foremost ruffian, as with the butt-end of a horse-pistol he dashed in the light trellis that enclosed the portico.

"'Enter at the peril of your lives!' I exclaimed, assuming an attitude of defence.

"'Disarm him, Gaspar,' he said to his companion, 'while I secure that which we seek.'

"A pistol was in my hand; I discharged it, and he, whom he called Gaspar, lay weltering in his blood at my feet. The report of the pistol brought my wife to the spot. The wild cries of our infant, the frantic shrieks of my Isadora, and the glaring eyes of the assassin, as I closed with him, yet haunt me in my dreams. Fearful was the struggle! He was a powerful man, but despair gave me strength; I inflicted a deep wound on each side of his face. The sight of his own blood made him furious; he glared on me with savage wildness, — raised his dagger, — my wife, my beauteous wife, threw herself between us, — it was buried in her heart. My Isadora! My child! Oh, God! for what was I reserved! Horror deprived me of the power to move. The cry of my infant recalled me to a sense of my situation, and, as I attempted to take it to my arms, streaming with the life-blood of its mother, the monster struck me. I remembered nothing more.

"When I again opened my eyes I was in a dungeon with the corpse of my wife; but my child was gone. Madness came to my relief. The exact length of time I remained there, I am unable to state; but, from circumstances, I judge it must have been two years. When reason returned, I was on the blue waters of the ocean, laid on the deck of a ship, and a kind-hearted tar bath-

ing my wrists and ancles, which were lacerated by the fetters I had worn. Oh, what a balm is sympathy to the wounded soul! Then I felt its truth. The rough hands of that poor tar, as he poured oil on my wounds, seemed soft as the cygnet's down; and his weather-beaten face wore, to me, the aspect of youth and beauty. My home was his; I lived to close his eyes; and a simple monument marks the spot where one friend rests. I could not remain in the land of my birth; I returned again to the scene of my sorrows to hear tidings of my child. The father of my wife had gone to the bar of eternal justice; but nothing could I learn of my child, nor could I find the priest who had been our friend. Here it was impossible to stay, if I would not again become a maniac. I have since been a spirit-crushed wanderer. Many lands have known me as a visitor; but the land that holds the remains of my Isadora, though I know not where they rest, still seems my home. My earthly sojourn will soon be over; and, in a brighter, a better world, I shall again meet the loved and the lost."

His tale was told; and, as his manly frame shook with the emotion of his soul, I am not ashamed to tell that my tears flowed with his. He grasped my hand.

"Tears are a sacred bond," said he. "Henceforth we are brothers. In this cold and heartless world, when the flood-gates of pleasure, of wealth, and of fame are open, many may be found to laugh with us, but few to weep. Your tears are a balm to my crushed heart. I would not change one such tear to be greeted by a thousand friends with their sunniest smiles."

He rose, and like one stronger for companionship, leant on my arm, as on that of an old and tried friend. We were no longer strangers. I told him, as we walked along, that I felt half inclined to become a fatalist; not alone from hearing his story, but from the events which had crowded on me since my arrival. "I was on my way," I said, "to offer my hand and fortune — which, thank Heaven! is ample, — to a young, innocent, and beautiful girl, when I met with you, this morning."

"May happiness attend you!" was his reply. "The gates of affection are closed upon me; yet I am not the churl that would tinge with false colors the pathway of my friend. No, a life of pure, disinterested affection is a life of bliss. May you live to realize the truth."

"Will you, will you," I exclaimed, "go with me and see the fair being I would take to my bosom? It will give me pleasure to have my choice sanctioned by your approbation."

He smiled through his sadness, as he gave

his consent; and half an hour saw us at the garden gate which led to the dwelling of Leonora. We entered, and turned into a path which led to an alcove, where, often of late, I had found her. She was not there; but near the entrance, tying up some flowers that had escaped from their bands, was her father. Hearing footsteps, he turned to greet us. A wild shriek burst from my companion. In an instant Godfriedo was in his tiger-grasp, and borne to the ground, while he frantically exclaimed,

"Fiend! murderer! where is my child?"

At this moment, Leonora, pale with fright, rushed to the spot.

"There! there!" said Godfriedo, pointing to Leonora, as he struggled in the grasp of my friend, who only released him to press his lost child to his heart. A moment was

enough. A dagger gleamed brightly above Godfriedo's head, and, as he exclaimed "I am beyond your vengeance!" he buried it to the hilt in his heart.

Father José soon joined the group. In him my friend recognized the priest that united him to his Isadora. He did all that religion could do for the expiring sinner; but Godfriedo died as he had lived, asking not the mercy he had never shown.

Near the ruins of the old chapel, a short distance from Posilippo, may be seen a small marble tablet; it covers the remains of the murdered Isadora. Leonora is my wife; and we endeavor, by our affection for her father, to make him forget the sorrows of his youth.

Reader, "Truth is stranger far than fiction."

## THE TWO.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

Soon each the other knew,  
But love grew up more slowly;  
Firmly and fair it grew,  
Watered with Heaven's dew,  
That plant so pure and holy.

Thereon burst forth a flower,  
To fuller beauty moulded  
By sunshine, shade and shower,  
In which all seeds of power  
And mystery were folded.

They saw the flower rare,  
And loved it for its beauty;  
They watcht it with sweet care  
Till, ere they were aware,  
It grew to be a duty.

Then started they in fear  
And gazed upon each other:  
They said, "Why lose our cheer?  
We only will be dear  
As sister and her brother."

So dwelt they late and soon  
 In love's unclouded weather :  
 They loved the self-same tune,  
 And underneath the moon  
 'T was bliss to be together.

From all the world so wide  
 Each soul the other singled ;  
 Something within did guide  
 Their life-streams side by side  
 Until at length they mingled.

And now they cannot part,  
 But must flow on forever, —  
 Two streams that rose apart,  
 Joined in the mighty heart  
 Of one calm-flowing river.

Nov. 1840.

#### RELIGIOUS NOVELS.

BY WILLIAM A. JONES.

A CERTAIN class of prose fictions is included under the above general term, which, from Bunyan to Brownson, is and ever has been exceedingly popular. They are, for this reason, to be closely scrutinized, as their scope and tendency may prove productive either of great good or considerable injury, not only to the cause of literature, but even to the cause of vital religion and Christian morality. The phrase, "Religious Novels," comprehends equally those works written professedly to favor or satirize particular sects and creeds, and those works which, with a more general and popular interest, still aim to take a high stand on all questions of morality, and to be, in effect, text-books of ethics and political casuistry.

A general objection that strikes us at once, on the very face of the matter, is with regard to the intention and spirit of these and similar productions. Is a novel, we would ask, the proper vehicle for religious sentiment and moral instruction? We would not be misunderstood. We sincerely believe that every good book, even of the lightest character, should carry its moral with it, and that a good moral. What we doubt is, whether the morality of the book should be made offensively prominent, — should stand foremost, casting all its other

merits into the background; or whether it should not lie covert and unpretendingly under a cheerful face of humble docility. Pope has wisely advised us that

"Men should be taught as if we taught them not;  
 And things *unknown*, as things *forgot*."

The skilful man of the world, — the Sir Politic Would-be of this generation, — always *reminds* and never *informs* directly. "The agreeable man is he who agrees." So the judicious moralist, if, at the same time, a writer of fiction, conceals his moral under a veil of fancy's weaving, and impresses a solemn truth on our hearts, whilst he is delighting the imagination or instructing the reason. This palpable error of overdoing the matter, being "too moral by half," (always smacking of hypocrisy), has been remarked by the ablest critical and æsthetical philosophers; but it is a vulgar error of such frequent occurrence as to call for as frequent animadversion. It is not necessary that every book should contain a confession of faith, nor comprehend a code of religious precepts. Every biography is not of a good man; some histories must relate the successes of bad men and evil principles. Novels, of all books, are permitted to be least didactic and hortatory, (to employ a

Johnsonian phrase.) We hate misnomers. A book of devotion, a tract of controversial divinity, a sermon, a moral essay, are all well in their proper place; but a book professing to be a novel, but which is, in fact, a sham novel, a mere cover for the introduction of a work of another class, under its name, is a forgery, a falsehood, a contemptible piece of deception. The title may be assumed to gain a wider circle of readers, (it may be a fetch of the author's, or a trick of the publishers,) but that affords no just excuse for falsifying its character by giving it a name that means something directly the reverse. Lord Peter, in the *Tale of the Tub*, endeavored to make a loaf of bread to stand for "fish, flesh and fowl," but such is now a stale cheat. It is for bread, giving a stone, in the language of Scripture. It is virtually telling a falsehood. No honest man, no pious churchman, could countenance such an imposition, evidently a piece of jesuitical policy. The defender of the practice would argue, probably, the purity of his intention and the goodness of the end to be reached; for "a verse may take him whom a sermon flies"; shielding himself under these batteries from the charge of employing unfair means.

We have a word more to say on this head. We urge, a novel is not, as a matter of course, to be a moral treatise or ecclesiastical horn-book; (all good works of fiction presuppose the essentials of religion and the reality of virtue;) but,—and here we join with the strictest religionists,—if it pretend directly to *teach* morals or religion at all, it must teach pure doctrine and sound ethics. It is essential, primarily, that it be consistent with itself and faithful to nature. Let an exact picture of life, and manners, and character be presented, without any formal comment or prefatory analysis; give character, and feeling, and principle fair play; let opposites contend, and then good will be apparent, evil will be manifest. Allurements will be offered to virtue, and vice be her own corrector. No danger need be apprehended from too close fidelity of description, for in that case the evil will correct itself. Grossness is repulsive enough; it is the elegant voluptuousness of polished vice that is so baleful and pernicious. By all means to be avoided is the hateful paradox of painting good infidels, or cold skeptics with all the virtues of humanity. And some who pass for mere skeptics, have a natural religion and a pious benevolence in their hearts, which they do not dream of, and do not possess. Such was "the good David," (Hume,) the friend and almost the idol of Adam Smith, and Macintosh, and Mackenzie.

We have mentioned two classes of religious novels. Under the first denomina-

tion would fall Bunyan's *Pilgrim and Holy War*, Patrick's imitation, (taken by Gray as a standard of dullness,) the *Spiritual Quixote*, Walker's *Vagabond*, Cælebs in *Search of a Wife*, and later fictions of a somewhat similar character by De Wette and Brownson. These are but a sprinkling. Of the second description are the novels of Defoe, Richardson, Dr. Moore, Johnson's *Rasselas*, and a vast collection of moral tales, by Marmontel, and Cotton, and De Genlis, and Chateaubriand, and St. Pierre, with a thousand others.

A striking defect is common to the above works, and the religious biographies,—the heroes are made perfect; they are morally and intellectually accomplished, and unite the piety of the saint to the polish of the gentleman. They are literally "just men, that need no repentance." Instead of being represented as human and fallible, they are painted as so pure and immaculate as to preclude us from sympathy with weakness or failure, and have nothing left for the mind but stupid admiration. We are called by the creator of these models of super-human excellence to fall down and do homage to the idols of their fancy, the gods of their idolatry, as to our liege exemplars. The characters themselves, by their monotony of merit, into which no particle of folly is allowed to intrude, are made tiresome and unnatural. They are flattered into the most disgusting form of vanity,—that is, spiritual conceit. They are moral and religious coxcombs. "It is the man, Sir Charles Grandison," is the constant exclamation of praise. The morality of these novels is *moral pedantry*. It is as different from true moral wisdom as genuine learning is different from the pedantry of books and colleges. The morality of ethical novels is generally a *conventional mannerism*: the pretensions to piety savor of puritanical assumption. The religious conversations are often blasphemous, from their absurd and presumptuous familiarity. We read a sort of *RELIGIOUS SLANG*, too often found even in the pulpit; by which we intend to express, a stereotyped repetition of phrases, employed without any definite meaning, and in an indifferent, careless spirit. The most serious Christian cannot avoid allowing the existence of cant, which is more injurious in religion than anywhere else. In religious novels, any expression of this kind exposes the work to the sneers of wicked men, as well as to the intelligent censure of the critic, who is no scoffer.

One description of religious novels, that might be better styled moral satires, if not carried out into burlesque or disfigured by illiberality, may be the vehicle of sound argument and pointed rebuke. The *Vagabond*, by Walker, is a book of this nature.



Such, also, we conceive the Spiritual Quixote to be; a satire directed (as we are informed) against the Methodists and their extravagances. We have been unable to procure the book, but it is highly spoken of by one, himself a master of satiric humor and ironical argument, and in whose eulogium we may safely confide.

Bunyan, the first of religious writers, was an allegorical painter, with little of the satirist. He has nothing in common, as a mere writer, with later writers of religious fiction, — Hannah More, for instance. Pilgrim's Progress is dramatic and spiritual; Cœlebs is a tract on the art of selecting a wife, transformed into the shape, the figure "extern," of a novel. Bunyan gives us pictures; Hannah More furnishes us with sermons and moral dissertations. Bunyan is a poet; Mrs. More is a *proser*. Hannah More's true field — and there she was admirable — (for, in spite of many drawbacks she had great talent,) was, prose fiction in the shape of moral tracts (good Sunday reading) for the plainer class of people, and which would impress many wholesome truths on readers of all classes. She was also a good writer for children beyond infancy and on the confines of boyhood or girlhood. She wanted genius to open the minds and address the fancy of very young children; and she wanted breadth and originality for maturer men and women of education and experience.

We come, finally, to this conclusion, with regard to the morality of the novel as a *work of art*; and we find our idea so justly and distinctly enunciated by Hazlitt,\* that we borrow his language: "The most moral writers, after all, are those who do not pretend to inculcate any moral. The professed moralist unavoidably degenerates into the partizan of a system; and the philosopher is too apt to warp the evidence to his own purpose. But the painter of manners gives the facts of human nature, and leaves us to draw the inference; if we are not able to do this, or do it ill, at least it is our own fault." In the same way, a philosophic historian will prefer the transcript from contemporary records to any fine spun dissertations of his own; and an effective orator will allow a clear and spirited statement of facts to do the work of a labored declamation.

There have been warm discussions on this point, to wit, whether every work of art should have an indirect moral? Goethe and his disciples contended that it should not; that, questionless, a deep lesson was to be learnt, not appearing, however, on the surface of the work, but to be educed and evolved after study and earnest meditation.

\* Lectures on the Comic Writers.

Coleridge boasted that a principal beauty of his "Ancient Mariner" consisted in its being without an avowed moral, at which good Mistress Barbauld was mightily shocked. Not being a formal moral, did not impair the essential morality of the poem. This speech of the poet was analogous to his praise of Shakspeare's women, that they were *characterless*; recipients of virtue, and reflectors of it, but not stiff, moral, heartless prudes. The great poet detested pretence, and most of all moral pretences. He saw a great and deep truth, which the mass can never comprehend, — or, if they did, could not appreciate, — and which must ever remain a dark problem to many well-meaning and well-taught (in other respects), but pragmatistical persons. For a man can only see with what eyes he has, and with none other. Optical aids furnish optical delusions; and thus truth is perverted, because the percipient wants a true vision.

The novel is a classic form of composition; it has proved the vehicle for consummate knowledge of life and character; it comprehends and includes exquisite descriptions of nature, and beauty, and comic traits, and pathetic situations; it paints the manners, and developes the sentiments. It is familiar history and popular philosophy; but we apprehend it is not the proper form of writing to be selected for the propagation of religious opinions, or the instilling, in a didactic manner, of moral sentiments. We would be very far from excluding either; but we maintain that they should be subsidiary rather than glaring; incidental and not prominent. Palpable display only invites attack, and stimulates rude jests. With all the love in the world for good literature, and none the less for novels of the good old stamp, as a portion of literature, we yet confess religion is too holy a thing to be bandied about in lively dialogue, or defended with the supercilious condescension of arrogant eloquence. Other forms of composition are better adapted to impress moral precepts, or warm by pure devotion, or excite by passionate appeals, or enlighten by the inductions of reason. The divine muse of sacred poesy is reviving from the lethargy in which she lay buried for the greater part of the eighteenth century. The rich strains of the minor religious poets of the seventeenth century are now reproduced, and rising from a new choir of contemporary bards. The songs of Zion fascinate the sense, while they purify the heart. The well of life requires no such filtering as the poisoned fountain of Helicon, to drink only of the pure essence of poesy. The pulpit is more especially the source whence should flow invigorating streams of the water of the River of Life, to cheer and

fortify the soul. (That these ends are not, in all cases, so answered is a crying evil.) The history of good men, who have actually lived and struggled with temptation and fortune, if truly and dramatically related, should at least equal a fictitious narrative of the ideal good man. The history of the church is a history of human nature, and full of rich instruction. For direct precept or discussion, the moral essay, the review, the religious periodical, are always open. And it is indeed matter of especial wonder how, with the rich theological literature of

England, any poverty should be felt of religious reading for the most fastidious scholar; or the necessity of resort to novels for doctrinal or practical instruction. Perhaps the best thing to be done, is, with all humility and respect for the great names and greater minds of the elder English writers, to point out the several excellencies of each, and thereby persuade to a study and contemplation of them. This we have honestly endeavored to do, however feeble or imperfect may have been the execution of our purpose.

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"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

WITH AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.

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In connection with the beautiful engraving from Agate's picture of "The Bucket," which we give this month, we cannot do better than to reprint, although they may be familiar to many of our readers, Woodworth's stanzas, which probably suggested the subject.

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THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view!  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;  
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,  
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;  
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,  
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well!  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;  
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.  
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,  
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;  
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,  
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!  
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
And now, far removed from thy loved situation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

## THE KING'S BRIDE.

A STORY DRAWN FROM NATURE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE MISCELLANY FROM THE GERMAN OF E. T. W. HOFFMANN.

## CHAPTER FOURTH.\*

In which the residence of a powerful king is described, followed by a narrative of a bloody duel, and other singular circumstances.

Lady Anna felt herself, as it were, stiff in all her limbs with excessive sorrow. She sat at the window, with her arms crossed, and gazed out, without paying any attention to the quacking and crowing, the cooing and peeping of the poultry, who at this time were accustomed to receive her tender care. Yes, she even, with the greatest indifference saw the maid attend to the whole business, and was not moved when in the course of her proceedings that personage took occasion, instead of following the established order of things, to set herself against the will of the person whom she represented, and give the respected chanticleer of the flock a somewhat heavy blow with the whip. The pains of love which rent the heart of Lady Anna, robbed her of every feeling for the favorites of those happy hours which she had devoted to them, uninterrupted by the perusal of either Chesterfield or Knigge. She had never even taken to her counsel Madame de Genlis, or any of those ladies so deep in the knowledge of the heart, who can tell to a hair how to mould young minds into the right form. Such proceedings would have been thought out of character in her.

The next day Cordova-top did not show himself, but remained with Master Dapsul in the tower, where, as it appeared, very important operations were going on. But now, when the evening sun was just glowing over the court-yard, she perceived the little personage. He appeared to her more ugly than ever, in his bright, yellow-colored coat; and the ridiculous manner in which he hopped here and there, seeming every moment to stumble and then throwing himself up again, at which any one else would have laughed himself ill, only caused her the more grief. She even at last held both her hands before her face, that she need not see anything more of the disgusting puppet.

Suddenly she felt some one pulling upon her apron. "Down, Feldmann!" cried she, thinking it was the dog pulling her. But

it was not the dog, but on the contrary Lady Anna saw, when she removed her hands from her face, the Lord Baron Porphyrio von Ockerodastes, who in an unexampled manner swung himself upon her neck and embraced her with both his arms. Lady Anna screamed aloud with fear and horror, and sprang up from her chair. But Cordova-top remained hanging upon her neck, and became at the moment so fearfully heavy that with a twenty hundred pound weight, he pulled poor Lady Anna back again into the chair where she had been sitting. But Cordova-top immediately loosed himself from her neck and placed himself before her on his little right knee, in as polite and delicate a manner as, owing to his want of equilibrium, was in his power. He then spoke in a clear and somewhat peculiar but not unpleasant tone:

"Adored Lady Anna! most excellent lady! my chosen bride! I pray, I beseech you, do not be angry, oh, do not be angry! I know you think my people have destroyed your beautiful vegetable garden to build my palace. Oh, powers of all! If you could only look into my little body, and see the deep love and generosity of my beating heart! Could you only discover all the cardinal virtues which are collected under this yellow satin, in my bosom! Oh, how far am I from that despicable cruelty which you attribute to me! How was it possible that a mild prince his own sub—yet stop, stop. What are words, speeches! You must see for yourself, oh, my bride! yes, you must see the glories that await you. You must go with me, yes, go with me to the spot. I will lead you to my palace, where a joyful people await to do honor to the beloved of their lord."

It may be imagined what horror Lady Anna felt at the pretensions of Cordova-top, how she resisted following the disagreeable little dwarf even a single step. But Cordova-top did not cease to describe to her in the most glowing language the extraordinary beauty, the boundless wealth of the vegetable garden which was now his palace, that she at last concluded at least just to peep into the tent, which certainly could not in any manner do her an injury. The little man, in his extreme joy and delight, threw at least twelve somersets, one after another, and then very politely offered little

\* Concluded from page 167.

Lady Anna his hand and conducted her through the garden to his silk palace.

With a loud exclamation little Lady Anna remained as it were rooted to the earth, as the curtain at the entrance drew up and disclosed to her the view of a vegetable garden of endless extent, and of such magnificence as she in her most delightful dreams of blooming kail and cabbage had never imagined. There grew and flourished everything which could bear the name of cabbage or kail, of turnip and salad, of peas and beans, in sparkling brilliancy, and such splendor as cannot be described. The music of pipes, and trumpets, and cymbals sounded loud, and the four polite lords with whom Lady Anna had already become acquainted, namely, Lord Horseradish, Monsieur Rocambolla, Signor di Brocoli, and Pan Rapustowicz, approached her with many ceremonious reverences.

"My chamberlains," said Porphyrio von Ockerodastes, smiling; and while the before-named chamberlains stepped before them, he led the little Lady Anna through the double row formed by the English carrot guards to the middle of the field, where rose a high and splendid throne. About this throne were assembled the grandees of the empire; — the Salad Princes, with the Bean Princesses, the archdukes of Gherkin, with the Melon Princes at their head. The Cabbage-head Minister, Generals Onion and Turnip, the ladies Cauliflower, &c., all in the glittering dresses of their rank and station. And in every direction were running at least a hundred dear little lavender and fennel pages, spreading sweet odors. As Ockerodastes with Lady Anna ascended the throne, the Lord high-marshal Turnip gave a signal with his staff, and immediately the music ceased, and all listened in silent reverence. Then Ockerodastes raised his voice and said, in the most solemn manner,

"My faithful and well-beloved subjects! behold here at my side the noble Lady Anna von Zabelthau, whom I have chosen for my wife. Rich in beauty and virtue, she has long regarded you with the eyes of a tender and loving mother; yes, she has spread for you soft and rich beds, — has cherished and cared for you. She will be to you now and ever a true and worthy sovereign lady. Show now your respectful approbation and well-regulated joy at the benefits which I am graciously about to pour upon you."

Upon a second signal from the Lord high-marshal Turnip arose a shout of joy from a thousand voices, — the Bulb artillery fired their salute, and the musicians of the Carrot guards played the well-known air of "Salad, salad, and green parsley." It was a great, an important moment, and the grandees of the empire, particularly the

ladies Cauliflower, shed tears of joy. Lady Anna almost lost her presence of mind, when she perceived that the little person had a crown sparkling with diamonds on his head, and bore in his hand a golden sceptre.

"Ah," cried she, filled with astonishment, and clapping her hands, "My lord Gemini! You are something more than you appear, my dear Lord Cordova-top."

"Adored Anna," answered Ockerodastes gently, "the stars force me to appear before your father under a disguised name. Learn, my dearest child, that I am one of the most powerful of monarchs, and reign over an empire of which the boundaries cannot be discovered, since the artists have forgotten to draw them on the illuminated maps. It is the vegetable King *Daucus Carota* the First, oh, sweetest Anna, who offers you his hand and his crown. All the vegetable princes are my vassals, and only for one day in the year does the Bean King, in compliance with a very ancient custom, bear rule."

"Then," said Lady Anna joyfully, "shall I become a queen, and possess this glorious, splendid vegetable garden?"

King *Daucus Carota* again assured her that this was indeed the case, and that all vegetables which spring from the earth were subjected to his and her dominion. Anything like this little Lady Anna had not certainly expected, and she found that little Cordova-top, since he had changed into King *Daucus Carota* the First, was not nearly so ugly as before, and that the crown and sceptre and the royal mantle were uncommonly becoming to him. When Lady Anna took into consideration his polite conduct and the wealth which would fall to her lot by this union, she was well convinced that no lady in the country could desire a better match than this she was about to make, in becoming a king-bride. Lady Anna was on this account immeasurably pleased, and asked the royal bridegroom whether she should not remain in the palace, and whether the marriage should not be solemnized the next day. King *Daucus* however answered that much as he longed to obtain possession of his adored bride, yet certain constellations concerned in his happiness must be consulted. For this reason Master Dapsul von Zabelthau must not at present be made acquainted with the royal rank of his son-in-law, lest the operations which were to bring about his wished-for union with the Sylphide *Nehahilah* might be disturbed by this knowledge. He had moreover promised Master Dapsul von Zabelthau that both marriages should be celebrated the same day. Lady Anna was made to pledge herself solemnly not to betray a syllable of what she had seen in this place to Master Dapsul von Zabelthau, and she then left the



silken palace amid the loud and joyous shouts of the people, who were filled with joy at her beauty and at her affable and condescending manners.

In dreams she again saw the domains of the dearest King Daucus Carota, and bathed in an ocean of happiness.

The letter which she had despatched to Master Amandus von Nebelstern had deeply affected the poor youth. It was not long before little Lady Anna received the following answer :

"Idol of my heart, heavenly Anna :—

"Daggers, sharp, burning, poisoned, murderous daggers, which pierced my heart, were the words of your letter. Oh, Anna ! must you be torn from me ? What a thought ! I cannot yet understand how it is that I did not immediately lose my senses and become perhaps a fearful, dreadful spectacle. But infuriated at that news which must cause my death, I fled from my fellow men, and ran immediately from table, without stopping as usual to play billiards, out into the woods, where I wrung my hands, and called upon your name a thousand and a thousand times. . It began to rain powerfully, and I had on an entirely new cap of red velvet, trimmed with a splendid gold tassal. People say that no cap has ever become my fate so well as this. The rain might ruin the beauty of the trimming, but what does despairing love care for caps, for velvet, or gold ? I ran about until I was wet and chilled through, and felt dreadfully ill. That drove me into the nearest tavern, where I ordered some good burnt wine, and smoked a pipe of your heavenly Virginia. I soon felt myself exalted by a divine inspiration. I pulled my letter case out of my pocket and threw into it as quickly as possible a dozen divine poems ; and, oh, wonderful gift of poesy ! both had vanished, the despair of love and bodily pain. The last of these poems I will now share with you ; and you also, oh, jewel of damsels ! will, like me, feel hopeful joy.

How I writhe in my sorrow !  
Love's tapers so bright,  
All quenched is their light ;  
My heart hopes no glad morrow,  
It may never appear.  
Yet the spirit descends,  
Words and rhymes kindly lends, —  
My heart becomes light,  
While sweet verse I indite,  
And the lamp of my soul now burns clear.  
The flame of Love's tapers  
Has dispelled dismal vapors,  
And their light gleams my being to cheer.

Yes, my sweet Anna, I will soon hasten, a protecting knight, to you, and you shall be rescued from the wretch who would rob me of you. That you may not despair, I write you some sublime sentences, of excellent

import and greatly consolatory, extracted from the treasury of my divine master. You may be soothed by them.

All heart, all soul, all bright in spirit sing,  
High mounts the heart, the soul is on the wing.

Love may turn to hate,  
Time be for time too late.

Love is the breath of flowers, a sweet eternity.  
Oh, youth ! enjoy the bath, but haste to make thee dry.

In winter dost thou ask the wind to blow ?  
And cloaks — Alas ! why do they make them so ?

What divine, what sublime, what forcible maxims ! and how simply, how unpretendingly, with what nervousness, are they expressed !

"Again, my dear maiden, I beseech you be comforted. Bear me as ever in thy heart. He comes, he comes to save thee, he presses thee to his bosom heaving with the storms of love.

Thy most true

"AMANDUS VON NEBELSTERN.

"P. S. I cannot call out the Lord Cordova-top on any account. For, oh, Anna ! every drop of blood that might be drawn from your Amandus by the attack of a rash adversary, is the glorious blood of a poet, the Ichor of the gods, which must not be shed. The world has a right to demand that a spirit like mine shall preserve itself in every possible manner. The sword of the poet is the word, is song ; I will run my rival through the body with Tyrtæan battle-lays, — I will overthrow him with pointed epigrams, — I will hew him down with Dithyrambs full of the rage of love. These are the arms of the real, the true poet, who, ever victorious, may feel himself secure from every attack ; — and armed thus will I appear and fight for your hand, oh, Anna !

"Farewell, — again I press you to my breast. Hope everything from my love, and especially from my heroism, which no danger can affright. I shall free you from the shameful snares into which, according to all appearance, a wicked demon has drawn you !"

Lady Anna received this epistle just as she was playing "Catch, catch who can" with her bridegroom, King Daucus Carota, in the meadow behind the garden, where she was greatly delighted when she in a full run stopped short, and stooped down, and the King jumped over her. Not as in former times did she receive it, but crammed the letter of her beloved into her pocket without reading it ; and it may therefore be perceived that it came too late.

Master Dapsul von Zabelthau could not understand why little Lady Anna had changed her mind so suddenly, and had

come to love Lord Porphyrio von Ockerodastes, who was at first so odious to her. He questioned the stars respecting it, but as these gave him no satisfactory answer, he came to the conclusion that the mind of man was as inscrutable as any of the secrets of the universe, and will not allow itself to be fathomed by the constellations. He could not suppose that merely the more exalted nature of the bridegroom could have won the love of the Lady Anna, while the little man was altogether wanting in personal beauty. Although, as the careful reader must have perceived, the idea of beauty cherished by Master Dapsul von Zabelthau differed as far as heaven is from earth from the ideas of young ladies, yet he had at least worldly experience enough to know that said ladies think understanding, wit, spirit, heart, are good furniture for a fine house, and that a man on whom a fashionable coat does not set well, though he be a Shakspeare, a Goethe, a Tieck, or a Frederic Richter, incurs some danger of being driven out of the field by a tolerably agreeable, well-built hussar, in the state's uniform, if he should venture to enter the lists with him for the favor of a young lady. Lady Anna had, however, been wrought upon in an entirely different way, and beauty or understanding had nothing to do with the matter. Meantime, as it very seldom happens that a poor country girl suddenly becomes a queen, Master Dapsul could not have been expected to discover the cause of her change of conduct; and for this time the stars left him in the dark.

It may be imagined that these three good people, Lord Porphyrio von Ockerodastes, Master Dapsul von Zabelthau, and the Lady Anna were of one heart and soul. It went so far that Master Dapsul, oftener than he was ever before known to do, left the tower to talk with his valued son-in-law of all sorts of pleasant things; and especially he now often took his breakfast below, in the house. At this time Lord Porphyrio von Ockerodastes came from his silken palace, and allowed himself to be treated by the Lady Anna to bread and butter.

"Ah, ah," Lady Anna sometimes whispered in his ear, "if papa knew that you were indeed a king, my best Cordova-top —"

"Hush! hush! my heart," answered Daucus Carota the First, "do not betray the secret. Near, near is the day of thy joy."

It happened that the schoolmaster had brought the Lady Anna some bunches of very fine radishes, with which she was much pleased, because Master Dapsul von Zabelthau was exceedingly fond of radishes, and Lady Anna could not now take them from the vegetable garden over which the palace was built; and it now, for the first time, came into her mind that among the

various roots and plants which she saw in the palace, she had not observed any radishes.

Lady Anna prepared her present of the radishes quickly, and set them before her father for his breakfast. Already had Master Dapsul torn away from several, without mercy, their crown of leaves, dipped them in the salt, and eaten them with delight, when Cordova-top entered.

"Oh, my Ockerodastes, are you fond of radishes?" called Master Dapsul to him.

One large, particularly fine radish was still lying on the plate. But scarcely did it meet the eye of Cordova-top, when his eyes began to sparkle with fury, and he called out with a terrible and threatening voice, "What, wretched duke, do you dare again to appear before my eyes? With mad shamefacedness do you press into a house which is overshadowed by my power? Have I not banished you, who would have contended with me for my lawful throne, for everlasting ages? Away, away with you, traitorous vassal!"

The radish, beneath whose thick head two legs had suddenly sprouted out, with which he sprung from the plate, then placed himself before Cordova-top, and caused himself to be heard.

"Cruel Daucus Carota the First! in vain dost thou strive to annihilate my race. Did ever one of thy family display such great heads as are borne by myself and the rest of my relations? Understanding, wit, penetration, courtesy, — we are gifted with all these; and while you are passing about in kitchens and stables, and are only valued in the bloom of your youth, and youth only is the season of your happiness, we enjoy the society of higher personages, and are saluted with joy the moment we lift up our green heads. But I defy you, oh, Daucus Carota! you are a ferocious villain, like all the rest of your tribe. Let us see who is the strongest."

Thereupon Duke Radish flourished a long whip, and without farther ado gave King Daucus Carota a blow with it. The latter, however, quickly drew his little sword, and defended himself with the greatest bravery. The two little fellows beat each other about the room in the most singular manner, and with the maddest leaps, until Daucus Carota drove the Duke Radish so into a corner that he was forced, with a bold leap through the open window, to seek safety in the open air. King Daucus Carota, whose altogether uncommon activity is already well known to the attentive reader, threw himself after him in pursuit, and followed the Duke over the field. Master Dapsul von Zabelthau had witnessed the fearful combat in deep and silent astonishment. But he now broke out, groaning and crying,

"Oh, my daughter Anna! Oh, my poor, unhappy daughter Anna!—lost!—I—you—both, both of us are lost!—lost!" and thereupon he left the room, and ascended as quickly as he could to the astronomical tower.

Lady Anna could not understand or imagine what in all the world had all at once thrown her papa into such unbounded sorrow. The whole proceeding had been the source of great pleasure to her, and she was heartily glad to have seen that her bridegroom, besides possessing rank and wealth, was also brave;—for there is scarcely a girl upon the face of the earth who can bring her mind to love a coward. And now that she was convinced of the bravery of King Daucus Carota the First, she felt for the first time sensibly that Master Amandus von Nebelstern was not willing to fight with him.

If she had before hesitated to sacrifice Master Amandus to King Daucus the First, she would now have decided to do it, when she saw the whole glory of her new station as bride. She sat down immediately and wrote the following letter:

"My dear Amandus,

"Everything in the world must change, everything is evanescent;—so says the schoolmaster, and he is perfectly right. You, my dear Amandus, are much too wise and much too learned a student, not to agree with the schoolmaster; and you will not be in the least astonished when I tell you that a little change has taken place in my thoughts and affections. You may believe me, I still like you very much, and can well imagine how handsome you must look in the red velvet cap, trimmed with gold; but as to the matter of marriage, you see, my dear Amandus, as timid as you are, and well as you understand making pretty verses, a king you are not and never will be; and do not be alarmed, dearest,—the little Lord von Cordova-top is not Lord Cordova-top, but a mighty king, named Daucus Carota the First, who rules over the whole vegetable kingdom, and has chosen me for his queen! Since the time that my dear little King threw off the incognito, he has become much handsomer; and I now for the first time see clearly that papa was right, when he maintained that the head was the ornament of the man, and therefore could not be too large. And it appears that Daucus Carota the First (you see how well I can remember the name, and write it down,) since I have become well acquainted with him,—yes, I must say, that the manners of my little royal bridegroom have proved to be agreeable and amiable beyond anything which could have been expected. And what courage and bravery does the man possess!

He put to flight, before my eyes, the Duke of Radishes, who appeared to be a wicked, obstinate man, and, my—how he sprang out of the window after him! You should have seen him. I do not think that my Daucus Carota would do much with your weapons; he seems to be a powerful man, on whom verses, be they ever so fine and pointed, would not make much impression. And now, my dear Amandus, submit to your fate like a pious man, and take it not ill that I become your queen, instead of your wife. Be comforted, for I will remain your affectionate friend; and if, in future, you would have a place in the Carota-guards, or, as you do not like arms so well as the sciences, in the Parsnip Academy, or the Pumpkin ministry, it will cost you but a word, and your fortune is made. Farewell, and be not vexed with your

"former bride, but now well-meaning

"friend and future queen,

"ANNA VON ZABELTHAU.

"(But soon to be no more von Zabelthau, but simply ANNA.)

"P. S. You shall also be constantly supplied with leaves of the finest Virginia. You may certainly depend upon it. I believe there is as yet no smoking in my court, but there shall be a bed of Virginia tobacco planted not far from the throne, and under my particular direction. This is demanded by religion and morality, and my little Daucus shall make an especial law respecting it."

#### CHAPTER FIFTH;

In which information is given of a fearful catastrophe, and the story goes on.

Lady Anna had just despatched her letter to Master Amandus von Nebelstern, when Master Dapsul von Zabelthau entered, and with the pathetic tone of the deepest grief, began.

"Oh, my daughter Anna, in what a shameful manner have we both been deceived! This traitor, who has entangled you in his nets, who announced to me that he was the Baron Porphyrio Ockerodastes, surnamed Cordova-top, a descendant of the illustrious race of the ever glorious Gnome Tsilmenech, united to the noble Abbess of Cordova,—this traitor, he is himself a gnome, but of that inferior race which governs vegetables. The Gnome Tsilmenech was of the most noble race, that to which the care of diamonds is entrusted. Then comes that race which prepares the metals in the empire of the king of metals; then follow the flower gnomes, who are excellent because they de-

pend on the sylphides. The worst and least noble are the vegetable gnomes; and not only is the deceitful Cordova-top one of these gnomes, he is even king of this race, and is called *Daucus Carota*."

Little Lady Anna did not sink into a fainting fit,—she was not in the least alarmed, but she smiled pleasantly at her lamenting papa, and the attentive reader knows why. But when Master Dapsul von Zabelthau still continued to be in the highest degree astonished, and kept pressing Lady Anna in heaven's name to consider her fearful position, and to be duly sorrowful therefor, then Lady Anna thought it was no longer her duty to keep the secret with which she had been entrusted. She related to Master Dapsul von Zabelthau how the so-called Baron von Cordova-top had long since discovered to her his real rank, and since that time had made himself so agreeable to her that she wished for no other husband. She farther described all the beauties of the empire of vegetables into which King *Daucus Carota* the First had conducted her, and did not forget to extol the singular graces of the various inhabitants of this great kingdom.

Master Dapsul von Zabelthau wrung his hands once and again, and wept sorely over the artful wickedness of the gnome king, who had made use of the most cunning and the most dangerous methods of attracting the unhappy Anna to his dark, demonical kingdom.

Master Dapsul von Zabelthau went on to explain to his listening daughter that "glorious and advantageous as the union of an elementary spirit with a human principle might be, and remarkable as was the example of it in the marriage of the Gnome *Teilmenech* with *Magdalen de la Croix*, on which account the traitorous *Daucus Carota* had pretended to be a shoot from that stock, it was entirely different with the kings and queens of these other spirit people. If the salamanders were only given to anger, the sylphide kings only proud, the undine queens only amorous and jealous, the gnome kings on the contrary were malicious, wicked and cruel, seeking to revenge themselves on the children of the earth who lead them as their vassals. They at times endeavor to delude certain persons, and induce them to surrender their human nature, and as deformed as the gnome himself they must descend into the earth and never again come to the light."

Lady Anna did not seem to believe all the disadvantages which Master Dapsul von Zabelthau attributed to her dear *Daucus*; on the contrary she began again to speak of the wonders of the beautiful empire of vegetables, over which she now soon thought to reign.

"Blinded, foolish child!" cried Master Dapsul von Zabelthau, filled with anger. "Do you not suppose that your father has cabalistical wisdom enough to know that all this which the villanous *Daucus Carota* has paraded before you, is nothing but a lie and a cheat? Yet you do not believe me. To save my only child, I must convince you; but this conviction I can only bring you by the most desperate means. Come with me."

For the second time Lady Anna was obliged to ascend with her papa to the astronomical tower. Out of a great bag, Master Dapsul drew a number of yellow, white and green ribbands, which, with singular ceremonies, he bound about the Lady Anna from head to foot. He did the same with himself, and then the two—Lady Anna and Master Dapsul von Zabelthau—carefully approached the silken palace of King *Daucus Carota* the First. Lady Anna, in compliance with the direction of her father, opened, with a sharp pair of scissors which she had brought with her, a hole in the silk and peeped in through the opening.

Gracious heavens! what did she see? Instead of the beautiful vegetable garden, instead of the *Carota-guard*, the plumage ladies, the lavender pages, the sallad princes, and all which had appeared so wonderfully glorious to behold, she looked down into a deep pool that seemed filled with a disgusting mud. And in this slime all kinds of ugly creatures in the bosom of the earth moved and raised themselves. Great earth-worms curled slowly about each other, while animals of the beetle race dragged themselves slowly along, stretching out their short legs. On their backs they bore great onions, with ugly human faces, who leared and squinted with their heavy yellow eyes. While long, naked serpents tumbled over each other in disgusting indolence, and raised their long horns out of the depth. Lady Anna at the fearful sight immediately fainted. On recovering she held both hands before her face and ran quickly away.

"You now see clearly," said Master Dapsul von Zabelthau to her, "how shamefully the frightful *Daucus Carota* has deceived you when he showed you a glory that lasts but for a moment. Oh, he allowed his vassals to put on festival garments, and the state's-uniform of his guards, to entice you with dazzling pomp. But you have seen the kingdom in *dishabille* over which you are to rule, and when you are once the wife of the horrid *Daucus Carota*, you must remain in the subterranean kingdom, and never return to the face of the earth; and if—ah!—ah!—what do I see?—I, the most unhappy of fathers!"

Master Dapsul von Zabelthau became now suddenly so out of himself that Anna



could not but imagine that some new misfortune had broken out that moment. She anxiously asked at what her papa was so bitterly grieving, but he could only, between his sighs, stammer out,

"Oh! — oh! — daughter — how — you — look —"

Lady Anna ran into her room, looked in the glass, and returned frightened to death.

She had reason for her terrors. The cause was this: When Master Dapsul von Zabelthau wished to open the eyes of the bride of King Daucus Carota to the danger to which she was exposed, bye and bye of losing her good looks and her figure, and to become altogether transformed to the real figure of a gnome queen, he foretold what had already happened to a terrible degree. Little Anna's head had become much larger, and her complexion was as yellow as saffron, so that she now began to look quite ugly. If Lady Anna were not particularly vain, she was woman enough to perceive that to become ugly would be the greatest misfortune that could befall any one. How often had she imagined the glory, as future queen, of wearing a crown on her head, and being arrayed in satin dresses, ornamented with diamonds, and golden chains, and rings, riding to church in her eight-span carriage by the side of her royal husband, on a Sunday, and how all the women, the school-master's wife not excepted, would be astonished; even the proud patron of the village, to whose diocese Dapsul belonged, would look at her with respect. Yes, how often had she revelled in dreams of this kind! — Lady Anna melted into tears.

"Anna, my daughter Anna, come immediately up to me," called Master Dapsul von Zabelthau down through the speaking pipe.

Lady Anna found her papa dressed in a sort of mining dress. He said with emotion, "When the need is the greatest, help is often nighest. Daucus Carota will not, as I have discovered, leave his palace to-day, not till to-morrow noon. He has assembled the princes of his house, the ministers and other grandees of the empire, to hold a counsel respecting the next year's winter kail. The session is important, and will perhaps continue the longer, because this year we have none of that necessary vegetable. I will employ this time, when Daucus Carota is deep in his government business, and may not observe my labors, to prepare a weapon with which I may oppose and perhaps conquer the wicked gnome, so that he may give you up, and leave you at liberty. While I am at my labors, look carefully through this glass toward the tent, and inform me immediately if you observe that any one looks or steps out."

Lady Anna complied with his request,

but the tent remained closed. She now perceived, notwithstanding Master Dapsul von Zabelthau at only a few steps distance behind her was hammering hard upon plates of metal, that a wild, confused cry appeared to come from the tent, and then a clear clapping noise, like the boxing of ears. She related this to Master Dapsul, who was well pleased to hear it, and said the more madly they quarreled there between themselves so much the less likely would they be to observe what he was making for their ruin.

Lady Anna was not a little surprised when she perceived that Master Dapsul had been hammering out a couple of beautiful cooking pots and two frying pans of copper. Being a connoisseur, she was convinced that the tinning was extremely well put on, — that her papa must have carefully observed the proceedings of the coppersmith, and she asked whether she might not take these nice articles down for use into the kitchen. At that Master Dapsul laughed mysteriously, and made no farther answer than

"In due time, in due time, my daughter Anna. Now go down, my beloved child, and await quietly what to-morrow may bring farther to our house."

Master Dapsul von Zabelthau had laughed, and it was this that gave hope and confidence to little Anna.

The next day, as it drew near noontime, Master Dapsul von Zabelthau came down with his pots and frying pans, went into the kitchen, and ordered Lady Anna and the maid to go out, because he would to-day prepare the dinner by himself alone. He enjoined it upon Lady Anna especially to be as civil and polite as possible to Cordova-top, who would probably soon be with her. Cordova-top, or rather King Daucus Carota the First, actually soon arrived; and though he had before appeared sufficiently in love, yet to-day he was more than ever filled with joy and delight. To her horror, Lady Anna remarked that she had already become so short that Daucus could, without trouble, swing himself upon her neck, and embrace and kiss her, which the unhappy damsel was obliged to submit to in spite of the deep horror she felt for the little frightful monster.

At last Master Dapsul von Zabelthau stepped into the apartment, and said,

"Oh, my most excellent Porphyrio von Ockerodastes, would you be so kind as to go with me and my daughter into the kitchen, and observe in what nice order your future wife keeps everything arranged?"

Never had Lady Anna seen in her papa's countenance such a malicious, mischievous expression as filled it when he took the little Daucus by the arm, and almost by force drew him out of the parlor into the kitchen.

Lady Anna followed at the signal of her father.

Lady Anna's heart melted within her, when she saw the noble, crackling fire, the glowing coals, the fine copper pots and pans upon the hearth. As Master Dapsul von Zabelthau led Cordova-top close to the hearth, the contents of the pots and pans began to fry and hiss more vehemently, and the hissing and frying became grievous groans and sighs; and out of the pot came the cry—"Oh, *Daucus Carota*! oh, my king! save your faithful vassals! save us poor carrots! Cut in slices, thrown into cold water, rubbed to our sorrow in butter and salt, we suffer unspeakable pain, which the noble young parsley shares with us!" And from the frying-pan came the complaint, "Oh, *Daucus Carota*! oh, my king! save your poor vassals! save us, poor carrots! we are burning in the heat, and they have given us so little water that frightful thirst compels us to drink our heart's blood!" And from another pot squeaked out, "Oh, *Daucus Carota*! oh, my king! save your faithful vassals! save us, poor carrots! A cruel cook has dragged us up, smothered us in all kinds of strange things, eggs, cream, and butter, so that all our senses, and our former strength of understanding is thrown into confusion, and we ourselves no longer know of what we are thinking." And now groaned and shrieked from all the pots and pans at once, "Oh, *Daucus Carota*! mighty king! save, oh, save your faithful vassals! save us, poor carrots!"

Then Cordova-top cried aloud, "Cursed, stupid fool's-play!" and sprang with his usual activity to the hearth, looked into one of the pots, and plumped suddenly in. Quickly hastened Master Dapsul von Zabelthau forward, and was shutting down the cover of the pot, while he cried aloud, "Taken!" But quick as a spiral spring, Cordova-top rose into the air, gave Master Dapsul two cuffs which made his ears ring again, while he cried,

"Vain, presumptuous cabalist! you shall repent of this. Out, out, young ones, all of you!"

And now poured out of all the pots, skillets, and pans, like wild hordes, hundreds and hundreds of little ugly creatures, a finger long, who fastened upon the body of Master Dapsul, threw him down backwards into a great plate, and tormented him, while they emptied on him from all the vessels the scalding hot soup, and strewed over him chopped eggs, nutmegs, and bread crumbs. *Daucus Carota* then threw himself out of the window, and his vassals followed him.

Lady Anna sunk down in terror by the plate on which her poor papa lay stretched. She thought him dead, for he did not ex-

hibit the least sign of life, and she began to lament.

"Oh, my poor father!—ah, thou art dead, and nothing will save me from the infernal *Daucus*!"

But Master Dapsul von Zabelthau opened his eyes, sprung with renewed strength from the plate, and cried with a terrible voice, such as Lady Anna had never before heard him use,

"Ah, accursed *Daucus Carota*! my powers are not yet exhausted. You shall soon feel what the 'vain, presumptuous cabalist' can do."

Lady Anna immediately, with the kitchen broom, cleared from her father the chopped eggs, nutmegs, and bread crumbs; and he then seized a copper pot, which he stuck as a helmet upon his head, took a sauce-pan in his left hand, and in the right a great kitchen spoon, and thus armed and equipped sprang out of doors. Lady Anna saw how Master Dapsul von Zabelthau seemed to be on a full run towards Cordova-top's tent, but yet did not stir from the spot. Upon that she lost her senses.

When she recovered, Master Dapsul von Zabelthau had vanished; and she was thrown into the deepest anxiety when, at evening, at night, and the next morning, he did not come back. She was obliged to suppose that the new undertaking had also been unsuccessful.

#### CHAPTER SIXTH;

Which is the last and most edifying of all.

Little Lady Anna was sitting solitary in her chamber, plunged in the deepest sorrow, when the door opened, and no one else entered but Master Amandus von Nebelstern. Filled with penitence and shame, Lady Anna shed a flood of tears, and begged in the most lamenting tone,

"Oh, my dear Amandus! forgive what I wrote in my blindness. But I was bewitched, and am so still. Save me, save me, my Amandus! I look yellow and ugly. Heaven pity me! But I have still my faithful heart, and will be no king's bride."

"I do not know," answered Amandus von Nebelstern, "why you should lament so, my dearest lady, to whom the most desirable, the most glorious lot has fallen."

"Oh, do not mock me," cried Lady Anna, "I am severely enough punished for my foolish pride in desiring to be a queen."

"Indeed," said Master Amandus von Nebelstern, farther, "I do not understand you, my dear lady. If I must be honest, I will acknowledge that your last letter threw me into rage and despair. I beat the boy,

then the dog; I smashed several glasses, for you know no great moderation can be expected from an enraged student. But after I had exhausted myself, I concluded to hasten hither, and see with my own eyes why and to whom I had lost my beloved bride. Love knows neither rank or station. I determined to see Daucus Carota myself, and ask him what right he had to take my bride from me. All has happened here, however, contrary to my expectations. As I passed along near the splendid tent which is stretched out yonder, King Daucus Carota came out of it, and I was soon aware that I had before me the most amiable prince imaginable, such a one as I had never before met. For, will you believe it, dear lady, he immediately perceived me to be a sublime poet, praised my poems, which he had not yet read, beyond measure, and proposed to give me the office of court poet. Such a place had long been the object of my most ardent wishes, and with a thousand thanks I accepted his proposal. Oh, my dearest lady, with what inspiration shall I sing of you! A poet may be in love with queens and princesses, or rather it is his duty to choose a person of such elevated rank for the lady of his heart. And if he loses his wits for her, he then falls into that divine delirium, without which there can be no poetry; and no one then can wonder at any singular conduct of the poet, but rather think on the great Tasso, who suffered somewhat in regard to his common human understanding when he fell in love with the Princess Leonora d'Este. Yes, my dearest lady, even if you are a queen, you shall still remain the lady of my heart, till I shall have arrived to the highest stars in the most and divine verses"—

"How! you too have seen him, the malicious cobold, and he has"—interrupted Lady Anna, in the deepest astonishment,—yet at that very moment he entered himself, the little gnome king, and said with the most tender tone,

"Oh, my dear, sweet bride! Idol of my heart! do not be afraid that I shall be angry on account of the little difficulty which was begun by Master Dapsul von Zabelthau. No! on that very account I cannot be angry, because my happiness is hastened by it more than I had dared to hope, for to-morrow my solemn marriage with you, most lovely, shall be celebrated. You will be happy to see that I have chosen Master Amandus von Nebelstern for our court poet; and I desire that he will now give us a proof of his talents, and sing before us. But we will go into the grove, for I love the open air, and I will sit in your lap, and you can stroke my head sometimes, of which I am very fond on such occasions."

Lady Anna, palsied by anguish and terror,

allowed everything to happen as he said. Daucus Carota seated himself in her lap, in the grove, she smoothed his head, and Master Amandus von Nebelstern began—accompanied by himself on the guitar—the first of twelve dozen lays, which he had himself written and composed, and copied off together in a thick book.

It is a pity that these lays are not inscribed in the Chronicles of Dapsulheim, from which this whole history is taken. The Chronicler only remarks that the peasants passing by, came to a stand and asked who was suffering such pain in Master Dapsul's grove as to cause him to cry out so piteously.

Daucus Carota turned and twisted himself as he sat in Lady Anna's lap, and sighed and wept more and more, as though he were in dreadful pain. Lady Anna too thought she perceived, to her no small astonishment, that Cordova-top during the song seemed to grow smaller and smaller. At last Master Amandus von Nebelstern sung the following sublime verses,—the only one of the lays which remains in the Chronicle:—

Ah, the bard how glad he sings,  
Breath of roses, dreamy sweetness  
From heaven's space with rosy fleetness,  
Blessed, heavenly, happy "Where, oh, where!"  
Oh, celestial "Where, oh, where!"  
To the rainbow's arch it clings,  
Dwells within the sea of flowers,  
Dear Lo Lo, of childish hours  
Mind transparent, heart Lo Lo,  
Love and faith, will ne'er say no  
Sporting, cooing with the doves,  
How the poet sings his loves,  
Blessed, hopeful "Where, oh, where!"  
Through the golden space it glows  
Sweetest dreams its dwelling shows,  
It becomes an endless Lo,  
Cries the heart, "Oh, where, oh!"  
Then the flames of love are lighted,  
Glances, kisses, faith is plighted,  
Airy dreams and streams and flowers,  
Life and love, and hope's sweet hours,  
And —

Daucus Carota screamed aloud, and slipped—having become a little, little carrot—down from Anna's lap into the ground, where he in a moment vanished, without a trace being left of him. Then arose the grey toad-stool, which seemed to have grown up in the night near the grass bank, and the toad-stool was nothing else but the felt cap of Master Dapsul von Zabelthau, and he himself stuck under it. He fell upon the neck of Master Amandus von Nebelstern, and cried out in the greatest ecstasy,

"Oh, my dearest, best, most beloved Amandus von Nebelstern! you have, with your powerful exorcistical poem, done more than all my cabalistical lore could do. What the deepest arts of magic, what the most courageous strength of a despairing philosopher could not accomplish, that have your

verses succeeded in, — which, like the most powerful poison, have entered the body of the traitorous *Daucus Carota*, so that, spite of his gnomish nature, he was attacked with the most severe pain, and was compelled to remain suffering with it, unless he saved himself quickly in his own empire. My daughter Anna is free. I am free from the fearful charm which held me banished here, so that I appeared like a common toad-stool, and run the danger of being cut off by the hand of my own daughter; for the good girl cuts up without pity with her spade all the excrescences of that kind who do not display the noble character of mushrooms. Thanks! my inmost, my warmest thanks! And is it not true, my most respected Master Amandus von Nebelstern, your old relations to my daughter are still unbroken? To be sure she has — and more is the pity — lost somewhat of her beautiful appearance, having been deceived by the malice of the wicked gnome. You are, however, too much of a philosopher to —”

“Oh, papa! my best papa!” shouted Lady Anna, “look, look there! the silken palace has also vanished. He is gone, the hateful monster, with the whole gang of his followers, salad princes, pumpkin ministers, and I know not what.”

Thereupon Lady Anna sprung forth into the vegetable garden. Master Dapsul von Zabelthau ran after his daughter as quickly as he could, and Master Amandus von Nebelstern followed, murmuring to himself, “I do not know what to think of all this; but this I will maintain, that the little ugly carrot knave is a shameless, prosaic fellow, and not a poetical king, if my most sublime verses could only give him the stomach ache, and make him crawl into the ground.”

Little Lady Anna felt, when she was standing in the vegetable garden, where there was not a stalk of green any longer visible, a terrible pain in the finger on which she wore the fatal ring. At the same time she perceived a heart-piercing cry from the ground, and the end of a carrot appeared above it. Lady Anna, rightly understanding the warning, drew with great ease from her finger the ring, which she had before been unable to move, put it upon the carrot, which immediately disappeared, and the shrieking ceased. But oh, wonder! immediately Lady Anna became beautiful as before, well proportioned, and as white as can be expected of a country maiden. Lady Anna and Master Dapsul von Zabelthau rejoiced greatly, while Master Amandus von Nebelstern stood as it were stupefied, and still did not know what he should think of all this.

Lady Anna took the spade from the end of the maid, who was running by, and swung it about joyfully, saying, “Let us

now go to work.” While she threw it into the air, she was so unfortunate as to strike Master Amandus von Nebelstern violently upon the head, exactly where the bump of common sense should be, so that he fell down as if dead. Lady Anna threw away the murderous instrument, knelt down by her beloved, and uttered the most heart-rending cries, while the maid poured over him a whole water-pot full of water, and Master Dapsul von Zabelthau immediately mounted to the astronomical tower, in all haste, to question the stars as to whether Master Amandus von Nebelstern was actually dead. But this did not last long, for when Master Amandus opened his eyes, he sprung up, wet as he was, put his arms round the Lady Anna, and cried with all the ardor of love,

“Oh, my best, dearest little Anna! now we are again united.”

The very wonderful and scarcely credible effect of this accident upon the lovers very soon appeared. Both of their minds had been changed in a very singular manner.

Lady Anna had acquired a horror of handling the spade, and at present rules like a wise queen over the empire of vegetables which she loves, and which, as her vassals, are attended and provided for, without her putting her own hand to the work, which she leaves to her faithful servant. On the other hand, everything which he had ever written, all his poetic strivings, appear to Master Amandus in the highest degree simple and crazy; and when he explores the works of the great and true poets of ancient and modern times, the beneficent inspiration fills his soul so entirely that no thought remains for his own “I.” He has arrived at the conviction that a poem must be something beside a confused heap of words, brought to life by a bewildered mind. And he has become, after having committed to the flames all the poems of which he was formerly so proud, a sensible young man in heart and mind, as he was before.

One morning, Master Dapsul von Zabelthau actually came down from his astronomical tower to accompany Master Amandus von Nebelstern and Lady Anna to church on occasion of their betrothal.

Their wedded life was happy and contented. Whether in aftertimes the honorable union of Master Dapsul with the Sylphide Nehahilah actually took place, is not mentioned in the Chronicles of Dapsulheim.

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NOTE. — Hoffmann says of the subject of this tale: — “I once met, at the table of a Princess, a lady who wore a gold ring with a beautiful topaz on her finger. The singular and old-fashioned form and workmanship

of it attracted attention. It was supposed to be some old, valuable heir-loom, and we were not a little astonished when the lady assured us that a day or two before a carrot was dug up on her estate, upon which this ring was fastened. The ring had apparent-

ly been long lying in the ground, but was raised when the earth was dug, so that the carrot grew into it. The Princess thought this would furnish rich materials for a story, and advised me to invent one, which should be founded upon the CARROT RING.

### THE FIRST CLIENT,

WITH INCIDENTAL GOOD PRECEPTS FOR INCIPIENT ATTORNEYS.

I SAT in my new attorney's office. I had just been admitted to the venerable fraternity of the Blank Bar. As I turned my admiring gaze from one part to another, I thought—perhaps it was prejudice—that I never saw a room into which, as from a natural taste and instinct, the wronged and oppressed portion of the community would flock more readily. It seemed exactly suited to the circumstances and wants of that numerous and highly respectable class of our fellow-citizens. It was large, well-lighted, and of easy access. It had no carpet, or any other sign of comfort or taste, both of which are generally esteemed incompatible with extensive legal attainments. One side was occupied by a large book-case, the green silk behind whose glass doors made an impenetrable mystery of the learning within, and whose mahogany had assumed a sympathetic similitude of hue with law-sheep.

And here let me indulge in a few words of advice to the young counsellor who is hovering in eager uncertainty between "that large and commodious office, recently occupied by Increase S. Sawder, Esq.," and "that pleasant apartment, equally suitable for the artist or man of business, and whose situation, within a stone's throw of the post-office on the one hand, and the court-house on the other, renders it so peculiarly eligible." You are in a fluttering hurry of doubt. You know that your fellow-student, Joe Bangs, is on the lookout. The hope of catching some stray clients of the great Mr. Sawder who belong to that excellent class who, having once found their way, by accident or design, into an attorney's office, frequent the same forever thereafter, patronizing rather the locality than its happy possessor, and fully satisfied of the excellence of the law administered there,—provided the bust with the very dirty nose (the cabalistic

term "CICERO" imprinted thereon being, they are firmly convinced, some classical allusion to the merits of General Washington as a patriot and soldier) still maintains its dignified stand on the bookshelves,—the hope, I say, of securing the patronage of some of these almost decides you. At the same time you cannot but acknowledge the eligible situation of the other office, "whose windows look upon a yard tastefully decorated with lilac and other flowering shrubs, thus combining the peculiar advantages of town and country life,"—and others, for which "see advertisement." You feel a secret, but unwillingly acknowledged conviction, that, if the vicinity to the eating-houses had been properly set forth in the advertisement, you would have been overcome. As it is, you consult your friends. Factions arise, allusions to meeting at Philippi are considered in order, and you are farther from your decision than ever.

Now listen to an expert, as we say. Always take the advice of the book-case. You stare, but I am perfectly serious. If Jaques could "find books in running brooks," I will lay ten to one that he would be puzzled to find them on the shelves of half the young lawyers in practice, or in their heads either. Now one of the two is necessary, the shelves perhaps the most so. There is everything in the air of a book-case. Never choose an office where there is a book-case with a foolish face. There is as much difference in them as in their employers. One which, to the inexperienced eye, may appear of unexceptionable character, shall yet seem uneasy, and, as it were, blush when a client stares at it, thereby exposing its vacuity by a look of conscious guilt. Another, just as empty, shall stand boldly up, and look bursting with unnumbered and unnumberable volumes of Coke and Blackstone, and other ponderously learned works of which most

practitioners have barely heard, but which your book-case, if discreet, shall make the unwary client believe you have at your fingers' ends. Mine is one of these. In one remote and lonely corner of it nestles my economical law library, while its erudite air seems to assert positively that the few scattered volumes on my desk were crowded out for want of room.

This is one of my hobbies, and I see it has taken the bit between its teeth. I am not free to assert that a book-case is *all*. I only give it the chief place, and my young friends may be assured that a green booby of a book-case will eventually blunder out the secret entrusted to its charge. Next to them, in my judgment, stand fire-proof safes. Get an office with a safe in it, if possible. If empty now, it has yet a prophetic fullness. It has at any rate a paulo-post future air of papers too valuable to be lightly risked. There is dignity in them at the least, and an iron door left ajar with discriminating and deliberate carelessness, and disclosing a file of papers secured with red tape, may perhaps sow a good seed in the imagination of a client, and fill his mind with vague ideas of future elevations to red cushioned benches. In the most useless point of view, safes are worth having. The locks are constructed with such nicety that it is often both exhilarating and instructive to turn the bolt back and forth, and to hide the beautifully polished key, which secures such an infinite deal of nothing, in some unfindable spot.

There is much mystery in whiskers, also, those dressed by a line drawn from the lower tip of the ear to the corner of the mouth being esteemed by good judges the most suitable. Neither would I be so bold as to deny the efficacy of a quickset-hedge cut of the hair. Some consider an occasional oath, if inserted with grace and modesty, very advisable. I shall not insist on their necessity, though Longinus advocates them in his treatise on the sublime.\* You should always bear in mind, also, that the only *opinions* a lawyer is supposed to have anything to do with are those he is paid for, or which is to the full as likely, charges for on his books,—the term "books" being understood as meaning the blank pages in Dickinson's Almanac. If he show symptoms of any others, clients are first astonished, and then indignant, and friends "are surprised that Thomas should have taken up such notions," and consider their duty, as good Christians and members of the church, to starve the said Thomas into a better frame of mind by bestowing their business on somebody else who *has no mind* to injure his prospects in this way.

\* Section xiv.

If a client come in, it is always advisable to be too busy to attend to him at first. Men are ever most ready to put their affairs into the hands of those who have too much to do to attend to them faithfully. Always be finishing a letter to some imaginary lawyer in extensive practice in a distant city with regard to some possible John Smith who has absconded, after defrauding an unfortunate washer-woman "out of four-and-sixpence, and a large family of children, all of them of tender age and excellent habits, having recently joined the association of reformed inebriates." This, I need not say to you, though you might to your client, is gratis business, and of course to be attended before any other. Whenever you leave your office, let a placard on the door force upon the minds of all passers-by the hugely-written information that you are "IN THE S. J. COURT," or the "C. C. P.," or in any other place in the realm of fictitious narrative which is large and important enough to receive your learned person.

Having imparted all this valuable information, partly from pure benevolence, partly to show my experience, and partly my wit, I return to myself. I had been in my office a month. I had fourteen blank writs and other blanks in abundance, and my own face, from constant association, began to grow blank also. The writs were well enough in themselves, and the clerk's signature did him a great deal of credit; but the morals of society had improved to such an alarming pitch that they remained blank, and seemed to forebode a tedious pertinacity in blankness and virgin purity. A friend, disguised as a substantial farmer without any bump of locality, had three several times enquired "if this were Mr. Mortmain's office" at every door on both sides of the street. Three times also, with a thick file of papers in my hand, I had hurried the same individual to and from the Court-House, in the most sidewalk-crowded parts of the day. Moreover I had generously made the same individual a free gift of the sum of ten dollars in one dollar bills, which he was obliging enough to return to me from a very greasy, apoplectic-looking calf-skin pocket-book, in Court street, counting with the usual deliberation of a thrifty agriculturist, and, between whiles, eulogizing my skill as a practitioner.

Still my door had not once opened unexpectedly. I knew by sight every crack in my ceiling, and the peculiar expression of every paving-stone under the window. I imagined the pictures my "predecessor in office" had hung on the brass-headed nails he had left in the walls. I felt a curiosity about the foreigner with a moustache, who had twice passed up the street exactly at eleven, A. M. I could sit with my back to

the window, and recognize every boy who cried the "Times" by his voice. I felt sorry when the boy with half a hat had caught cold, or the boy in the superabundant boots had overtaken his lungs to the blasting of his prospects for the rest of the day. I felt as if I had a kind of ownership and constableness over them. I surmised from the expressions of their countenances those who were playing truant, or whose mothers were ignorant of their exotericity. They had restless eyes, and sat with a prospective uneasiness. I had my pet spiders, one in each corner of the room, and laid imaginary bets with myself as to the number of vacancies each would make in a week in my band of bluebottles, (consisting exclusively of wind-instruments,) whom I maintained in humble emulation of the Emperor Nicholas's French-horn band. I knew familiarly all the men with pea-jackets who leaned all day against the lamp-posts. I thought of the doctrines of Pythagoras with even more respect, and concluded that in their former state of existence they had been lamp-lighters. I speculated upon the age required to entitle a man to green baize jackets, having observed that the wearers of them were a peculiar race, who had apparently come into the world in green jackets to illustrate Wordsworth's doctrine of "not in utter nakedness." That these garments are an artificial and not a natural appendage, nothing will ever persuade me.

The eyes of a man who has nothing to do are keen. I saw everything. I could tell by the expression of Hodge's face, as he stared at a highly-colored engraving of a French species of woman in the picture-framer's window, that doubts had for the first time arisen in his mind as to the correctness of his ideal of female loveliness, his theory of which was based wholly on "our Sally Ann." I was sure, for nearly five minutes, that the man in the white hat and the brass chain unsuggestive of any watch, was looking for my office, and guessed he gave two cents for the orange. I could not imagine who ate all the molasses candy which the Irish woman in men's boots had for sale, but supposed that Providence appointed young ravens of one kind or another for that useful duty. I came to a pretty well-grounded opinion that the new bonnets were not tasteful or becoming when they exposed the whole crown and part of the back of the head. I thought the French must be a queer-looking nation if they resembled the plates of Paris fashions in the tailor's window opposite, and wondered if the said tailor knew how badly the left-

hand lower corner pane of glass was cracked. I did n't see how people could eat pea-nuts, but supposed they were used to it. I thought how pleasant it would be in Greenfield now, and was just starting for "the Glen" with a rapturous party, when I was roused from my reverie by a shadow against my glass door!

It was a client-like shadow. It had a well-to-do-in-the-world look, and a litigating one withal. It was a shadow that would pay well. It was perhaps a shadow that had a claim on the Ocean Insurance Office. I was sure it was not Peter Schemihl's shadow, because that was pinned up forever in Hawthorne's "Virtuoso's Collection." That it was the shadow of a real man, admitted not the shadow of a doubt. My cottage in the country, with the white lilac and the honeysuckle in front, and the seat just large enough for two under the elm-tree, drew ten years nearer in as many seconds. I debated in my own mind the figure for the carpet on the back parlor, and decided to leave it to my wife. I determined if I met Jones, to buy that bay mare he had spoken of so highly. I should take little Tommy to the Boston Museum to see the man swallow himself, (as he had done under the patronage of the Emperor of Russia, and several other great princes,) and whom I thought the greater wonder, inasmuch as most men are such impostures that they must find it easier to make their friends swallow them than to do it themselves. And little Mary *should* have the rocking-horse, that was certain.

The door opened, and a man, whose face I dimly remembered, came in. He was certainly somebody I had met somewhere. It was very flattering in him to remember me. I asked him to take a chair, at the same time putting an easy arm-chair in the place of the very hard one with forward-sloping, slippery bottom, which I reserved for bores. He did not sit down, but, taking off his hat, eradicated a small file of papers from the mass of red bandanna and other merchandize which filled it, and, selecting one, handed it to me. It was doubtless a succinct statement of his case. I was right. It read as follows, and was a model of its kind:

|                                            |        |
|--------------------------------------------|--------|
| Thomas Mortmain, Esq. to John Brown, Dr.   |        |
| To 2 tin signs, a \$1,                     | \$2 00 |
| " 1 do. do. . . . .                        | 1 25   |
| " 1 sign-board, . . . . .                  | 1 25   |
| " painting and lettering do. 4 ft. a 1 50, | 6 00   |
| " lettering name on glass, . . . .         | 50     |

\$11 00

Rec'd payment,

E. V.

## THE APOCRYPHAL NAPOLEON.\*

UNDER this title, Louis A. Geoffroy, an ingenious French writer, has recently published a new version of the life of Napoleon. It is a history hanging on a single "if." It is the life of Napoleon, *as he would have been*, if Moscow had not proved his ruin.

In reading the latter half of the real history of Napoleon's life, one always feels a wonder and half vexation. The second volume of that true romance shows a great falling off from the first. Alexander Dumas hints insanity in the great emperor, first exhibiting itself in the Russian campaign. Geoffroy, stigmatizing, in the volume we have named, the real history as an impudent fraud, points out the most remarkable passages as utterly ridiculous, and closes his denunciation of what he pretends to be a deception by the hearty ejaculation:—"Horrible imposture! My God! this is as absurd as it is false!"

In a romance, I believe we should call it absurd. At the point of the conflagration of Moscow the whole tone of Napoleon's history seems to be changed, and there is consequently the more reason in breaking off from the received version at that point, for an imaginary narrative, than there would be in taking any one point for such a course in most biographies.

It was not surprising that Napoleon found the Russians a more formidable enemy than he had met before. They were too barbarous a people not to be a warlike one. He had done what he could to rid war of the conventionalities which centuries had heaped upon it. One never hears of his soldiers going to the rear, in action, because a muddy march had soiled their uniforms. We do find such things in other history. Napoleon understood better than most modern generals that the business of war was fighting, and we know how well he kept to his trade. But there was one conventionalism which even he could not overstep. For thousands of years the conquest of a nation's capital had been the conquest of a nation; why, it would be hard to say. It was reserved for the half-civilized tribes of Russia to show, that an invading army really *conquers* only the districts which it covers; and, if this truth could be recollected, there is perhaps no country in the world which ever need be vanquished.

Napoleon marched, almost without finding an enemy, till he reached Moscow. The Russians burnt it in his face: and what should he do then? He was conqueror of Russia just so far as his encampments and his line of communication with the south-west made him so, and no farther. It is very easy for us to say that he ought to have marched on to St. Petersburg, and tried if Russian patriotism would burn another city; perhaps he ought. Such a course, however, would have but begun a predatory war, which even Napoleon would hardly have to sunk.

In the pretended history of which we speak, he makes the trial, and the civilization of young Russia proves unequal to a sacrifice like that made by old Muscovy:—the battle of Novogorod almost annihilates the Russian force, with its English and Swedish allies; the Emperor Alexander, the King of Sweden, and the grand dukes, are made prisoners; and at St. Petersburg the Emperor rearranges at his pleasure the political system of half Europe and Asia.

Succeeding campaigns finish the Spanish war, the Duke of Wellington becoming Napoleon's prisoner. A stroke of policy as *Napoleonesque* as the feats of arms to which we have alluded, is narrated as the means by which Spanish superstition was conciliated. Joseph Bonaparte becomes the King of Spain without farther opposition, and thus Napoleon is monarch of the continent of Europe. In the spring of 1814, a little edict in the *Moniteur* announces "that our well-beloved son, the King Gabriel-Charles-Napoleon (the infant brother of the King of Rome,) will henceforward take the title of *King of England*," and thus any doubts as to the farther policy of the Emperor are removed. The descent on England follows,—the Duke of York is killed, with the greater part of his army, in the battle of Cambridge,—Napoleon marches to London, and thence dictates the destinies of England. The "London Decree" reads thus:

"Napoleon, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, protector of the confederation of the Rhine, and Mediator of the Swiss Confederation, &c. &c.

"We have decreed, and decree as follows:

"Art. 1. The seas are free; the different States of Europe will resume the colonies which they possessed before 1789.

"Art. 2. England is annexed to the French empire.

"Art. 3. The House of Brunswick has ceased to reign over England.

"Art. 4. The King George III. will take the title of feudatory King of the United Kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland, on condition that he annually

\* *Napoleon Apocryphe. 1812-1832. Histoire de la Conquête du Monde et de la Monarchie Universelle. Par Louis A. Geoffroy.*

"*Poussons jusqu'au bout la gloire humaine par cet exemple.*"—Bossuet.

Paris. Paulin. 1841.



pays to France a tribute of 5,000,000 francs, and furnishes a war contingent of money and troops, which will be hereafter determined.

"Art. 5. The English Parliament is suppressed.

"Art. 6. England has no other constitution than that of the French empire, of which it forms a part.

"Art. 7. England is divided into twenty-two departments."

Before this decree, the Prince Regent sent Lords Castlereagh and Liverpool as ambassadors to the Emperor; but he refused to receive them, saying that he could not treat with such enemies, and that he wished to remain the master, as he was the conqueror of England.

And thus ended the glory, nay, even the separate existence of merry England.

But by this stroke, according to our author, peace is restored to Europe and the world. Having crushed a few conspiracies and leagues, having satisfied some discontented subjects, Napoleon is master of Europe. On the fifteenth of August, 1817, an official decree, published in the *Moniteur*, proclaims his future title to be, "Emperor of the French, Sovereign of Europe," and no other man in Europe has a higher title than that of king. Excepting the conquest of Algiers and the Barbary States, which was performed by French expedition, no war interfered with Napoleon's schemes for the happiness and aggrandizement of Europe. The presage of his earlier years had shown that he would make as great a sovereign in peace as in war. Five years of peace proved that he was so.

In the spring of 1821, however, he resumed his old course of glory, and undertook the conquest of Asia. Count Sydney Smith took charge of the marine, and under his directions the troops were safely landed in the bay of Aboukir. Napoleon conquered Egypt once more,—crossed the Isthmus of Suez once more,—marched to St. Jean d'Acre once more,—and by the Islamite forces of Mahmoud, now only an Asiatic sovereign, was once more defeated! There was a spell against him in that town of Acre. But, as the first defeat at Acre, in 1802, was but the calm which preceded the storm of victory which left him Sovereign of Europe, that of 1821 only preceded the conquest of all Asia. By a wonderful exertion of policy, in concentrating his forces on Jerusalem, he inspired them with the religious zeal of crusaders; vice, immorality, irreligion disappeared from his armies, before the almost fanatical enthusiasm of his troops. The European army became the Christian army; the banner of the Cross was borne next the tri-color and the eagle, and the contest was at once changed from a passage of arms between Europe and Asia, to a struggle for existence between Christianity and Mahometanism. The fa-

naticism of the new crusaders was more than equal to that of their enemy, and the battle of Jerusalem proved a fit presage to the entire destruction of Mahometanism.

The author does not fatigue us with details of the battles, or of routs, in which effeminate, heathen, barbarous Asia was overthrown by the zeal and civilization of Christianized Europe. Three years served to give Napoleon, who had long held Siberia and Hindostan, the rest of Asia. While he returned to Europe, his immense fleet made him master of the isles of the ocean. In less than a year after, his armies, under the general direction of the King of Silesia, (Louis Napoleon,) had completed their triumphal march through Africa. The Africans, weary of absurd creeds and imbecile kings, had gladly submitted to an army whose war-cry was "Christ and Napoleon;" and, on the twentieth of May, 1827, all the kings, chiefs, and princes of the various tribes having assembled at Timbuctoo, took, under direction of the conquering monarch, an oath of fidelity and submission to the Emperor.

Napoleon meanwhile had been inspecting his European dominions; his presence was hardly looked for in Paris, when he made a rapid progress from Constantinople to the capital, and it was announced that a great ceremony would take place on the fourth of July. An immense canopy was prepared in the Champ des Mars; and there, on that day, he appeared in the presence of immense throngs from all parts of the world, and delivered an address from which we extract a few lines, which close the more active part of this wonderful history:

"KINGS AND PEOPLE," said Napoleon, "I am master of the world. My sovereignty has no longer any bounds upon the earth. I have attained the great object of my wishes—universal monarchy.

"My monarchy," repeated he, with a startling emphasis, "is universal!

"You know how I became Sovereign of Europe, how I conquered Asia, and the isles of the ocean.

"Let me tell you how I have become sovereign of the rest of the world. All Africa, traversed by my armies has recognized my authority. The King of Silesia, followed by the kings of that continent, is on his return; he has sent me the news of this conquest.

"America, exhausted by her revolutions, has acknowledged my power, her own condition, and the will of Providence. The chiefs of the nations of the new world have assembled at Panama, and all with perfect unanimity, have now submitted to my sovereignty.\*

\* The particulars given of this closing event are

"Thus is accomplished this wonderful event of universal monarchy!"

The submission of America had not been known before. Napoleon here had taken the world by surprise. The *Moniteur* of the next day contained, we are told, a mass of decrees settling the new bases on which affairs must stand. Some idea of the size of that journal on that day may be gathered from the fact that, with its supplements, it filled, when reprinted, six large octavo volumes. All these decrees were issued in this form:—"Napoleon, Emperor of the French, universal monarch of the world," &c. &c.

We do not care to follow the details of the advances in civilization, supposed to be effected by the universal monarch. The imagination will supply them. There is not a man on earth who has not his favorite air-castles, which he would build *if he had power*; and the supposition of universal power is not too vast to exceed the realization of these petted projects. The school-boy who sighs over his geography a wish that there were no "boundaries" in the world, or mutters over his grammar his conviction of the terrible nature of the curse of Babel, and the inutility of the world's mélange of languages; the merchant, who finds his enterprises hampered by tariffs, and custom-houses, and quarantines, and countervailing duties; the author, who sees his bantlings, which scarcely live at home, bringing revenues into the coffers of some adopting father abroad; the philanthropist, who sighs for the day when diplomacy and state-policy shall be acknowledged to be the bubbles which we know they are; the discoverer, who repines under the restraints which state-lines throw in his career of investigation; the Christian, who sees the

curious to an American reader. The South American revolutions, as they have really happened, and the nullification troubles, as they were feared in the United States a few years since, are represented as its causes. "A general congress of all the sovereigns, presidents, generals, and legislatures of the American states was called at Panama, and met on the seventh of March, 1827: the independent island of St. Domingo appeared, as well as the chiefs of the scattered savage tribes yet unexterminated on the continent.

"Six sessions were enough for a great decision.

"Seven hundred and forty members of legislatures, kings, chiefs, or generals, were present at this congress.

"The deliberation was short. It was an agreement without hesitation, enthusiastic and without opposition.

"On the seventeenth of March, the President of the Congress, General Jackson of the United States, read in a loud voice the unanimous decree which placed all constitutions, the possession and government of America and St. Domingo, in the hands of the Emperor Napoleon, Sovereign of Europe, Asia, and the isles of the ocean."

larger part of the world ignorant of the faith in which he glories, because isolated by the follies of rulers;—every one, in short, who ever found fault with anything in this world, would have a hint to give to its first sole monarch.

And the Napoleon of Geoffroy is its first sole monarch. Alexander wept for other worlds to conquer, the books tell us, because, forsooth, he had marched with an army in one direction through countries whose utmost extent was about two-thirds that of the United States. We call Rome the mistress of the world, because she had under her rule a territory about as large as that of the present Empire of Brazil. What if the fourth of July, 1842, should see some half-dozen edicts, published in different regions, in which Victoria, John Tyler, Taou-Kwang, Nicholas of Russia, and Pedro II. of Brazil, should each claim for the future to be called sovereigns of the world; and if the private correspondence of the newspapers should tell us that these high personages each wept for other worlds to conquer. They would have a better right to such claim than had Rome or Alexander. No! the Napoleon of Geoffroy was the first universal monarch.

And how magnificent a thing is this universal sovereignty! It is a shade darker, but it differs only by a shade from the reign of voluntary universal peace and good-will among men. Our Napoleon was not satisfied in uniting all government in his own person; his constant endeavor was the annihilation of prejudices, distinctions, and differences between sects and nations; the destruction of useless machinery, and of the complications gained by centuries; and the substitution in their place of simplicity and clearness.

"On the twentieth of March, 1828, Napoleon was crowned sovereign of the world. All the potentates of the earth assisted at the ceremony, and all, at the foot of his throne, renewed their submission to him. The pageant of that day sealed the reality of the last year, and he felt himself indeed the ruler of the globe. But at that moment the greatest sorrow of his life was in store for him. The queen Clementine, his only daughter, was the most lovely woman in that wonderful spectacle. Almost adored by the people for her universal kindness, the delight of her father, whose traits of character she exhibited, accompanied by the most feminine sweetness and simplicity, she was fully what the daughter of Napoleon should be. That day's ceremony was her last. On her return to the palace a burning fever seized her; and while the people enjoyed the fêtes prepared for them, while the brilliant fireworks changed night into day, and the great city exhibited its own happiness and the glory of the master of the world, he was enduring, in a chamber of the Tuilleries, inexpressible distress,—was shedding constant tears in hopeless agony.

"Horrible night to follow such a day! The consecrated of God, the universal monarch paid for his high joy at the couch of his poor child; he supported her pale and feeble head on his arm;

tears fell from his eyes, which he could not repress : and he watched with distress her successive sighs, fearing that each would be her last.

"And she rose above the sense of pain, restrained her own agonies, and thus spared Napoleon's. She consoled him for her death ; she spoke of God, of himself, and of his people, for she mingled the happiness of mankind with her thoughts of God and of her father ; then she prayed, her feeble head bent down, and her cold lips rested on Napoleon's hands.

"Napoleon, who had that morning seemed so strikingly in the presence of God, — who had placed his throne before God's altars, and had partaken in the adoration of his people, now threw himself on his knees, bent his head to the ground, wept, besought, prayed God for his daughter. He was no longer an emperor, he was a father and a suppliant.

"Oh, my God !" he cried, "leave me Clementine, and take from me the world !"

"And God took from him Clementine, and left him the world."

Here the author is bringing us to his end of Napoleon. He hardly rallies from this shock. It was the beginning of the lesson he was now to learn of the insufficiency of the empire of the world. The king of kings, the universal monarch, he had no future, perhaps no hope, to look forward to, but death !

"On the twenty-first of February, 1832, in the evening, he was suddenly seized with apoplexy. The efforts of art proved useless. By the first stroke his tongue was paralysed, and he could utter nothing. The disease increased rapidly, and assumed a very dangerous character, although the patient appeared to feel but little pain. The next day, the twenty-third of February, at twenty-two minutes after seven in the morning, Napoleon died. He was sixty-two years, six months and eight days old."

Thus ends this curious history, or, if you please, this curious romance. My reader has probably, in his schoolboy days, read the history of the world from a volume so small that he could put it in his pocket : — he thought it very stupid. Yet the passage of events in the world for the last five thousand eight hundred and forty-six years, four months and odd minutes, has been by no means stupid. The fault of the abridgments rested, not in the dryness of the subject, perhaps not on the compiler, but in the impossibility of the task of condensation. If the sketch of the last twenty years of Napoleon's life, which I have just given, should also prove dry, throw the blame in a similar direction. The book of Geoffroy is interesting in the extreme ; it tells its story much better than most real histories do. I have given only the thread which connects the more public particulars of the narrative. In the complete volume there is a pleasant variety between grave and gay, between different classes of events and conquests, which gives it a charm which few more authentic modern histories, made up as they are from newspapers and annual registers, ever possess. This very fact gives it a life,

a plausibility which many of them do not have ; so that, despite some amusing pieces of *diablerie* and half-supernatural agency which occur in it, one forms a much clearer conception of the events described, than in reading of those which have had a more real existence. The history of battles, of edicts, of victories, of protocols, treaties, and royal marriages, is not the history of the world ; and hence the charm of a narration, whether true or false, which, like the Apocryphal Napoleon, lets us behind the scenes, and shows us who pull the wires, and why : or, by a glance at the prompter's book, lets us know who failed in their parts on the public performance, and what they should have said. It is interesting to read in Geoffroy the death of Maria Louisa, the imperial consort of Napoleon, and to find him calling once more to the throne the dearly beloved Josephine of his earlier and happier life : but the same fact gains much more interest when we find from the private incidents added to this narrative that the father of the Austrian Empress had attempted to use her influence with his son-in-law for political purposes, and that her feeble spirit sunk under the storm of anger which the childish attempt excited. Let us hope that other historians may profit by M. Geoffroy's example, and give us panoramic views of the past, and no more daguerreotype fac-similes of particular features, which leave half the portrait in inexplicable shadow, and distort the other half by the very attempt at clearness.

As a romance, as we have said, the book interests throughout. It could not be otherwise. An able author, by this plan, has it in his power to introduce the real characters of the last quarter century, and make them do as he sees fit, without the painful process of describing them and their circumstances, or, as my friend G. Q. has it, setting the pieces on the chess-board and explaining their powers. More than this, he may give zest and animation to his tale by sprinkling it with real events. In the Apocryphal Napoleon, we see Sir Walter Scott writing novels, Lord Brougham writing on politics, Lord Byron publishing satires, Victor Hugo romancing, and Villemain dissertationizing, as a more matter of fact world has seen them do before ; with such changes in the turn of their thoughts, however, as the overthrow of the constitutions of Europe would naturally induce. The outlet of the Niger is discovered, and, strange to say, a French army finds it in the same place as two English travellers of real life have ; Algiers is colonized by Frenchmen of Napoleon's day, with more success and zeal than by the young France of Louis Philippe. The Atlantic is crossed by steam : but that step in science is taken earlier and more success-

fully when Napoleon's exchequer pays for it, than when a post-office contract, or a Mr. Cunard, or a company of Bristol merchants have to carry the project into execution.

I have not been willing to speak of Mr. Geoffroy's work as of an ordinary romance. It has a higher aim and effect. "In this example," he says, quoting Bossuet, "we carry human glory to its limit." He has imagined an instance where human progress is permitted to take its full course unchecked by the million obstacles which really obstruct its passage. There is profit in contemplating this lesson. The greatest minds have been so often cut short by death in the midst of their earthly career, that, from history, man cannot form an idea of the immense advances of which, by his nature, he is capable. In this history of *real* monarchy, too, one may find, as we have hinted above, what ought to encourage and forward the universal peace and good feeling among nations, which all statesmen profess and few statesmen advance. Here, too, is a conception, the exposition of which is worthy of the exertions of the loftiest mind. How long will it be only a conception, though the loftiest minds treat it again and again!

If I had only wished to praise the Apocryphal Napoleon, and not to allude to these scraps of a valuable philosophy which it embodies, I should have satisfied myself by making extracts from it. I have left myself only room for a translation of the two chapters containing an account of the supposed intercourse between Napoleon and the Bourbons. On the conquest of England, of course, the asylum which they had enjoyed for twenty-one years was destroyed.

On the road from London to Glasgow, (on which Napoleon was travelling at this time,) is the town of Aylesbury, and a few miles from this town there is a castle called Hartwell.

Here dwelt the old and royal family of Bourbons, prostrate under the blows of a terrible destiny; here lived a king of France, consecrated by descent, crowned by misfortune, whose vain royalty only existed in a name and the vain homage of faithful servants.

At the approach of the French army, the friends of the exiled monarch urged him to fly; they represented the dangers which he would incur if he fell into the hands of him whom they called the usurper of his throne. They spoke of the possibility of a great crime. Napoleon had to acquire legitimacy by some murders, they said, and the sacred head of a king would be the first to fall.

Louis XVIII. turned, on hearing this advice, to the old Prince de Condé,

"What do you say, my cousin?" asked he.

The Prince replied that he feared nothing in awaiting and meeting the emperor; it would be an evidence of magnanimity.

Louis XVIII. pressed the old general's hand tenderly. "So I thought, my cousin," said he. "We will see if there is not that in a king of France which will arrest the hand of a murderer." His unjust distress deceived him; he did not under-

stand the magnanimity of Napoleon, whose policy was too lofty to imagine a crime, which was indeed so useless.

When the emperor arrived at Aylesbury, he wished to go to Hartwell. He was surprised that the Bourbons had remained in this domain; perhaps he admired their courage.

He left the main road, dismissed his suite, and with no companions but the Duke of Dalmatia and General Rapp, proceeded at full gallop to Hartwell. His unexpected arrival produced the utmost agitation in the castle, and it was with a sort of alarm that M. de la Blacas went to announce it to Louis XVIII.

"It is a visit," said the king, smiling; and with his ordinary composure he added, "It would be uncivil not to receive him; I am at home, sir, let General Bonaparte enter."

The word 'General,' applied to the emperor, brought tears to the eyes of all this faithful noblesse; they could not foresee the result of an interview in which the legitimate but dethroned king of France was resolved to refuse a sovereign title to the powerful emperor of the French.

Napoleon was introduced, accompanied by his generals. Louis XVIII., having ordered his court to retire, remained alone with the Prince de Condé, and the following conversation ensued between the two sovereigns. I copy the report in General Rapp's Memoirs:

*Louis XVIII., rising at Napoleon's entrance—*

"General, I did not expect this good fortune; your visit to me here surprises while it gratifies me."

At these words Napoleon grew pale and bit his lips. He replied,

"Misfortune, prince, has claims on the homage of all, and I was not willing to pass so near Frenchmen of such distinction without seeing them. The sovereign of France is glad to find his own, wherever they may be."

*Louis XVIII.*

"His own! Sir, you cannot be speaking of your king!"

*Napoleon, smiling,*

"As your highness pleases."

*Louis XVIII., with dignity,*

"Not of your subjects, certainly!"

The emperor did not reply, but drawing the arm-chair, on which he had just sat down, near that of the king, looked in his face and said,

"These formalities are ridiculous. I know your highness's spirit, and my time is too precious for me to contend with you in a field where I should stand at such disadvantage; let me explain myself at once. Your highness still preserves the title of King of France; you should have been convinced of its vanity by twenty-five years of misfortune. I—I am the only real sovereign of France; I, who have enlarged it to the boundaries of Europe;—and the world, which sees you no longer, does not even know whether there are any Bourbons. Twenty-five years of misery have destroyed the recollection of them. But, however little I may care for a resignation entirely unnecessary for my plans, I leave to you, prince, to think whether you ought not leave this barren title of King of France, which has been absorbed by another title and by my authority. Your family, however, has long been royal; it ought to be so once more: Ireland has enough beautiful Catholic provinces for a descendant of 'most Christian kings.' King George is not yet so firmly seated on its throne, that I cannot place the Bourbons upon it, and if—"

*Louis XVIII., interrupting him with a*

"Oh, my beautiful crown of France, as thy lilies are, how could I think of

thee! Ah! the words, 'king of France,' are worth more than all power besides!"

*Napoleon.*

"If Ireland does not suit the family of the Bourbons, a greater empire, which is perhaps more worthy of them, is vacant in the North: the king of Sweden and Finland, has no children. Norway, which has just been separated from it, might be reunited to it, and Denmark herself, if fate pleased, could complete this ancient monarchy of the three kingdoms of the North. This northern tiara, prince, would certainly be worth a similar sacrifice."

*Louis XVIII.*

"You know little of royal hearts, sir, to try to move one by such corruption."

*Napoleon, rising angrily,*

"And you, prince, know little of the terrible firmness of a French Emperor. Where benefits cease, punishment, which is more easy, may begin."

*Louis XVIII., calmly.*

"My family is accustomed to martyrdom, General; you will find me ready for anything: there is room enough left for me in your ditches of Vincennes."

At this mention of Vincennes, the old Prince of Condé, who had listened to this conversation with cold disdain, suddenly trembled, grew pale, and dropped his hand upon the hilt of his sword; then, tears flowing from his eyes, he raised his hands to heaven, and left the room, murmuring, "Oh, my God!"

Napoleon observed all these movements, and, having recovered his composure, said to Louis XVIII.,

"Your highness cannot remain in France, and England is now a part of France; my minister will acquaint you with my intentions."

Saying these words, he departed hastily, mount-

ed his horse, and, without saying anything to the generals who accompanied him, returned at full speed to Aylesbury.

At Glasgow, whither he immediately proceeded to complete the investiture of George III. over the united kingdom of Scotland and Ireland, the following decree with respect to Louis was promulgated:

"NAPOLEON, etc.

"We have decreed as follows:

"The buildings, park and dependencies of the chateau of Hartwell are annexed to our private domain.

"Within a month from this day, the Count de Lille and his family, and the persons who accompany them, will repair to the Isle of Man, which will become their place of residence.

"Given at the palace of the University of Glasgow, this twenty-second of July, 1814.

"NAPOLEON.

"DUKE DE BASSANO."

A letter from the Duke de Bassano accompanied this decision, full of respect for the illustrious proscribed, and announcing to them that the grant of this residence was a grant of property in the island, and that while the Bourbon family remained on its territory, no French authority should be exercised there, nor have any action there.

Louis XVIII. professed to refuse the mere appearance of sovereignty over this island. MM. de Montesquiou and de Blacas administered it without even rendering an account which he did not wish to receive.

It was in this island that, long after, in 1824, on the death of Louis XVIII., his brother, the Count d'Artois, was proclaimed King of France under the title of Charles X., without Europe's knowing anything of the transaction.

## SCENES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

WE give for our second Plate this month, two Engravings from pictures of well-known scenes in the Revolutionary History of our country. The first is from the design of John B. White, of the interview in which General Marion invites a British officer to dinner; and the second represents the capture of André.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

ZANONI. By the author of "Night and Morning," "Rienzi," "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," &c. &c. Harper and Brothers. 2 vols.

WE have rarely met with a novel, the main idea of which, in its general features, is more bold and interesting than that of Zanoni. A plan with which the wildest dream would not connect the deadening

idea of "founded on fact," has great charms; there ought to be room for something imaginative in works of the imagination. A book like this and a pseudo-transcript of real life differ in the degrees of pleasure they give us, in the same way as do Michael Angelo's frescoes and a group of family portraits: they may differ in the same degree.

Thousands of obstinate men and boys wish, for instance, that they could live entirely independent of the rest of mankind. In real life, however, no one fully tastes this horrible, solitary curse. The too successful mesmerizer, and the too bold opium eater, when they find they have entirely outstripped in their experimentings all the medical science on which most men rely, sip one little drop of it; — the novice who cannot lay the devil which he has raised with his master's spell, tastes another; — the emperor of the world might taste a third, but no one of them could drain the cup dry. The hero of a romance may do anything, and Bulwer in attempting to describe his, on this terrible eminence, has at least made a bold endeavor.

Not that his idea is wholly new; — but there is none the less praise to him for that. Still less is the interest of the novel weakened, because thousands of authors have imagined immortal and half-omniscient, half-omnipotent men. We do not dislike to compare the works of different masters. Godwin's *St. Leon* had the same main-spring to its machinery as does *Zanoni*. The two books give a capital opportunity for comparing the intellects of the last and present generations. Wit, fashion, styles of thought and degrees of intelligence vary so much between two ages that there is a solemn lesson to be gained from the comparison, and one longs for the elixir, that he may be able, in 1900, to put to a similar test the literature of '42.

Unfortunately for the world, where a hundred architects have planned well, hardly one has built tolerably. Their ground plans are admirable, but from a blunder in the projection, or a defect in the material, or weakness of the cement, or a stoppage of an appropriation, the building seldom appears in fair proportions. Sir Edward Bulwer is no more unfortunate than millions of others have been, who sat down to build and were not able to finish. In the execution of a plan which was capable of an infinite degree of intellectual power, he attempted to effect something which should be entirely different from whatever he had achieved before, and from what any one else had ever achieved before. He did not succeed. After a hard struggle, the course of the story returns nearer to the road in which the author has travelled so long, and before the book closes we almost forget that it has differed in its essence from any of its predecessors. The habits of years are not easily thrown off, — even in novel writing; and a purely imaginative romance, whose interest is to rest in a description of the search for and development of the highest physical, intellectual, moral, æsthetic, and religious truths, such as almost transcend the ordinary operations of thought or feeling, is not so easily written as the common melo-dramatic novel, which is meant only to enlarge by two volumes the catalogue of the circulating library.

GÜNDERODE. Boston: E. P. Peabody. 1842. pp. 106.

This little pamphlet contains the first quarter part of a translation of the Correspondence between "Bettine Brentano and her friend Gûnderode." We are informed that the rest will be published in the same form, if the present number meets with sufficient encouragement. Many of our readers are probably familiar with the letters of "Bettine," — now Madame von Arnim, — published in an English translation of her own, under the title of "Goethe's correspondence with a child." The present correspondence is that of the same "child" with her friend, the Canoness Gûnderode, a young woman eight or ten years older than her friend, with a highly intellectual and cultivated mind, which was kept in action by philosophical study and intimacy with many men of genius and refinement, and chastened by her delicate and poetical temperament. The Episode which this friendship forms in the "correspondence of a child," forms a beautiful and highly interesting part of that collection, although most readers who must be, like ourselves, without any other information on the subject, are constantly in doubt whether or no, in this or that passage, the poetry-breathing "child" is not "drawing on her imagination for her facts."

This correspondence is in many points of view very attractive and interesting. It presents a life and its relations in an entirely new form, and thus bears the whole character of a romance. It is full of ideal and often playful speculation, which is handled at least with all the grace and purity of childhood. Where it does not instruct, it almost always pleases, if one reads without a critical desire to overturn every sophism, and without too rigid a belief that a meaning necessarily lies under every passage he cannot understand.

The translation has one or two inherent peculiarities, apparently adopted purposely, which we must consider faults. In the main, it is a much better and more significant one than the "general run" of translations from the German. One of these faults is, that the translator, having been charmed by the naïveté of the *broken English* of Madame von Arnim's own translation of her former book into English, — a language which she had not perfectly at command, — has sought to give the same simplicity to her own work; but what was, at least, excused when natural, becomes unpleasant as an affectation. Again, the translator attempts to preserve the familiarity of the original by using the words "thee," and "thou," instead of "you," although the former are the more solemn and formal in our language; because the singular pronoun is the more familiar expression in the original. The effect to mere English readers is the very opposite of that intended.

The effort of the translator should be, according to us, to render the original *into the best English*

he can. He has no concern, after he has discovered the meaning, with the spirit of any language but that in which he is writing. We have said that this translation was better executed than many, and we have only noticed what we consider blemishes, because they appear to have been adopted from design. However good the work is now, it would seem the translator might have made it better had she chosen.

We commend this correspondence to our readers, and hope that the publishers will be induced to continue it.

TECUMSEH; Or, *The West Thirty Years since.* A POEM. By George H. Colton. New York. 1842.

THIS poem, we are told by the preface, was intended in part "to delineate the character, customs, and habits of the Indian tribes who have past, and are passing, so fast away," and, in part, to hand down to future times some description of the scenery of the West, which the hand of man is daily changing, but in particular to "record the vast efforts of the really great man,—savage and untutored though he was,—whose name is adopted as the title of the work."

These objects have been pursued with more or less fidelity, and in a great degree attained. The work, however, is rather a novel in rhyme than a poem, and is unquestionably too long for almost any degree of merit, as it extends over nearly three hundred closely printed pages. The plea of the author, that the events described occupy the space of more than two years, and that scenes "laid in the wilderness must naturally be at great distances apart," would rather lead us to blame the conception of the poem, than to excuse its extreme length.

Some passages are distinguished by considerable spirit, and there is frequently a marked beauty of description; but no power could relieve a poem from the wearing monotony of the eight-syllable verse, so long drawn out. The interest and the pleasure of the reader, in such an attempt, soon come to depend upon the narrative only, and the book becomes, as we have said, rather a novel than a poem. We might point to many passages characterized by real poetic power and feeling, but they lose their force and beauty as the mind reaches them in passing over page after page of the lengthened story.

The versification is for the most part good, but there are occasional defects, and the language is sometimes faulty and the expression obscure, from the diffuseness with which a sentence is prolonged, under the influence of the "fatal facility of the octosyllabic." Notwithstanding this, the verse and sense in general run smoothly on, and we doubt not

that many, led on by this, and the interest of the incidents with which the tale is replete, will read it to the close with pleasure.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA; with an(!) historical introduction. By R. W. Griswold. Philadelphia. 1842.

THIS work, which has been long announced and looked for, is at last before us. It is a handsome, large octavo volume, of between four and five hundred pages, beautifully printed. The selections are, in general, well made. It could not be but that in a work of this kind, many would look in vain for the favorite pieces of their favorite authors; but the Editor has well remarked in his prefatory note to the reader, that the judicious critic will be more likely to censure him for the wide range of his selections than for any omissions he may discover.

A very interesting feature in the work is the "Historical Introduction," containing copious extracts from, and biographical notices of many of the anti-revolutionary poets. [We always write that word "poets," for "verse-makers," with something of a shudder.] Most of the really good pieces in the body of the volume, are already familiar to American readers; but there are many that are not, and Mr. Griswold is deserving of our warm thanks for having given at last a resting-place and a home to many of those wandering ones, which as yet had only been met with from time to time in the columns of our newspapers, oftentimes deprived even of their parent's name.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. By Mrs. Jane Ermina Locke. Boston: Otis, Broaders, and Company.

MRS. LOCKE has written, as we find from this volume, a large number of pieces of fugitive poetry. Some of these have been before published in the newspapers and magazines of the day. Many of them appear now for the first time. The collection now published does her no little credit. It has the charm which poetry, inspired with a kind feeling, and exhibiting taste and earnestness, will always possess.

KABAOSA, Or, *The Warriors of the West.* By Mrs. Anna L. Snelling. Boston and New York. 1842.

THIS is a "tale of the last war," a novel, in one volume. It has been heretofore printed in one of the large weeklies of this city; and it would appear that it met with such favor in that form, that a reprint of it as a book was called for. It is illustrated by some well-cut engravings on wood.

## B A L L A D .

POETRY WRITTEN BY MRS. EMBURY.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK, BY GEORGE J. WEBB.

**Voice.**

1. The maid - - en plied her bu - - sy wheel; Her  
 2. I scanned the maid - en's ro - - sy cheek, And  
 3. A year passed on; a - gain I stood, Be -  
 4. I well knew what had dimmed her eye, And

**Piano**

**Forte.**

heart was light and free; And in her cheer - - ful  
 lip so full and bright; And sighed, to think, the  
 side her cot - tage door: And The maid still plied her  
 made her cheek so pale: She had for - got her

song broke forth Her bo-som's harm - less glee. It  
 trai - - tor, love, Should con-quer heart so light. She  
 bu - - sy wheel, Though blithe her look no more. The  
 ear - - ly song, And list - ed love's soft tale. The



was in mock - e - ry of love; And oft I heard her  
 heed - ed not of days of wo; But sung, in tones so  
 tear stood in her down - cast eye; With sighs I heard her  
 sweet draught from his poi - soned cup Had wast - ed life a - -

say, "The gath - ered rose, and stol - en heart, Can  
 gay, "The gath - ered rose, and stol - en heart, Can  
 say, "The gath - ered rose, and stol - en heart, Can  
 - - - way: The stol - en heart, the gath - ered rose, Had

*ad lib.*  
 charm but for a day."  
 charm but for a day."  
 charm but for a day."  
 charmed but for a day.

*colla voce.*

## BOSTON MISCELLANY.

### "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST":

OR, HANDSOME MRS. TITTON AND HER PLAIN HUSBAND.

"That man i' the world who shall report he has  
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted  
For speaking false in that."—*Henry VIII.*

I HAVE always been very fond of the society of portrait painters. Whether it is, that the pursuit of a beautiful and liberal art softens their natural qualities, or that, from the habit of conversing while engrossed with the pencil, they like best that touch-and-go talk which takes care of itself; or, more probably still, whether the freedom with which they are admitted behind the curtains of vanity and affection gives a certain freshness and truth to their views of things around them,—certain it is, that, in all countries, their rooms are the most agreeable of haunts, and they themselves most enjoyable of cronies.

I had chanced in Italy to make the acquaintance of S——, an English artist of considerable cleverness in his profession, but more remarkable for his frank good breeding and his abundant good nature. Four years after, I had the pleasure of renewing my intercourse with him in London, where he was flourishing, quite up to his deserving, as a portrait painter. His rooms were hard by one of the principal thoroughfares, and, from making an occasional visit, I grew to frequenting them daily, often joining him at his early breakfast, and often taking him out with me to drive wherever we chanced to tire of our twilight stroll. While rambling in Hyde Park, one evening, I mentioned, for the twentieth time, a singularly ill-assorted couple I had once or twice met at his room,—a woman of superb

beauty attended by a very inferior-looking and ill-dressed man. S—— had, previously, with a smile at my speculations, dismissed the subject rather crisply; but, on this occasion, I went into some surmises as to the probable results of such "pairing without matching," and he either felt called upon to defend the lady, or made my misapprehension of her character an excuse for telling me what he knew about her. He began the story in the Park, and ended it over a bottle of wine in the Haymarket,—of course with many interruptions and digressions. Let me see if I can tie his broken threads together.

"That lady is Mrs. Fortescue Titton, and the gentleman you so much disparage is, if you please, the incumbrance to ten thousand a year,—the money as much at her service as the husband by whom she gets it. Whether he could have won her had he been

"Bereft and gelded of his patrimony,"

I will not assert, especially to one who looks on them as 'Beauty and the Beast'; but that she loves him, or at least prefers to him no handsomer man, I may say I have been brought to believe, in the way of my profession."

"You have painted her, then?" I asked rather eagerly, thinking I might get a sketch of her face to take with me to another country.

"No, but I have painted *him*,—and for

her,—and it is not a case of Titania and Bottom, either. She is quite aware he is a monster, and wanted his picture for a reason you would never divine. But I must begin at the beginning.

"After you left me in Italy, I was employed by the Earl of ——— to copy one or two of his favorite pictures in the Vatican, and that brought me rather well acquainted with his son. Lord George was a gay youth, and a very 'look-and-die' style of fellow, and, as much from admiration of his beauty as anything else, I asked him to sit to me, on our return to London. I painted him very fantastically, in an Albanian cap and oriental morning-gown and slippers, smoking a narghile,—the room in which he sat, by the way, being a correct portrait of his own den, a perfect museum of costly luxury. It was a pretty gorgeous turn-out in the way of color, and was severely criticised, but still a good deal noticed,—for I sent it to the exhibition.

"I was one day going into Somerset-House, when Lord George hailed me from his cab. He wished to suggest some alteration in his picture, or to tell me of some criticism upon it, I forget exactly what; but we went up together. Directly before the portrait, gazing at it with marked abstraction, stood a beautiful woman, quite alone; and as she occupied the only point where the light was favorable, we waited a moment till she should pass on,—Lord George of course rather disposed to shrink from being recognized as the original. The woman's interest in the picture seemed rather to increase, however, and what with variations of the posture of her head, and pulling at her glove-fingers, and other female indications of restlessness and enthusiasm, I thought I was doing her no injustice by turning to my companion with a congratulatory smile.

"*'It seems a case, by Jove!'* said Lord George, trying to look as if it was a matter of very simple occurrence; *'and she's as fine a creature as I've seen this season! Eh, old boy? we must run her down, and see where she burrows,—and there's nobody with her, by good luck!'*

"A party entered just then, and passed between her and the picture. She looked annoyed, I thought, but started forward and borrowed a catalogue of a little girl, and we could see that she turned to the last page, on which the portrait was numbered, with, of course, the name and address of the painter. She made a memorandum on one of her cards, and left the house. Lord George followed, and I too, as far as the door, where I saw her get into a very stylishly appointed carriage and drive away, followed closely by the cab of my friend, whom I had declined to accompany.

"You would n't have given very heavy odds against his chance, would you?" said S——, after a moment's pause.

"No, indeed!" I answered quite sincerely.

"Well, I was at work, the next morning, glazing a picture I had just finished, when the servant brought up the card of Mrs. Fortescue Titton. I chanced to be alone, so the lady was shown at once into my painting room, and lo! the *incognita* of Somerset-house. The plot thickens, thought I! She sat down in my "subject" chair, and, faith! her beauty quite dazzled me! Her first smile—but you have seen her, so I'll not bore you with a description.

"Mrs. Titton blushed on opening her errand to me, first enquiring if I was the painter of 'No. 403' in the Exhibition, and saying some very civil things about the picture. I mentioned that it was a portrait of Lord George ———, (for his name was not in the catalogue,) and I thought she blushed still more confusedly,—but that, I think now, was fancy, or at any rate had nothing to do with feeling for his Lordship. It was natural enough for me to be mistaken, for she was very particular in her enquiries as to the costume, furniture, and little belongings of the picture, and asked me among other things whether it was a flattered likeness;—this last question very pointedly, too!

"She arose to go. Was I at leisure, and could I sketch a head for her, and when?

"I appointed the next day, expecting of course that the subject was the lady herself, and scarcely slept with thinking of it, and starved myself at breakfast to have a clear eye, and a hand wide awake. And at ten she came, and with her Mr. Fortescue Titton! I was sorry to see that she had a husband, for I had indulged myself with a vague presentiment that she was a widow; but I begged him to take a chair, and prepared the platform for my beautiful subject.

"*'Will you take your seat?'* I asked, with all my suavity, when my palette was ready.

"*'My dear,'* said she, turning to her husband, and pointing to the chair, *'Mr. S—— is ready for you.'*

"I begged pardon for a moment, crossed over to Verrey's and bolted a beef-steak! A cup of coffee, and a glass of curaçoa, and a little walk round Hanover Square, and I recovered from the shock a little. It went very hard, I give you my word.

"I returned, and took a look, for the first time, at Mr. Titton. You have seen him, and have some idea of what his portrait might be, considered as a pleasure to the artist,—what it might promise, I should rather say, for, after all, I ultimately enjoyed working at it, quite aside from the presence

of Mrs. Titton. It was the ugliest face in the world, but full of good-nature; and, as I looked closer into it, I saw, among its coarse features, lines of almost feminine delicacy, and capabilities of enthusiasm of which the man himself was probably unconscious. Then a certain helpless style of dress was a wet blanket to him. Rich from his cradle, I suppose his qualities had never been needed on the surface. His wife knew them.

"From time to time, as I worked, Mrs. Titton came and looked over my shoulder. With a natural desire to please her, I, here and there, softened a harsh line, and was going on to flatter the likeness,—not as successfully as I could wish, however, for it is much easier to get a faithful likeness than to flatter without destroying it.

"‘Mr. S——,’ said she, laying her hand on my arm as I thinned away the lumpy rim of his nostril, ‘I want, first, a literal copy of my husband’s features. Do it with a bold hand and spare nothing, not even the feature you were endeavoring to embellish. Suppose, with this idea, you take a fresh canvas?’

"Thoroughly mystified by the whole business, I did as she requested; and, in two sittings, made a likeness of Titton which would have given you a face-ache. He shrugged his shoulders at it, and seemed very glad when the bore of sitting was over; but they seemed to understand each other very well, or, if not, he reserved his questions till there could be no restraint upon the answer. He seemed a capital fellow, and I liked him exceedingly.

"I asked if I should frame the picture and send it home? No! I was to do neither. If I would be kind enough not to show it, nor to mention it to any one, and come the next day and dine with them *en famille*, Mrs. Titton would feel very much obliged to me. And this dinner was followed up by breakfasts and lunches and suppers, and, for a fortnight, I really lived with the Tittons—and pleasanter people to live with, by Jove, you have ‘nt seen in your travels, though you *are* ‘a picked man of countries!’

"I should mention, by the way, that I was always placed opposite Titton at table, and that he was a good deal with me, one way and another, taking me out, as you do, for a stroll, calling and sitting with me when I was at work, etc. And as to Mrs. Titton,—if I did not mistrust your *arriere pensée*, I would enlarge a little on my intimacy with Mrs. Titton!—But, believe me when I tell you, that, without a ray of flirtation, we became as cozily intimate as brother and sister."

"And what of Lord George, all this time?" I asked.

"Oh, Lord George!—Well, Lord George

of course had no difficulty in making Mrs. Titton's acquaintance, though they were not quite in the same circle, and he had been presented to her, and had seen her at a party or two, where he managed to be invited on purpose—but of this, for a while, I heard nothing. She had not yet seen him at her own house, and I had not chanced to encounter him. But let me go on with my story.

"Mrs. Titton sent for me to come to her, one morning rather early. I found her in her boudoir, in a *negligé* morning dress, and looking adorably beautiful—and as pure as beautiful, you smiling villain! She seemed to have something on her mind about which she was a little embarrassed, but I knew her too well to lay any unction to my soul. We chatted about the weather a few moments, and she came to the point. You will see that she was a woman of some talent, *mon ami*!

"‘Have you looked at my husband's portrait since you finished it?’ she asked.

"‘No, indeed!’ I replied rather hastily—but immediately apologized.

"‘Oh, if I had not been certain you would not,’ she said with a smile, ‘I should have requested it, for I wished you to forget it, as far as possible. And now let me tell you what I want of you! You have got, on canvas, a likeness of Fortescue as the world sees him. Since taking it, however, you have seen him more intimately, and—and—like his face better, do you not?’

"‘Certainly! certainly!’ I exclaimed, in all sincerity.

"‘Thank you! If I mistake not, then, you do not, when thinking of him, call up to your mind the features in your portrait, but a face formed, rather of his good qualities, as you have learned to trace them in his expression.’

"‘True,’ I said, ‘very true!’

"‘Now, then,’ she continued, leaning over to me very earnestly, ‘I want you to paint a new picture, and without departing from the real likeness, which you will have to guide you, breathe into it the expression you have in your ideal likeness. Add, to what the world sees, what I see, what you see, what all who love him see in his plain features. Idealize it, spiritualize it—and without lessening the resemblance. Can this be done?’

"I thought it could. I promised, at least, to do my utmost.

"‘I shall call and see you as you progress in it,’ she said, ‘and now, if you have nothing better to do, stay to lunch, and come out with me in the carriage. I want a little of your foreign taste in the selection of some pretty nothings for a gentleman's toilet.’

"We passed the morning in making what

I should consider very extravagant purchases for any body but a prince royal, winding up with some delicious cabinet pictures and some gems of statuary—all suited only, I should say, to the apartments of a fastidious luxuriast. I was not yet at the bottom of her secret.

"I went to work upon the new picture with the zeal always given to an artist by an appreciative and confiding employer. She called every day and made important suggestions, and at last I finished it to her satisfaction and mine; and, without speaking of it as a work of art, I may give you my opinion that Titton will scarcely be more embellished in the other world—that is, if it be true, as the divines tell us, that our mortal likeness will be so far preserved, though improved upon, that we shall be recognizable by our friends. Still I was to paint a third picture—a cabinet full length,—and for this the other two were but studies, and so intended by Mrs. Fortescue Titton. It was to be an improvement upon Lord Gorge's portrait, (which of course had given her the idea,) and was to represent her husband in a very costly, and an exceedingly *recherché* morning costume—dressing-gown, slippers, waistcoat and neckcloth worn with perfect elegance, and representing a Titton with a faultless attitude, (in a *fauteuil*, reading,) a faultless exterior, and around him the most sumptuous appliances of dressing-room luxury. This picture cost me a great deal of vexation and labor, for it was emphatically a *fancy* picture—poor Titton never having appeared in that character, even 'by particular desire.' I finished it however, and again, to her satisfaction. I afterwards added some finishing touches to the other two, and sent them home, appropriately framed according to very minute instructions."

"How long ago was this?" I asked.

"Three years," replied S—, musing over his wine-glass as if his story was concluded.

"Well—the sequel?" said I, a little impatient.

"I was thinking how I should let it break upon you, as it took effect upon her acquaintances—for, understand, Mrs. Titton is too much of a diplomatist to do any thing obviously dramatic in this age of ridicule. She knows very well that any sudden 'flare-up' of her husband's consequence—any new light on his character obviously calling for attention—would awaken speculation and set to work the watchful anatomizers of the body fashionable. Let me see! I will tell you what I should have known about it, had I been only an ordinary acquaintance—not in the secret, and not the painter of the pictures.

Some six months after the finishing of

the last portrait, I was at a large ball at their house. Mrs. Tilton's beauty, I should have told you, and the style in which they lived, and very possibly a little of Lord George's good will, had elevated them from the wealthy and respectable level of society to the fashionable and exclusive. All the best people went there. As I was going in, I overtook, at the head of the stairs, a very clever little widow, an acquaintance of mine, and she honored me by taking my arm and keeping it for a promenade through the rooms. We made our bow to Mrs. Titton and strolled across the reception room, where the most conspicuous object, dead facing us, with a flood of light upon it, was my first veracious portrait of Tilton! As I was not known as the artist, I indulged myself in some commonplace exclamation of horror.

"Do not look at that," said the widow, 'you will distress poor Mrs. Titton. What a quiz that clever husband of hers must be to insist on exposing such a caricature!'

"How insist upon it?" I asked.

"Why, have you never seen the one in her boudoir? Come with me!"

"We made our way through the apartments to the little retreat lined with silk, which was the morning lounge of the fair mistress of the house. There was but one picture, with a curtain drawn carefully across it—my second portrait! We sat down on the luxurious cushions, and the widow went off into a discussion of it and the original, pronouncing it a perfect likeness, not at all flattered, and very soon begging me to re-draw the curtain, lest we should be surprized by Mr. Titton himself.

"And suppose we were?" said I.

"Why, he is such an oddity!" replied the widow lowering her tone. "They say that in this very house he has a suite of apartments entirely to himself, furnished with a taste and luxury really wonderful! There are two Mr. Tittons, my dear friend!—one a perfect Sybarite, very elegant in his dress when he chooses to be, excessively accomplished and fastidious, and brilliant and fascinating to a degree!—(and in this character they say he won that superb creature for a wife,) and the other Mr. Titton is just the slovenly monster that every body sees! Isn't it odd!"

"Queer enough!" said I, affecting great astonishment, 'pray, have you ever been into these mysterious apartments?'

"No!—they say only his wife and himself and one confidential servant ever pass the threshold. Mrs. Titton don't like to talk about it—though one would think she could scarcely object to her husband's being thought better of. It's pride on his part—sheer pride—and I can understand the feeling very well! He's a very supe-

rior man, and he has made up his mind that the world thinks him very awkward and ugly, and he takes a pleasure in showing the world that he don't care a rush for its opinion, and has resources quite sufficient within himself. That's the reason that atrocious portrait is hung up in the best room, and this good-looking one covered up with a curtain! I suppose *this* would n't be here if he could have his own way, and if his wife was n't so much in love with him!"

"This, I assure you," said S——, "is the impression throughout their circle of acquaintances. The Tittons themselves maintain a complete silence on the subject. Mr. Fortescue Titton is considered a very accomplished man, with a very proud and very secret contempt for the opinions of the world—dressing badly on purpose, silent and simple by design, and only caring to shew himself in his real character to his beautiful wife, who is thought to be completely in love with him, and quite excusable for it! What do you think of the woman's diplomatic talents?"

"I think I should like to know her," said I, "but what says Lord George to all this?"

"I had a call from Lord George not long ago," replied S——, "and for the first time since our chat at Somerset House, the conversation turned upon the Tittons."

"'Devilish sly of you!' said his lordship, turning to me half angry, 'why did you pretend not to know the woman at Somerset House? You might have saved me lots of trouble and money, for I was a month or two finding out what sort of people they were—feeling the servants and getting

them called on and invited here and there—all with the idea that it was a rich donkey with a fine toy that did n't belong to him!"

"'Well!' exclaimed I—

"'Well!'—not at all well! I made a great ninny of myself, with that satirical sly-boots, old Titton, laughing at me all the time, when you, that had painted him in his proper character and knew what a deep devil he was, might have saved me with but half a hint!"

"'You have been in the lady's boudoir then!'"

"'Yes, and in the gentleman's *sanctum sanctorum*! Mrs. Titton sent for me about some trumpery thing or other, and when I called, the servant shewed me in there by mistake. There was a great row in the house about it, but I was there long enough to see what a monstrous nice time the fellow has of it, all to himself, and to see your picture of him in his private character. The picture you made of *me* was only a copy of that, you sly traitor! And I suppose Mrs. Titton did n't like your stealing from hers, did she—for, I take it that was what ailed her at the exhibition, when you allowed me to be so humbugged!"

"I had a good laugh, but it was as much at the quiet success of Mrs. Titton's tactics as at Lord George's discomfiture. Of course, I could not undeceive him. And now," continued S——, very good naturedly, "just ring for a pen and ink, and I'll write a note to Mrs. Titton, asking leave to bring you there this evening, for it's her 'night at home,' and *she's* worth seeing, if my pictures, which you will see there, are not."

## A SERMON UPON FAILING.

"And they shall all fail together."—ISAIAH.

TAKING a casual sip of ale—(trust me—an *accident*, merely,) in the Pavilion this morning, I glanced at a newspaper printed somewhere beyond the Alleghanies and read this paragraph.—"According to all accounts from the East, failures are becoming more common there every day." It might have been the narcotic potency of the hop, or my haste or my carelessness in perusal,

but at first I took the words in a wrong sense, not as relating to the commercial interests of the country, but as expressive of a great conclusion for which I have often wished to find an utterance. It seemed to me to be a sad truth, regarding not only the pork and sugar dealers, the shippers and jobbers of the land, but expressive of the actual condition of all ranks, casts and

shades of men — of the rulers and the ruled — of the reading and the read — of the writing and the written about — of the talkers and the talked about — of every nation and language — of the present age and of our native planet — supposing the facilities of steam communication to be so improved that by help of some etherial Cunard, advices were as regularly received from and transmitted to the moon as fanciful theorists have foreseen — would it not be a faithful report of the actual state of this globe — were it there chronicled by the lunatic editor of some Hecates Herald or Cynthian Courier — “According to our last accounts from Earth, *failures* are becoming more common there every day.”

Complaints of degeneracy are to be expected in all ages, and in such I do not intend to participate. History, sacred and profane, teach us the incontrovertible truism that men are always dwindling as times are subject to a perpetual law of induration, and weather is endowed with an eternal capacity for progressive miserableness. But the peculiarity of these days is the infinite number of *attempts*. The fable of the frog has become a universality; every wart is *trying to be a tumor*. Society has become a lungs, and its puffy pulp is made up of exceedingly small cells, receptacles of air, and mere lymphatics. Whatever was once sacred to the mighty and the wealthy, is now diluted down for distribution among the general. There are no imperial robes or queenly trains of ermine, but every carpenter may have a silk handkerchief and velvet vest, and his wife a muff made of a tom-cat. Palaces and parks are rare, but there are plenty of snug brick houses and small farms. Learned men are not to be found, but blacksmiths get a smattering of *san-scrit* — Ciceros are not common, but *splendid* orations are *done* by every attorney — great reputations are somewhat scarce, but there is no nobody who has not a *little* to be proud of — nay, immortality itself, in its highest sense as unattainable as ever, may be bought in small quantities by paying a reasonable rate for a pill-advertisement, or by making a toast at dinner which shall be reported to posterity in the next morning's paper. In fact, every man's name being likely in some form or other to creep into print, either through the “Dead” or “Married” list, or the police report, or the list of passengers in the packet, or blown up on a railroad, or of arrivals at the hotels, or of the folks benefited by the use of some patent ointment — does possess an equitable chance to descend in black and white to the remotest future.

But it is not to be expected that enlightened and educated beings, conscious of an inward vastness of faculty, will be content

with a stray possibility of so slight a fame. Great desire is born of a very small fruition. A young workman no sooner realizes his power of making and laying by a whole five-dollar note, than the conception comes of *riches* fineless. The idea of accumulation dawns forth, and he longs to be a landholder. Somewhat in the same way, from a new-born sense of minute capabilities, arises the all pervading disposition to attempt *something* — something beyond vulgar aims — something original, grand and *perdurable*. For this will men perform the strangest feats and undergo the sternest labors. Submitting to incredible toil, they will penetrate as far as Paris — they will brave flea-bites in the Mediterranean, headaches and catarrh in the most uncomfortable climes of Europe, agues and bad cooking in the perilous regions of the West. Some will put up even with cold tea and sloppy coffee, and refrain from sleep until almost midnight, so absorbed they become in their mighty attempts to do a benevolent act for posterity.

Thus all men, large and small, and homœopathic (by which I mean infinitesimally small doses of men) are struggling to effect wonders. Let any reader of the Miscellany reflect upon his acquaintance for a moment, and think how many are content to be plain Mr. John Browns, without the garnish of a “doctor”, or a “captain”, or a “professor”, or without attempting matters beyond the ordinary sphere of an ordinary John Brown. If nature has not made a man a general or a judge, he will work out a still higher title by founding a new sect, or at least by publishing his travels in New Hampshire. If he have not money enough to travel, he can at least write “considerations upon the currency,” and if he is too young to care for politics, he can string together a bunch of sonnets in the indefinite aspiration style, and tie them up with the sweet title of amaranth, or marigold, or hollyhock.

The result of all this endeavor is an innumerable series of failures — lamentable, remediless and undeniable. I do not speak now of the more flimsy trash of the times — the multitudinous abortive spawn, which are not sufficiently known to earn a respectable damnation, and are too unnoticeable to claim the dignity of a failure — but of the universal character of all efforts, whether in art, religion, science or letters, by decent, talented, sensible, and meritorious men. Tested by the great proofs of great works, and weighed with as rigid a judgment as immortality demands, are they not after all, *worthy failures*? To say they have no merit would be absurd, but are they an improvement upon that which has gone before, or are they a falling off — after

the first flush of flattery and novelty is faded does the work hold firm and good? — Is promise fulfilled? Is a permanent thing done? If *no*, be the answer to these enquiries, the attempt has failed. For no man, however small his vanity or indifferent his disposition, endeavors to perform a work *pretty well*. No artist says to himself, I will paint a *tolerable* picture — no author says, I will display the mediocrity of my talent in *respectable* expression. Our thirst for excellence is involuntary, and when we flatter ourselves that we might have done much better, we have done nearer to our best than we are aware of. Surely then, it is most melancholy to remark how much of what so many good scholars and judicious gentlemen have done and are daily doing, must be set down, in commercial phrase, as *extensive failures*.

It may be that we are too imitative to effect the greatest works in any department

of mind. Good models improve students, but do they make masters? If we compare the works of to-day with the patterns which have preceded us, the summit of our attainments will be found to be a good resemblance — who is to make the models for our posterity?

"Tant 'e del seme suo minor la pianta!"

"Full well can the wise poet of Florence,  
That hight Dantes, speake in this sentence."

So quoted father Chaucer in *his* day — discoursing of the infrequent heritage by children of their fathers' prowess, and we may apply the same wise sentence to the inheritance of mind at the present day. Tied as we are to examples, we are said to have done well if we have copied correctly. And often, such Chinese transcribers are we, that we esteem it no small merit to have made good imitations of old mistakes.

P. P. P.

## A PORTRAIT.

A HAPPY statue, carved of faultless stone,  
Which sitteth in the clear moonlight, art thou;  
Unmoved and beautiful thou livest on,  
Balanced between the states of joy and woe.  
A mellow, tender, placid feeling lies,  
Swimming about in thy transparent eyes;  
No sudden joy doth carry thee away,  
But to thy spirit, gradual and slow,  
Even as the dawn enlarges into day,  
Or a calm current to the sea doth flow  
With scarce a ripple, cometh joy and grief;  
Nothing is rapid, fitful, changeful, brief;  
Even as the moon, which, turning to the light,  
Spreads its faint rim and slowly waxes bright,  
Or gradual waning, deepens into night,  
So doth thy soul turn round to joy or woe.

Say we the brightest thought — thou sittest still  
And down it goeth even to thy heart;  
Nought of surprise, and nothing like a start  
Doth tell its power, soon it begins to fill  
Thy smooth, round face, and floweth over thee,  
Gently as wine in water doth distil  
Its amber hue, and imperceptibly.

Thy temper never changes, it is clear  
But tame and breathless as a summer day:  
Never, within thy quiet atmosphere,  
Thy passion rousing like a thunder-storm,  
Freshens the air to quick and vigorous play:



Around thee lingereth a certain charm,  
 Yet there is nothing healthy, strong and firm,  
 That tells me thou hast striven inwardly,  
 That thou hast set thy signet high to see,  
 To which thou laborest to reach alway.

To dream of virtue is enough for thee,  
 To ponder o'er some high, heroic fact, —  
 But, oh! how dwarfish ever stands thy act  
 By the tall shadow of thy reverie;  
 For, unimpelled by inward energy,  
 The work of thine own soul thou layest by,  
 Letting the thought vanish with a sigh.

And yet, thou happy mortal, thus to be  
 Unconscious in thy fair simplicity;  
 For thou by nature art to quiet wed,  
 Thy heart still standing higher than thy head, —  
 A joy to those beside thee thou dost live,  
 Impassionate, — a happy negative.

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#### CATOCCHUS.

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It was a breathless night in June. My windows were all open, and yet the flame of my candle scarcely flickered. I had become deeply interested in the pages of a new book, and was heedless of the lapse of time, or the circumstances around me, until suddenly a moth fluttered into the flame, and the crackling of its filmy wings attracted my attention. Upon glancing at my watch which lay beside me on the table, I found to my surprise that it was already after midnight. I determined thereupon to read no more, and shutting my book, walked across the room to draw the curtain, intending immediately to go to bed, but the moonlight shone so pleasantly in at the window, that I was forced to sit down and lean upon the sill, and gaze out upon the scene. There were a few thin whitish clouds hanging around the horizon, like the distant wings of an enormous spirit, but otherwise, the sky was perfectly cloudless. Above, the moon was shining peacefully, and below, the world of green lay dreaming in its misty shroud, half obscured, save where the curving river glancing in the moonlight, shone like a burnished belt of steel. There is a strange fascination in sitting in the moonlight,—and for almost an hour I sat

leaning out into the air. All was quiet save the monotonous musical gurgle of frogs in the pond, and at intervals the rustling of green leaves as a tremulous breath of wind swelled gently and then died away, or the prolonged bark of some far-off dog. I had fallen into a vague reverie, when I heard the bell strike the hour of one. I arose and went to bed. But no sooner had I left the window than I felt a sharp pain shoot through my head, which after recurring at intervals through the next half hour, finally settled into a raging headache. My brain throbbed violently and seemed loose in my head, so that every motion added to the pain. It was as if an iron hand compressed my temples within its griping fingers. I lay thus tossing restless and sleepless for several hours, and finally fell asleep.

I dreamed that I was lying beside a waterfall, half asleep. The water rushed hissing down beside me as if an ocean were loosened, and hurried, boiling fiercely, down a rocky declivity. The air was drizzled with spray, which fell over me like hot sparks, and the trees above me, seen through it, seemed at times human skeletons, which bent their long bony arms down to my face, and then slowly rising, uplifted themselves

into the air and became natural trees again. A thousand circles intertangling and interlacing, dilated and contracted incessantly, then slowly the motion decreased, and they kept creeping around more and more gently, until they swam into a broad sea of smooth glassy water, and fading out of my sight, left the air above me all calm and clear. Soon a small eye seemed placidly looking at me that grew larger and larger, until it filled the wide ring of the horizon; then it changed into a face which looked close into my eyes: gradually the features became distorted into a hideous mask, and grinned, and then a thousand similar faces crowded one upon another, until the air seemed full of them: they were huddled together and tossed about without body like the waves of the ocean. Now I suddenly seemed to be crawling on my hands and knees over slimy and slippery rocks, which were covered with damp green seaweed. As I groped along, the seaweed began to change into snakes, until the rocks seemed alive with the nauseous crawling reptiles that rubbed their slimy sides against my limbs and cheeks, and cast over me a dreadful chill of horror;—all my flesh seemed to creep, and the very scalp to move on my skull. In the midst of my horror and torment, I heard the wild ringing of a bell. I suddenly and convulsively opened my eyes and heard the breakfast bell ringing. For a moment I experienced the most grateful relief from the torment of this nightmare, which has more than once thus affected me—and no one can tell the glad gush of feeling which came over me, when I found all this horrible scene was but a dream. I lay thus for a moment, thinking of the change, and then resolved to spring from the bed and dress myself immediately: but what was my surprise and horror, when I found I could not move. My body and limbs seemed rigid as marble and of an intolerable weight. I could neither turn my head, nor stir hand nor foot. My eyeballs were fixed on a spot upon the white wall above my head, and I could neither turn them or draw down the lid. In vain I strove to move,—I was perfectly stiff and torpid, and without the power of motion. There seemed to be some appalling disconnection between the will and the muscular system—between the mind and the body, as if my living soul was chained Mezentius-like to a dead body. There was no pain,—only a fearful sensation, as if the whole air had congealed into a firm transparent amber, which held me strictly imprisoned.

Suddenly, like the swift track of a falling star, the thought shot across my mind that I was dead. Yes, that could be the only solution of this dreadful enigma—I was

sure that I was dead, but O God! was this death?—Had we been always mistaken, and did the soul remain thus to haunt the body, without the ability to cast it off?

Was death only a suspension of power over this fibrous mass, and these finely organized senses, and nicely adjusted muscles? Only the breaking of one link in the subtle chain, that connected all the faculties and powers with their instruments? Perhaps the soul was never freed until the body had rotted off, little by little, into a mass of corruption, and exhaled or fallen to dry dust; and I was destined to inhabit this living house, and feel it slough away from me and perish, ere I could emerge into the light and beauty of a renewed life. This I had never dreamed of, and all the joy and luxury of existence, all the sense of light and sunshine and fresh air, all the thousand-fold delights with which God has strewn this pictured world, were not worth such a price. Upon these lips the worm should feed, and I could not drive him away: these eyes, through which the soul had looked upon a mild, glorious world, as through clear glasses, would change until they were loathsome and corrupted. Oh God! the agony of such a thought. Nothing I had ever imagined equalled it in terror! And when I recalled the dead faces of those whom I had loved and buried, and remembered the benign and placid smile which shone upon them, like the last foot-prints of the freed and rejoicing spirit as it fled heavenward, and which seemed to betoken the recognition by the soul of a diviner sense, as it was leaving its clay tenement—and thought that perchance, even at the very moment while I was bending over them to take a last farewell look, with this feeling in my heart, they were enduring the same fierce burning torments—the same feelings of horror and despair that now gnawed me like a burning worm: it seemed to me as if all the joys I had ever known on earth would not counterbalance so dreadful a doubt.

I heard my name called from below—I made another effort, but my tongue was torpid and dull as lead. Still I could not resign myself to the thought that I was dead. I inwardly declared that I would move—I strove with almost superhuman exertions, but in vain;—I could not take my eyes from that spot on the wall, which had become accursed because I must see it. Sideways through my eyes I felt the pleasant sunshine growing into the room; and over my head the busy flies hummed and buzzed incessantly, and crept now and then across my face.

How long and tedious seemed the moments; they were ~~passing~~ ~~minutes~~—and no one came.

seemed to have passed when I heard a light tap on my door—I could not answer it. Again I heard a louder knock; I knew it was my sister, for she spoke and called me by name. The door opened and she came forward cautiously and again spoke, as she approached the bed. She looked a moment at me and touched me—I did not speak, but lay motionless with my eyes strained at that infernal spot. She paused a moment, and then uttering a piercing scream, ran to the door and called for my mother. Instantly the horror of the cry brought the family to my bedside. They lifted my hand, and it fell again upon the coverlid. They felt of my heart—there was not a flutter of a pulse, for all that it seemed to me as if hell itself could not be worse than the torment that I was enduring. I heard quick, convulsive sobs, and felt a soft hand smooth my hair from my forehead. Some one said,—“He must have died in a fit; and yet how calm his face is.” “Yes,” was the answer, “he probably suffered no pain and died almost immediately—perhaps in his sleep.” Then the voices grew more distant and murmuring, and some one left the room. Soon the door opened, and the face of the family physician intercepted the damned spot for a moment. Now, thought I, he will know that I am not dead, and will relieve me from this situation. He felt of my heart and pulse for a moment, and then I heard him say, in answer to the anxious inquiries,—“Yes, madam, I am sorry to say he is entirely gone. My art can avail him nothing.” The voices then became lower, and I listened in vain.

It was a long, dark pause—then the shutters were closed, and persons trod lightly across the floor, and spoke to each other in an under tone, as if the place were sacred. That silent awe which pervades the chamber of death, and hushes the voice as if the senseless clay could hear, had passed over their spirits like a breath-stain upon glass. I heard the low confused murmur of voices drone through the darkened chamber. Now and then the door opened, and some one bent over me and gazed at me, while scalding tears fell upon my face. Then the room was emptied of all persons, and I was left alone in the darkness and stillness. I listened for voices, for any thing was better than this dreary silence—but in vain: a spell was on the house: its sounds of laughter, its rapid footsteps, its bustle and noise were gone: every step was careful and slow, and every voice a whisper. So went on hour after hour and I still lay helpless, and longing for the moment when I should be able to move and loosen myself from the close, deathly grasp which almost pressed the life out of the body. As I lay thus, I suddenly heard a bird's gush of song from the tree

beneath my window; how joyously it warbled unconscious of the agony so near it—and how my heart sickened within me as I heard it.

Soon persons came and wrapped me up in white linen, and swathed my limbs and made the horrible funeral arrangements. Some one said, “How ghastly his eyes look,” and then gently pressed down the lids over the balls of my eyes. Never till that moment did I dream that that accursed spot, on which my gaze had been rivetted for so many hours, could become dear to me. The thought that we are viewing any object, however mean, for the last time, always raises it in importance, and gives it a factitious charm; and now this spot to me was the straw to a drowning man, the silver line of sunlight in a prisoner's dungeon,—the last link with this visible earth. I strove in vain to keep open the lids—slowly they yielded to the pressure of the fingers, and gradually the range of vision became more and more confined, until all was shut utterly out. Never before had the fear of being buried alive suggested itself, but now it came over me like a gulphing wave. I thought that I should be laid down alive in the charnel house among decaying corpses, and stifled from the clear breath of heaven famish, if indeed I were not dead then. All the frightful stories of such occurrences that I had ever read came to my mind, and the hope of ultimate recovery grew feebler and feebler.

The night came, and how dreary and unending it seemed. One after another I heard the hours struck by the clock, until at last, from pure exhaustion, I lost my sensation. It must have been late morning when I returned to consciousness. I felt hands upon me—they were lifting me into my coffin! I heard them screw in screw after screw until the lid was fastened, and only the narrow space over the face remained open. I felt the sides of the coffin jar and rub against my arms, and I despaired that I should ever recover my power of motion.

The coffin was lifted and placed upon a table. Some one asked when I was to be buried?—“This afternoon,” was the answer,—“he has been now dead two days.” I had then been unconscious for the length of a whole day. Now the time instead of dragging a weary length, seemed to fly with lightning like rapidity. The past seemed endlessly long—the future was foreshortened to a breath, a moment. The clock ticked faster and faster, and time seemed to pour itself away in rapid moments, as a rising thunder cloud empties its fierce heavy drops more and more rapidly.

It was afternoon—the company gathered—the shutter creaked beside me, and the

window was opened. I felt the warm breath of the spring air steal over my face like a delicious odor. I heard the birds singing among the branches, and the gentle rustling of the swaying trees, as the wind stirred among the leaves. I thought of all the gladsome earth—of the blue sky—of the rippling brooks, half sunlight, half shadow—of the pearly evening clouds, whose hues shift like the colors on the dove's neck—of the stars, of the moon, of the swelling and heaving ocean, and clung to the memory of them with a mute despair, loving them the more the nearer I came to losing them.

At last the dim, whispering hum about the room ceased—the clock ticked loudly, and the clergyman's voice repeated those first sentences in the service for the dead—"I am the resurrection and the life," &c.

His voice ceased—I gave myself up to despair. I tried to resign myself to the dreadful thought that I was to be buried alive. Some one lifted the lid to screw it down ere I should be removed: I heard a faint exclamation from some one bending over me—"Good God! he must be alive yet; there are drops of perspiration now upon his forehead! Bring a mirror and place it to his lips, he may breathe yet." It seemed that the extremity of my agony had wrung out a cold dew upon my skin. No sooner had the words been spoken, than there was a wild hurry, and suppressed exclamations of fear, and doubt, and surprise about the room. What a moment of agony was the next! The fearful anticipation, lest after all there should be no sign of breath, was worse than all before. The mirror was brought, and then I knew by the sudden and fearful cry, that my real state, that of Catochus, was at last known.

I was bled instantly: between my lips a few drops of brandy were forced, and my

limbs and head were fomented with heated cloths, with such effect, that in two hours I regained my power of motion and sat up, though weak from loss of blood and entirely exhausted by the dreadful suffering through which I had passed as through a fiery ordeal. Believe me, those pains I would not suffer again, if the price should be a showering of all the wealth and glory that the world can bestow. Such suffering does not leave a man where it finds him. I arose from my bed an altered man;—with my moral and mental constitution completely changed.

The main incident of this story, however improbable it may seem, is founded upon fact, and has occurred within the range of the writer's experience. Catochus is only a peculiar form of Catalepsy, in which the patient retains the use of his various senses, while the power of motion is entirely suspended, and presents an appearance which may easily be mistaken for death. In removing some bodies from the vault of a church in a neighboring city, on the occasion of erecting a new church, it was discovered that three bodies had assumed such a situation as could only be accounted for on the supposition of their having been buried while in a state of suspended animation or stupor, they having turned over in their coffins upon the recurrence of consciousness. The occurrence of such a fact alone, together with the known existence of diseases which assume the semblance of death, should induce the extremest caution, and make it a matter of duty to apply, before burial, such tests as to leave no shadow of doubt and no room for mistake with regard to the actual fact of death.

W. W. S.

## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S "DEFENCE OF POESY."

BY W. A. JONES.

It may appear unseasonable and superfluous at this epoch of the literary history of the world, to re-write the defence of poetry, so much better done in the works of the best poets themselves; and such a de-

fence would be no less ill-timed than impertinent, as if that divine art needed any advocates, and therefore we shall merely recur, for the purpose of analysis and criticism, to the earliest and perhaps the

elaborately eloquent argument in the English language, in behalf of the claims of the poet and his vocation.

The *Defense of Poesy*, is the richest gem in the poetic crown of Sidney. It is a pure and lofty appeal to the godlike in human nature; it contains in itself the essence of an art of poetry; is full of generous sentiment, all clenched and compacted by the fine logic and finer declamation of the poet of the *Arcadia*. Indeed, so much at least to us critical readers is it to be preferred to the *Romance* of that name, that Warton recommended a separate publication of the *Essay*, since being generally printed at the end of the *Arcadia*, no one would be likely to read it.

Bad poets, unskilful critics, dull scholars, malicious enviers, had united to make verse well nigh contemptible. Sidney was influenced by a loyal zeal to recover the lost purity and splendor of poetic triumphs, and therefore wrote the *Defense of Poesy*. A complete analysis of the essay would occupy almost as much space as the essay itself, so close and consecutive is the strain: we shall therefore be obliged to condense our notice much within the merits of the case, or the true value of the arguments.

The author commences by urging the great antiquity of poetry as a proof of its necessity and excellence. Verse was the earliest shape that language assumed: the first mould into which ideas fell. The first laws, the oldest moral and prudential maxims, religion, politics, were couched in metrical sentences. Oracle and prophesy were coeval with antiquity and fable. The poet was then priest and prophet: alas! that the characters have ever been disjoined.

The earliest Greek writers were poets: we read no author prior to the time of Homer and Hesiod and the Cydic bards. The greatest Italian writers were poets, and so of our own noble literature. The greatest illustrations of the worth of poetry have occurred since the time of Sidney, for he numbered not among English poets, Shakspeare nor Spenser, Milton nor Woodsworth. Plato himself, (vulgarly considered the villifier of poetry, but in truth only of soft, lascivious, enervating verses) was the most poetic of the philosophers. Herodotus entitled the several books of his history after the names of the muses. The northern nations preserve an original national poetry of the greatest antiquity. — This is the first argument.

Next he compares the poet with the astronomer, mathematician, the natural and moral philosopher, the lawyer, the historian, grammarian, logician, physician — all of whom have a basis in nature or palpable reality to proceed upon, and therefore exercise not the higher faculty of poetical

invention. "Only the poet, disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigor of his own invention, doth grow, in effect, into another nature: in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, or quite anew, forms such as never were in nature, as the heroes, demi-gods, cyclops, chymeras, fairies, and such like; so as he goeth hand in hand with nature, not inclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiac of his own wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done; neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet smelling flowers, nor whatever else may make the too much loved earth more lovely; her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden. But let those things alone, and go to man, for whom, as the other things are, it seemeth in him her uttermost cunning is employed, and know whether she have brought forth so true a lover as Theagenes, — so constant a friend as Pylades — so valiant a man as Orlando — so right a prince as Xenophon's Cyrus, and so excellent a man every way as Virgil's *Æneas*?" He gives the derivation of the name, meaning, Maker or Creator, the highest of titles. He insists upon the philosophical doctrine now settled by Coleridge and Hazlitt, that the truth of poetic fiction is a wide and general verity, transcending the truth of common understandings — that feigned histories may contain more of philosophical probability than literal narratives: as Fielding used to say of the pompous writers of history, in comparison with his own inimitable pictures of real life, that in their works only the names and dates were true, whereas in his fictions all was true but the names and dates. All the purely didactic and critical portions of the *Defense* have now become trite from frequent repetition, such as that rhyme does not constitute the difference between poetry and prose, though an admirable adjunct; and the division of the several varieties of poetry, with a critical and enthusiastic commentary upon each.

We pass to his satirical picture of the moral philosopher, with his array of prejudice and pretension, and his comparison of the poet with him and the historian — the one giving precepts by the hour, and the other examples by the volume. Both pompous, proud, disputatious; neither of them reaching the heart nor moving the affections. Sidney rightly considers poetry to be the highest philosophy: he slights it not as a light, gay artifice of pleasure, but reverences it as the most spiritual art, the divinest form of letters. He urges the thesis of the poet as "the right popular philosopher," teaching not in a direct, set manner, but by implication and inference; investing life

with the lessons of experience, animating the stage by scenes of deep tragic passion, or by keen satirical comic ridicule:—substituting Macbeth for an essay upon ambition, and Othello, instead of a lecture upon jealousy. He regards poetry as involving the teachings of philosophy, as the greater includes the less, or as Campbell has elegantly expressed a similar doctrine:

"Oh deem not midst this worldly strife,  
An idle art the poet brings,  
Let high philosophy control  
And sages calm the stream of life,  
*'Tis he refines its fountain springs,  
The nobler passions of the soul.*"

Our author quotes Aristotle, who with all his devotion to method and science, determined poetry to be more philosophical, and more than history, as dealing with universal truth, and instinct with a living power. We agree entirely with Owen Felltham, who wrote, I think, a grave poem, the deepest kind of writing! Such poetry is beyond any philosophy, scientifically so named.

We now arrive at a summary of the character of the poet, by one who was himself of the craft:—

"Now, therein of all sciences, I speak still of human, and, according to the human concert, is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only shew the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first, give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste, you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for the well-enchanting skill of musick, and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner; and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste; which if one should begin to tell them the name of the aloes or rhubarb, they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears, than at their mouth; so is it in men, (most of which are childish in the best things till they be cradled in their graves,) glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Æneas, Cyrus, and hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valor and justice; which, if they had been barely (that is to say, philosophically) set out, they would swear they be brought to school again. That imitation whereof poetry is, both the most convincing to nature of all other, insomuch that, as Aristotle saith, those things which in themselves are horrible, as cruel battles, unnatural monsters, are made in poetical imitation delightful. Truly I have known men, that even with reading Amadis de Gaul, which, God knoweth, wanteth much of a perfect poesy, have found their hearts moved to the exercise of courtesy, liberality, and especially courage. Who readeth Æneas carrying old Anchises on his back, that wished not it were his fortune to perform so excellent an act?"

And, of the influence of poetry upon him-

self, Sidney confesses in that oft-repeated sentence:—

"Certainly I must confess mine own barbarousness; I never heard the old song of Piercy and Douglass, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude stile."

A powerful argument of the noble, original and wonderful efficacy of true poetry, is to be found in the frequent use of fable and allegory in the Holy Scriptures, and especially, by our Saviour himself. The beautiful parables of the New Testament contain the noblest moral lessons, and as narratives, are perfect in form and detail, full of a sweet pathetic sentiment, and of a friendly, expostulating eloquence. This brings us to a consideration we are prone to indulge in of the religious tone of all really fine poetry, whether it be devotional, chivalric or moral. We have so frequently remarked upon this characteristic, as to believe it unnecessary to repeat the same reflections which must sooner or later be made by every diligent wooer of the muse.

We are now more than half way through the Essay. The remainder is chiefly occupied with replies to the various objections renewed from age to age, and by the weak, the malicious, the low and the ignorant, against the art of arts, the *prime philosophia*, the Harp of David, the Song of Solomon. The general, and largest class of objectors are those who abuse every thing that is good, and praised by others; those who hated Aristides for his justice, and Washington for his patriotism; those who could see nought but design in the most disinterested charity, and suspected self-interest in the wisest patriotism. In the same class he ranks railing wits, who delight to turn every thing into ridicule,—(themselves too contemptible for less than the severest sarcasms.) The special objections to poetry he notices in turn;—1, that there are worthier walks of learning:—2, that it is the mother of lies:—3, by its softness enervates the soul, and by a copious lascivious fancy fills the mind with vicious phantasies; and, as a *fourth* objection, he repeats the old cry of Plato's banishing poets out of his republic. To these, he offers the following replies;—to the first, that is begs the question, and utterly denies that there is sprung out of the earth a more fruitful knowledge. The answer to the second, is contained in a defence of the *vraisemblance* of the poet's fable. The third objection, he admits, has some force; but then it is by the way; the incidental lapses of bad or wicked poets hurts not good poetry, any more than vice hurts the essential beauty of virtue. It may be partially, and for a time the char-

it does not affect the thing itself. As to the fourth objection, Plato did not disrespect fine poetry, but lascivious strains. He was himself a poet, and in his own person honored the muse. He was too religious to allow infidel rhymers (of which modern times, is not wanting in parallels) to vent their impious blasphemies. He might have excluded Byron: but there is no question he would have received Wordsworth with open arms.

After an enumeration of patrons and favorers of poetry among the great and good, the wise and powerful, kings, nobles, senators, cardinals, philosophers, wits, orators and statesmen, he proceeds to the discussion of some still mooted points;—i. e., whether a tragedy should be on the Grecian, and modern French mode, free from any mixture of comedy, or whether like Shakspeare's dramas, it should partake of both? Such points as respect the unities are closely scrutinized, and even humorously satirized, wherein he appears to glance at Shakspeare, or at least, at his predecessors. There is a very nice and discriminating passage on laughter, which we would quote but for its length. The antithesis in this section may be regarded as the type of Johnson's style, in the use of this figure. Much sensible criticism is expended on diction, with lively raillery on the current euphuisms of the time. A liberal eulogy follows, on the English tongue, and the piece concludes with a page of rhetoric worthy of the subject and of the writer, clear, copious, insinuating and harmonious; a passage such as you often find the like of in the writers of the age of Elizabeth, and afterwards in the reigns of the first two Stuarts; but very rarely in the present day, or since that glorious era:—

"So that since the ever praiseworthy poesy is full of virtue, breeding, delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning; since the blames laid against it are either

false or feeble; since the cause why it is not esteemed in England, is the fault of poet-asses, not of poets; since, lastly, our tongue is most fit to honour poesy, and to be honored by poesy;—I conjure you all that have had the evil luck to read this into wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the nine muses, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of poesy: no more to laugh at the name of poets, as though they were next inheritors to fools; no more to jest at the reverend title of 'rhymers,' but to believe with Aristotle, that they were the ancient treasures of the Grecian's divinity; to believe with Bembo, that they were first bringers in of all civility; to believe with Scaliger, that no philosopher's precepts can sooner make you an honest man than the reading of Virgil; to believe with Claudius, the translator of Cornutus, that it pleased the heavenly Deity by Hesiod and Homer, under the veil of fables, to give us all knowledge, logick, rhetoric, philosophy natural and moral, and quid non? To believe with me, that there are many mysteries contained in poetry, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused; to believe with Landui, that they are so beloved by the gods, that whatsoever they write proceeds of a divine fury; lastly, to believe themselves, when they tell you they will make you immortal by their verses.

"Thus doing, your names shall flourish in the printers' shops: thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a poetical preface: thus doing, you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all—you shall dwell upon superlatives: thus doing, though you be *libertino patre natus*, you shall suddenly grow *Herculeæ proles*:

"*Si quid mea carmina possunt.*"

Thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante's Beatrice, or Virgil's Anchises. But if (fie for such a but!) you be born so near the dull-making Cata-ract of Nilus, that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry; if you have so earth-creeching a mind that it cannot lift itself up to look at the sky of poetry, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a mome, as to wish to be a mome of poetry, then, though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of Midas, nor be driven by a poet's verses as Bubonax was, to hang himself; nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland; yet thus much curse I must lend you in the behalf of all poets,—that while you live, you live in love, and never get favour, for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph."

#### POETRY:—A SIMILE.

Like to a fountain of old time, should be  
The chrystal flow of holy poesy,—  
A clear, full stream, for ever freshly shed  
From a serene, unmoved lion's head,  
Which pours its bounty forth and doth not know  
Nor heed wherever the full wave may flow.

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BRACKETT'S NELL.

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BRACKETT'S NELL.

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BRACKETT, the Sculptor, has executed a Statue of "Little Nelly," the loveliest conception of "fictitious life." He has represented her seated upon a rough stone in the churchyard with folded hands and pensive countenance, thinking of her past history, and its many sorrows.

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It is not fancy — no, it is young life,  
Speaking, though silent — breathing, though but clay.  
Upon that fair white brow, thought is enshrined,  
Thought sad perhaps, and yet so pure and sweet,  
We may not call it sad; — as angel's tear  
Upon a cheek of heavenly lustre, seems  
So sparkling bright, so gemlike and so pure,  
We may not call it other than of joy.

It is a youthful face; the dimples there,  
And the sweet lips, half yielding to a smile,  
Speak of youth's purity, and dawning hope,  
And bursting love, and innocence and truth.  
But yet in every feature's wary line,  
Upon the brow, and on the full round cheek,  
Where not a breath of passion has e'er stirred,  
It seems as if the touch of some deep grief  
Had left its image faintly shadowed there.

It is a woman's face: — woman's deep love —  
And faithful heart, that never shrinks at toil, —  
That bears with pain and disappointments oft,  
And oft forgiving, loves when all forsake, —  
A love that sheds on Time's dark sea, a light  
That ne'er grows dim, when other lights are fled —  
That with a tearless eye, but aching heart,  
Speaks not a word of sorrowing complaint —  
Thinks not of hunger, weariness or cold —  
But ever hoping for a happier hour,  
If not on earth, in worlds of light beyond; —  
All this, sweet Nell! Is traced upon thy face.

Hard was the lot for thy young spirit fashioned:  
Time shed few smiles upon thy lowly path:  
A cold world frowned upon thee: its chill blight,  
Caused every flower of thy young hope to fade.  
And when the buds of love began to burst  
And shed soft fragrance in thy virgin heart —  
When founts of sympathy began to swell,  
And fairer prospects dawned upon thy fate,  
Then disappointment came to blast the buds,  
To fling its mildew on the opening flower, —  
To dry the fountain, ere it left its source,  
And robe each prospect in a darksome pall.

Thy simple dress, less simple than thy heart,  
Enwraps a form of matchless symmetry —  
The churchyard's gentle wind upon its folds,  
Doth breathe most carefully, as if it feared  
It might disturb thy pensive attitude.  
Thy seat is but a rough, cold stone; — less cold  
Than the chill world which seems to beg,

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And guide the footsteps of a weak old man,  
 Whose only virtue was his love for thee.  
 Sweet, gentle Nell; that rough and shapeless stone,  
 Whereon thou now reclin'st, is but a type  
 Of thy hard lot and mournful history:  
 The flower that struggles for existence near,  
 Seeking the smiles which some chance sunlight-ray  
 Might give in pity to so wild a spot —  
 And finding little nourishment from soil,  
 So sterile and so bare;—yet gaining still  
*Protection from its very lowliness —*  
 Is type impressive of that deathless hope,  
 That sought the sunlight of a brighter day,  
 Even while thy heart was trampled on and crushed,  
 And lengthened wandering tore thy shoeless feet.

It is a statue of much meaning:—genius there,  
 Did lend her influence to the artist's skill,  
 And guide unerringly his plastic hand,  
 To fashion from the marble's dull cold mass,  
 A being beautiful, and kind, and true.  
 The chisel tells the sad, strange history —  
 A tale of patient, voiceless, suffering —  
 Of heartfelt anguish—yes, the burning shame,  
 Which pierced so cruelly thy virtuous heart —  
 "Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell!" and filled  
 Thy cup of misery to its overflow —  
 When he, who shared with Heaven thy faithful love,  
 Whose tottering feet were guided by *thy* hand,  
 Whose silvery temples slumbered on *thy* breast —  
 Became the robber—yet, that he might win  
 A home, and wealth, and happiness for thee.

It is a face of passing loveliness.  
 The mouth, that knew no language half as sweet  
 As the pure thoughts that struggled in the breast—  
 The dimpled cheek, where coursed full many a tear—  
 The swan-like neck, shaped with a classic grace,  
 Like the famed master-piece of Grecian art—  
 The pure white bosom, home of innocence,  
 That beat responsive at the voice of joy,  
 Complaining not, when grief swept o'er its chords,  
 And shielding a young heart—but brave and strong,  
 As ever battled long and fearlessly  
 In virtue's cause.—All this, and even more,  
 The artist in the statue doth recite.

Thou had'st a life of suffering, Nell! too brief:  
 And yet too long for the world's buffetings.  
 Thou passed away most peacefully and sweet,  
 As dies a zephyr on the rippling wave—  
 As melts the last star in the morning beam—  
 As wakes an infant from its cradle dreams.—

And now thou sleepest in the sunniest spot  
 Of the old churchyard, where the birds all day  
 Breathe forth their plaintive anthems soft and low:  
 But in our memories thou shalt ever live;  
 And the sweet influence of thy virtuous deeds,  
 Shall give to thee a fame more costly far,  
 Than warrior's fancied immortality,  
 Purchased with deeds of crime, and traced in blood.

We will not pity thy hard, cruel lot,—

Thy aching, blistered feet, thy tattered dress,  
And roofless, throbbing head:—*they* bought for thee  
A robe of spotless white, a golden harp,  
And God's own dwelling, fashioned not with hands.

C. N. E.

DANE LAW SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, Ms.

## MY COUSIN'S CORNER WINDOW.

TRANSLATED FOR THE MISCELLANY FROM THE GERMAN OF E. T. W. HOFFMANN.

My poor cousin had a similar fate with the celebrated Scarron. Like him my cousin, by an obstinate disease, entirely lost the use of his feet, and was compelled, with the help of a strong crutch, and the nervous arms of a poor invalid soldier, who attended him from affection, to be moved from his bed to his well cushioned easy chair, and from the easy chair to the bed again. But my cousin had other points of resemblance to the Frenchman. Like Scarron, my cousin was an author:—like Scarron, he was endowed with a peculiarly lively humor, and made remarkably good jests after his own manner. Yet to the glory of the German author, it must be remarked that he never considered it necessary to season his little piquant dishes with assafoetida, to tickle the palates of his German readers, who would not have much relished it. He was fond of the noble spices which strengthen while they charm. The reader is pleased to read what he writes; it is good and diverting. I do not know why exactly, but my cousin's conversation always cheered me, and it seemed more agreeable even to hear him than to read him. Yet even this unconquerable inclination to authorship, had been brought upon my poor cousin by severe disease, and the most distressing sickness could not restrain the vehement course of his fancy, which was ever at work within him, always new and always creative. He would tell me all kinds of amusing stories, which he invented, notwithstanding the various pains to which he was subjected. But the action which must follow the thought in order that it may appear formed upon paper, was not in his power. If my cousin attempted to transcribe any thing, not only the fingers refused him their service, but the thought itself was crumbled and flown. This threw him into the darkest melancholy. "Cousin," said he to me

one day, in a tone that frightened me "Cousin, it is all over with me: I have arrived at the condition of the old crazy painter, who sat all day long before a frame on which was stretched a plain canvas, and pointed to all who came to see him, the various beauties of the rich, glorious picture he had just finished. I give up the acting, creating life which weans me from myself, making friends with the world,—my spirit draws in its claws."

Since that time my cousin would not allow himself to be seen by me nor any one else. The old melancholy invalid, grumbling and snarling, drove us from the door, like a barking house dog.

It is necessary to mention that my cousin inhabited a low chamber in a somewhat high story. This is the custom of authors and poets:—what signifies a low ceiling? The fancy rises up and forms for itself a high, clear vault in the blue shining heavens. So the narrow apartment of the poet, shut in as it were between four walls, in a ten-foot square garden, is, to be sure, neither broad nor long, but is always of a noble height. The lodgings of my cousin were situated in the best part of the city, namely, upon the great market place, which is surrounded by fine buildings, and in the middle of which stands the colossal, and thought-inspiring theatre. It is a corner house in which my cousin lives, and from the window of a little cabinet, he overlooks with a glance the whole panorama of the great square.\*

It was market day, when, pressed by a crowd of people who were thronging the streets, I reached a spot where from a great distance, my cousin's window became visible. I was not a little astonished, when at

\* An exact description of Hoffmann's own sitting room.

this window the well known red cap which my cousin was accustomed to wear on his well days, struck my eye. As I drew nearer, I observed that my cousin had put on his most splendid Warsaw dressing gown, and was smoking his Sunday's pipe. I looked up to him, waved my handkerchief, and succeeded in attracting his attention to me, and he bowed in a friendly manner:—what foundation for hopes! Quick as lightning I hastened up the steps—the invalid opened the door; his face, which was generally wrinkled and flaccid like a wet glove, was actually smoothed down into something like a tolerable mask. He said his master was sitting in his easy chair, and could be spoken with. The chamber was nicely cleared up, and on the bed screen was affixed a sheet of paper on which, in large letters, stood these words:

*"Et si male nunc, non olim sic erit."*

Every thing indicated the return of hope, and newly awakened powers of life. "Ah," cried my cousin, as I entered the cabinet, "Ah, have you come at last, cousin? Do you know that I have felt great anxiety on your account, for notwithstanding you are the executioner who asks after my immortal works, yet I have an affection for you, because you are a gay fellow, and amusable as well as amusing."

I felt, that at the compliment of my upright cousin, the blood mounted into my face.

"You suppose," continued my cousin, without heeding my emotion, "You suppose me convalescent, or perhaps restored from my disease: as it regards the body, I am not; my legs are faithless vassals, which have become rebellious to the head, their master, and will have nothing more to do with the rest of my worthy body;—that means I cannot move of myself: I cart myself, however, about in this wheel-chair in a very agreeable manner, while my old invalid pipes the melodious marches of his warlike days. But this window is my comfort: here I have the varieties of life again opened upon me, and feel myself reconciled to its never resting crowds:—come, cousin, look out."

I placed myself opposite my cousin upon a little tabouret, for which there was just room enough in the space by the window. The view was indeed singular and surprising. The whole square seemed one single mass of people, pressed together, so that one might imagine that an apple thrown among them would never reach the ground. The different colors glistened in the sunshine, with here and there a little dark spot; upon me it made the impression of a great tulip bed, moved this way and that by the wind, and I must confess that though the

view was very pretty, it after a while became somewhat tiresome, it might even give to some persons a sort of vertigo, which is not unlike the delirium of approaching slumber. I therefore looked in vain for the pleasure which my cousin received from his corner window, and I frankly told him so. My cousin however, clasped his hands together over his head, and the following conversation took place between us:

*Cousin.*—Cousin, cousin! I now see that not the smallest spark of authorship glows within you. The very first thing is wanting to enable you to tread in the footsteps of your worthy lame cousin; that is, an eye which actually sees. This market offers you nothing but the view of a fanciful, confused crowd of people, moving about in unmeaning activity. Ho ho, my friend;—to me it develops the varied scenery of city life; and my mind, a brave Callot or modern Chodowichi, draws one sketch after another, of which the lines are sometimes bold enough. Up, cousin! I will see if I cannot give you the first lessons in the art of looking. Look directly before, down into the street—there is my glass;—do you remark a person in somewhat singular costume, with a great market basket on her arm, who is engaged in deep conversation with a faggot vender?

*I.*—I perceive her:—she has a bright yellow handkerchief wound about her head in a French turban fashion, and her face, as well as her whole air, denotes her to be a Frenchwoman—apparently a remnant of the last war.

*Cousin.*—Not a bad guess: I dare say the husband finds perhaps some branch of French industry a pretty business; and his wife is able to fill her market basket very plentifully. Now she plunges into the crowd. See, cousin, whether you can follow her course in its different windings, without losing sight of her; that yellow turban will help you.

*I.*—Oh, how the burning yellow point cuts through the mass. Now she is near the church; now she is buying something at the shop; now she is away from it; oh dear, I have lost her;—no, there, at the end of the street she comes out again; there, she takes a goose by the wing, how she examines it with a knowing finger.

*Cousin.*—Good, dear cousin;—that fixing the eye is the main thing in looking; yet, instead of instructing you in a tedious manner in an art that is scarcely to be taught, let me rather point out to you what is particularly amusing which opens to our view. Do you see that woman who at the corner there, notwithstanding the crowd is not very great, makes room for herself with her pointed elbows?

*I.*—What a mad figure! A silk hat, which

in a capricious want of form, mocks at every fashion, with its feathers of various colors waving in the air, a short silk pelise, of which none of the original colors remain; over it, a tolerably decent shawl, the gauze trimming of the yellow cotton dress reaching to the ankles, blue grey stockings, sandals; behind her a dignified maid with two market baskets, a fish net, a meal bag;—God be with us! what angry glances the silken person throws about her; with what courage she presses into the thickest crowd; how she takes hold of every thing—vegetables, fruit, meat, &c.; how she eyes every thing, tastes of every thing, haggles about every thing, and buys nothing.

*Cousin.*—I call this person, who never misses a market day, the rabid housewife. It seems to me she must be the daughter of some rich citizen, perhaps of a prosperous soap-boiler, whose hand with its appendages, a little private secretary did not gain without an effort. Heaven has not endowed her with beauty or grace, but she is nevertheless considered by all the neighbors, as the most domestic notable person, and indeed she is so managing, and manages every day from morning to night in such a horrible manner, that the poor private secretary can hardly see or hear, and often wishes himself where pepper grows. All the purchases and arrangements of the household are trumpeted forth, as well as what is wanting in it;—so that the little secretary's establishment resembles a musical box, which, when the machinery is put in motion, for ever plays on a mad symphony, composed by the devil himself;—about every fourth market day she is accompanied by a new maid. *Sapienti Sat!*—Observe, —but no—that group, formed just as we see it, deserves to be immortalized by the pencil of a Hogarth. Look again, cousin, at the third door of entrance to the theatre!

*I.*—A couple of old women, sitting upon low stools—their whole stock in trade spread out before them in moderate sized baskets. The one has for sale variegated handkerchiefs, celebrated for their effect on weak eyes; the other has a stock of blue and grey stockings, woolen cords, &c.—They have leaned over toward each other; they are whispering in each other's ears; one is enjoying a cup of coffee—the other seems to be so carried away by the subject of the conversation that she has forgotten the glass of brandy which she was about to swallow;—a couple of striking faces, to be sure: what demoniacal laughter; what gesticulation with their dry bony arms!

*Cousin.*—These two women generally sit together, and notwithstanding the difference of their trade leaves no room for collision or envy, yet, until to-day, they have always seemed to eye each other with unfriendly

glances, and if I may trust my skill in physiognomy, have exchanged many angry words. But oh! look, look, cousin, they are still more one heart and soul; the handkerchief merchant is sharing her cup of coffee with the stocking dealer—what can that mean? I know;—A few moments since, a young girl not more than sixteen, and lovely as the day, came up to the baskets. Her whole appearance indicated decent and modest poverty. She was attracted by the gay handkerchiefs. She was greatly pleased with a white one having a colored border—perhaps she really needed it:—she bargained for it. The old woman used all the arts of mercantile cunning, while she spread out the handkerchief and made the brilliant colors shine in the sun. They concluded the bargain; but when the poor girl came to take her little treasure out of a knot in her pocket handkerchief, she found she had not enough for such a purchase. With glowing cheeks, and tears in her eyes, the girl walked away as fast as she could, while the old woman, laughing, scornfully folded up the handkerchief and threw it back into the basket. Pretty speeches may have been made on the occasion:—but now it happens that the other hag knows the little girl, and knows how to dish up the history of an impoverished family, as a scandalous chronicle of frivolity and perhaps of crime, for the amusement of the disappointed shop-woman. With the cup of coffee, a tale of scandal as thick as one's hand, was without doubt rewarded.

*I.*—In all your combinations, dear cousin, there may not be a word of truth; but as I look at the women, it seems to me, thanks to your animated representation, all so plausible that I cannot but believe it whether I will or not.

*Cousin.*—Before we turn away from the walls of the theatre, let us throw a glance upon the stout woman, whose cheeks stand out with health, who in such stoical repose and negligence, with her hands under her white apron, sits there upon her wicker chair. Before her is a rich store of polished spoons, knives and forks, porcelain plates, and jugs of antiquated forms, tea cups, coffee pots, hosiery, and I know not what, spread out on a white cloth, so that her treasures, apparently collected from the petty auctions, represent a true *orbis pictus*. Without hardly bestowing a look, she hears the offer of the purchaser, careless whether she makes a bargain or not. If it is made, she stretches one hand out from under her apron to receive the money from the buyer, whom she leaves to help himself to the purchased article. That is a quiet minded trade-woman, who will get beforehand.—Four weeks since, her whole stock consisted in half a dozen fine woolen stockings.

and as many wine glasses. Her stock is increased every market day, and as she does not bring any better chair, and keeps her hands under her apron as usual, it shows that she possesses an equanimity of mind which will not allow her to be made proud or haughty by her good fortune. But whence comes suddenly this wicked idea into my head. I think at this very moment a little shameless rascal, like the one in Hogarth's picture of the sister of charity, has crept under the seat of this woman, and envious of her good fortune, has pulled the leg of the chair—plump—she falls into her glass and porcelain, and the trade is all over. That would be a broken business in a literal sense of the word.

*I.*—Indeed, dear cousin, you have now taught me to look better. While I let my eye wander about the moving multitude in the crowd, young girls now and then meet my vision, accompanied by neat servant women, who carry on their arms capacious nice market baskets. They walk through the market and bargain for the necessary household supplies. The modest appearance, the whole exterior of the young women, leaves no room for doubt that they belong to the families of respectable citizens at least;—how is it that such as these come to market?

*Cousin.*—It is easily explained. It has been the custom for some years past, for even the daughters of the higher officers of state to be sent to market, to learn practically that part of housekeeping which relates to the purchasing of provisions.

*I.*—A very laudable custom: it must be of great advantage in forming good housekeepers.

*Cousin.*—Do you think so? I for my part am of a contrary opinion. What can be the use of buying things in person, but to convince one of the goodness of the article, and of the actual market price. The qualities, the appearance, the signs of good vegetables, meat, &c., the housewife can easily learn in some other way, and the little saving which is not always certainly made, does not outweigh the disadvantages which may arise from visiting the market. Never would I, for the sake of some few pence put my daughter in danger, by being pressed into such a mixed crowd, hearing a vulgar, perhaps a brutal speech; and then certain speculations of sighing young men on horseback, in blue coats—or others in black, on foot, who are met at market.—But look, cousin, how does that young lady please you, there, near the pump, accompanied by the old woman. Take my glass, take my glass, cousin.

*I.*—Oh, what a creature! grace and loveliness itself; but she casts her eyes modestly down; all her steps are cautious; she

leans timidly upon her companion, who makes her way forcibly through the crowd. I follow her;—there, the woman stops before the vegetable baskets; she bargains; she shows the young lady, who with half averted face, quick, quickly takes the money from her purse and reaches it out, glad to have accomplished the matter. I do not lose sight of her, thanks to the red shawl. She appears to be looking in vain for something; at last—at last—they are stopping near a woman who offers fine vegetables in a basket for sale. The whole attention of the little maiden is fixed upon a basket with the finest cauliflowers; the girl herself chooses a head, and the woman puts it into the basket.—How! the shameless creature,—without farther ado she has taken it out of the basket, lays it back in the basket of the market woman, and chooses another, while a violent shake of her head, adorned with a lantern shaped head-dress, makes it plain that she is reproving the poor little maid, who, for the first time in her life, attempted to act for herself.

*Cousin.*—What do you think of the feelings of this girl whom they would force into domestic management, to which her tender spirit is entirely opposed. I know the dear creature; she is the daughter of a finance counsellor of high rank, a natural being, far removed from all kind of affectation, of a really feminine mind, and excellent understanding, and the fine tact peculiar to such women. But look, cousin! I call this a fortunate meeting. Here, at the corner, comes the opposite of that figure. How does that girl please you, cousin?

*I.*—Oh, what a delicate, pretty figure!—young, light, how she looks about the world with bold, unrestrained glances; sunshine always in her heaven, music always in the air; how boldly and carelessly she skips through the dense mass. The servant who follows her with the market basket, appears not much older than herself. There seems to prevail a sort of cordiality between the two. The mistress is very prettily dressed; her shawl is in the fashion; the hat passable for a morning costume—the whole attire is of a tasteful pattern; every thing pretty and consistent. Oh, horror!—what do I see? The mademoiselle has on white silk shoes!—the feet arranged for a ball room in the market! The more I look at the girl, I am struck with certain peculiarities which I cannot express in words. To be sure she makes, as it seems, her purchases with careful industry; chooses and chooses, bargains and bargains, speaks, gesticulates all in a lively manner, which seems almost excessive; it seems as if she would purchase for some other cause than to supply her household wants.

*Cousin.*—Bravo, bravo, cousin!—your



sight grows sharper, I observe. See now, my good fellow, in spite of her modest costume, you have detected the lightness of her step. The white silk shoes in the market betray that the little damsel belongs to the ballet, or perhaps to the theatre; what she is about will perhaps be soon made plain:—ha, there it is!—look, dear cousin, a little to the right, up the street, and tell me who you see on the side walk in front of the hotel, where it is tolerably clear of people?

I.—I see a large, well grown young man, in a yellow short frock, with a black collar and steel buttons. He wears a little red cap, embroidered with silver, from under which, issue his fine black locks, in almost too great luxuriance. He has a map under his arm; probably he is a student, who is on his way to visit his college; but there he seems rooted, his eyes turned towards the market, he appears to have forgotten the college, and every thing connected with it.

Cousin.—So it is, dear cousin, his whole soul is turned upon our little comedian. The crisis has arrived;—he approaches the great fruit shop, in which the finest wares are piled up in the most tempting manner: he seems to be enquiring for some fruit which they have not at hand. It is altogether impossible that a dinner table can be arranged without a dessert of fruit;—our little comedian must conclude her purchases for the house table there. A round, red-cheeked apple, escapes by some trick of her little fingers—the yellow frock stoops after it, picks it up—a light, graceful nod from the theatre fairy;—the conversation goes on;—counsel and help is exchanged in a very difficult selection of apples, which completes the acquaintance which had certainly been previously begun, and some pleasant rendezvous is arranged, which without doubt will be repeated and varied.

I.—The son of the muses may make love and select apples as much as he pleases, it does not interest me, for the reason that at the corner, in front of the theatre, where the flower woman offers her wares, that little angel, the lovely daughter of the finance counsellor, again comes in view.

Cousin.—At the flowers?—there I do not like to look, dear cousin. I have a peculiar association with them. The flower girl, who, according to custom, keeps the finest flowers, rare pinks, roses, and other choice things, is a very pretty, proper maiden, striving after higher cultivation of the mind; for when she is not engaged in her traffic, she reads diligently in books, whose uniform shows they belong to the great æsthetic army of Kralow, which is carrying victoriously into the most distant corner of

the city the lights of literature. A reading flower girl is, for a *belle lettres* author, an irresistible sight: so it happened that a long time since, my way lay near the flowers—the flowers then stood there for sale—I perceiving the reading damsel, stood as if in surprise. She sat as if in a thick grove of flowing geraniums—had the book open on her lap, her head supported by her hand; the hero must have been in immediate danger, or it must have been a critical moment in the plot, for the glow on the cheek of the maiden became deeper, her lips trembled, she appeared entirely withdrawn from the scene about her;—cousin, I will confess to you without reserve the singular weakness of an author—I was bound to the spot: I stood first on one foot, then on the other:—what can the girl be reading? This thought filled my whole soul;—the spirit of an author's vanity was aroused, and created in me the feeling that perhaps it was one of my own works, which had transported her into the fantastic world of my imagination. At last I gained heart, stepped up, and asked the price of a pink root, which stood in a distant row. While the girl brought the pink, I addressed her with the words, "What are you reading, my pretty child—that open book in your hand?" Oh heaven above! it was actually one of my little works, and nothing less than \*\*\*. The girl brought forward the flower and mentioned at the same time the moderate price of it. What cared I for a flower—for a pink root? The girl was to me at this moment a much more valuable public than all the fashionable world of the city. Excited, inflamed by the sweetest feelings of authorship, I asked with apparent indifference, how the book pleased her? "Oh, my dear sir," said the girl, "that is a very droll book; at first my head was a little confused, but afterward it was just as if one was sitting in the midst of it." To my great astonishment, the girl recounted to me the whole contents of the little tale, clearly and minutely, so that I saw she must have read it several times. She repeated, it was a very droll book; it had sometimes made her laugh heartily—sometimes it had made her feel very much like weeping. She advised me, in case I had not read the book, to go in the afternoon to Mr. Kralow, for they deliver books even in the afternoon. Now came the decisive stroke; with downcast eyes, with a voice which in sweetness might compare with the honey of Hybla, with the happy smile of a pleased author I lisped, "Here, my sweet angel, here stands the author of the book, which has filled you with pleasure, here he stands before you, a living person." The girl stared at me without speaking—her eyes and mouth stretched open. This I took for an expression of

the highest astonishment, yea, even a joyful terror, that the sublime genius whose creative power could produce such works, so suddenly should appear near her geraniums. Perhaps, thought I, as the face of the girl remained unchanged, perhaps she does not believe in the fortunate chance which brings the celebrated author of \* \* \* into her neighborhood. I now sought by every possible manner to establish my identity with the author; but it seemed as if she were turned to stone; and nothing escaped from her lips but—"hem"—"eo"—I thought—"how". Yet how shall I describe the deep shame which came upon me at that moment. It seems that the girl had never thought that the books which she read must have first been written. The idea of an author, a poet, was altogether strange to her; and I verily believe, that upon closer questioning, the pious, child-like faith would have come to light, that the good God made books grow up like mushrooms. In a low tone I asked again the price of the pink root? Meantime another vague idea respecting the fabrication of books arose in the mind of the girl, for when I paid her the money, she asked in a very *naïve* and unconcerned manner, whether I made all Mr. Kralow's books! Swift as an arrow I ran off with my pink.

I.—Cousin, cousin,—that I call an author's vanity punished. Yet, while you have been relating to me your tragical history, I have not lost sight of my favorite. Only by the flowers, does the demon of the kitchen leave her in full freedom. The cross kitchen governess has set her heavy market basket down on the ground, and while she sometimes crosses her fat arms over each other, sometimes when it appears to add emphasis to her conversation, throws them out from her side, she gives herself up to the indescribable pleasure of a talk with three colleagues. Their colloquy is contrary to the Bible, certainly more than yea, yea—nay, nay. See, now, what a glorious bouquet the lovely angel has chosen, and gives them to a rustic boy to carry home. How!—no, it does not quite please me, that she picks cherries out of the little basket; how will her fine cambric handkerchief, which seems to be in it, agree with fruit?

Cousin.—The youthful appetite of the moment asks not after cherry stains, for the removal of which there are salts of lemon, and other well approved household receipts; and that is the only real childish freedom which the little girl enjoys from the torments of the wicked market.

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I.—In glancing over the whole market, I remark the meal carts, over which cloth is stretched, like tents; they make a pleas-

ant sight, because they are like points of support, about which the varied mass forms itself into groups.

Cousin.—I can tell you something of a group directly the contrary to the white meal wagons and meal dusted miller boys and miller girls, each herself a *belle molinara*. I have lately been sorry to miss a family of colliers, who formerly offered their commodity for sale opposite my window, but who have now removed over to the other side. This family consists of a great robust man, with an expressive face, marked features, strong, almost violent in his motions, the very picture of the colliers whom we meet with in romances. Indeed, if I were to meet him in a lonely wood, it might chill me a little. This man forms a surprising contrast to a singularly shaped fellow, who is the second member of the family, scarcely four feet high, and a perfect burlesque. You know, cousin, there are some people very oddly built; at the first glance you would say they were hump-backed, and yet, upon closer examination, you would be at a loss to say exactly where the hump is placed.

I.—I recollect a simple remark of a witty soldier, who had much to do with one of these sports of nature, and to whom the inscrutability of the remarkable configuration was a stumbling block, "Oh, hump-back," said he, "a hump-back the man has, but where the hump is, the devil only knows."

Cousin.—Nature had intended to form a gigantic figure of some seven feet high out of my little coal burner, for this is shewn by his gigantic hands and feet, almost the largest I ever saw in my life. This little fellow, clad in a cloak with a large collar, a singular fur cap on his head, is in constant motion. With an ungraceful activity he hops and trips about, sometimes here, sometimes there, and exerts himself to play the charming, the *primo amoroso* of the market. No lady, unless she belong to the very highest rank, is allowed to pass without his tripping up to her, and with altogether inimitable postures, gestures and grimaces, offering her civilities that are probably after the taste of a coal burner. Sometimes he carries his gallantry so far, that in the course of the conversation he throws his arm around the maiden, and his cap in his hand, does homage to her beauty, or offers her his knightly service. It is remarkable that the girls not only allow this, but moreover nod kindly to the little monster, and appear to take his gallantry in very good part. The little fellow is certainly gifted with a large share of mother wit, with a decided talent for fun, and the power to display it. He is the "Pagliasso," the "Tausendsasa," the "All the world's servant" of the whole community which is inclosed in

the forest where he lives. Without him no child's baptism, no wedding party, no tavern dance, or any kind of merry-making can take place. His jokes give pleasure, and are laughed at the year round. The rest of the family consists, beside the children and sundry maids, who are left at home, only of two women of robust figure, and dark, gloomy appearance, which the coal dust sticking close to the wrinkles in their faces, may help to give them. The tender attachment of them all to a great dog, with whom the family share every bit which they themselves enjoy during market hours, shows me moreover that things go very honestly, and after the patriarchal fashion, in the coal huts. The little man has the strength of a giant, on which account the family make use of him to transport the bags of coal to the houses of the purchasers. I have often seen him, loaded by the women with at least ten great baskets, heaped one above the other on his back, and he would hop away with them as if he felt no burden. From behind, his form looked as odd and remarkable as any thing which can be imagined; as may be supposed, nothing of the real figure of the little fellow could be perceived, but only a monstrous coal sack, from beneath which a pair of feet had grown out. He looked like a fabulous animal, a kind of storied Kangaroo, hopping over the market.

I.—See, see, cousin! there by the church is a riot. Two vegetable women have apparently fallen into a quarrel respecting the *Meum* and *Tuum*; they seem, with their arms planted on their sides, to be making fierce speeches. The people are running—a close circle shuts in the contending parties; their voices grow higher and more angry; they cut the air with their arms more and more vehemently; approach each other more nearly—it will certainly come to blows; the police officers are making their way there:—how? I perceive suddenly a number of glazed hats between the combatants; in a moment the old women, the vegetable venders are softened—the quarrel is ended without help of the police; the women return quietly to their vegetable baskets: the people, who sometimes, during the more critical moments of the quarrel, gave proof of their sympathy by loud shouts, have dispersed.

Cousin.—You observe, dear cousin, that during the whole of the long time which we have spent here at the window, this has been the only quarrel which has arisen in the market, and this was settled by the people themselves. Even a more serious, threatening quarrel is generally checked in this way by the people, who press between the contending parties and reconcile them. On a former market day, there stood be-

tween the meat and fruit shops, a great ragged fellow, of a rude, savage appearance, who began to quarrel with the butcher boys as they passed. He struck a blow with the great club which he had thrown over his shoulder like a gun, at a boy, which would have infallibly knocked him to the ground, had he not artfully dodged it, and sprang into his shop, when he armed himself with a great butcher's axe, and made an attempt to strike the fellow with it. Appearances indicated that the thing would end in murder and deadly strife, and the criminal law would be put in activity. The fruit women, for the most part strong and well-fed persons, found themselves pledged to embrace the butcher's boy, which they did so affectionately and strongly that he could not stir from the spot: he stood there with his weapon raised high in the air, as it says in a pathetic speech of the rude Pyrrhus:—"Like a pictured tyrant, and as it were impartial between power and will, he did nothing." Meantime other women, faggot binders, shoeblack boys, &c., surrounding the fellow, summoned the police to come and take possession of him. He appeared to me to be a criminal escaped from justice.

I.—There seems to prevail among the people a spirit for preserving order, which can have none but the very best consequences.

\* \* \* \* \*

The crowd had diminished more and more. The market had become more and more empty. The vegetable merchants packed their baskets in part into carts which were passing by, and part they carried off themselves. The meal carts drove off. The flower women placed their remaining floral treasures in large carts. The police were more busy in keeping the rows of wagons in order, and this order was never broken except now and then when a schismatic young rustic took pleasure in following his own new Behrings straits directly across the square, and to take his bold course between the fruit shop opposite and the door of the German church. This caused many screams, and much inconvenience to the too genial driver of the wagon.

"This market," said my cousin, "is a faithful picture of an ever changing life. Activity, the wants of the moment, draws the mass of men together;—in a few moments all is empty. The voices which, in a confused tumult have mingled together, have ceased, and the forsaken spot says fearfully, and with but too much force,—'*It was!*'"

A clock struck:—the melancholy invalid came into the cabinet and said with a long face, that his master must now leave the window and eat, or his food would be cold.

"Have you then an appetite, my dear



cousin?" I asked. "Oh yes," answered he, with a sad smile, "you will see I have."

The invalid rolled him into his room. The food was prepared, and consisted of a moderate sized soup plate filled with meat broth, a slack boiled egg, placed upright in salt, and half a biscuit.

"A single bit more," said my cousin in a low and sad tone, while he pressed my hand, the smallest piece of the most digestible meat would put me into the most horrible torment, deprive me of all the comfort of life, and extinguish the last spark of good

humor which now and then gleams out.\*"

I pointed to the paper placed on the bed screen, while I threw myself on my cousin's heart and embraced him tenderly.

"Yes, cousin," cried he, with a voice which pierced through my innermost soul, and filled it with heart rending sorrow, — "yes, cousin:

"*Et si male nunc, non olim sic erit!*"

My poor cousin!

\* Hoffmann's own state at that time.

### A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN CUBA.

It was in the year 182-, and one of those stifling days, when the very air of the tropics seems too hot to breathe, and almost scorches as you inhale it, that the good brig Sylph, to which I was then attached, swept into the harbor of Havana, and dropped anchor in the midst of a most motley fleet, which was then and there congregated from nearly every nation under the sun. My older brother was captain of the brig. I was a youngster of less than eighteen, but had seen considerable service before. I was ranked on the shipping papers as an "able seaman," and, although perhaps I ought not to say it, I could at that time hand, reef and steer my trick with the best man that ever stood at a wheel. The brig was a beautiful vessel, and sailed like a witch. We had been on the same voyage before, and besides lighter armament, for certain reasons we had a couple of four-pound barkers on the quarter deck, ready to be run out whenever occasion required it.

I was saying it was in the year 182-, a year memorable for the many piracies perpetrated in those seas by those ferocious wretches who so wantonly sacrificed the life of many a noble fellow, in the execution of their infamous purposes, and whose many brutal enormities committed upon the young, and beautiful, and defenceless, have filled the lonely sea with shrieks, which God only heard with pitying ear, and which He, in his own good time, will doubtless amply avenge. A horrible notoriety had attached itself to the name of Cape St. Antonio, round which the ugly craft of these atrocious villains lurked, though it was whispered that they did not scruple to walk

at noon-day in the very streets of Havana, and there often obtained the information which led to the frequent success of their infamous expeditions. We had trusted, however, very much to the "long legs" of our light and beautiful vessel, and had besides, the means, and we hoped the spirit to stand a pretty good pull with any of the smaller craft, at least, should any such see fit to attack us. The newspapers, for a long time before we sailed, had been full of the details of transactions like those to which I have alluded. We had talked over these things on our outward passage, in our watches on deck and sometimes below, and had often imagined how we should behave, in case we should fall in with any thing whose force was not so very far superior to our own as to render it madness to resist. Among the rest, I remember there was no one braver on these occasions than an ordinary seaman, named *Scales*; whether in any way related to the famous *John o' the Scales*, in the old ballad, I have never to this day been able to ascertain. He was not much of a sailor, even for an ordinary one, having come in from the country, and learned all he knew of the art of seamanship in the course of one or two fishing voyages of no very long duration. At any rate, he talked very large indeed, upon occasion of these conversations about the pirates, and sneered at them as cowardly wretches, whom the first show of resistance would appal and beat off.

"Let 'em come on," said he, "and if they are not more than three or four to one, we'll soon shew 'em who's the best at a close hug. Who cares, I should like to know,

for their black beards, and red caps, and long knives? Such cruel devils are always devilish cowards. Let 'em try to board us, if they dare, and give me a good setting-pole,\* and I'd knock 'em over the gunwale as I would frightened fowls from a hen-roost."

The older sailors laughed, and sometimes quizzed him unmercifully; but I confess, that, from hearing him so often speak in this way, I had conceived a high opinion of the daring and courage of Scales, and determined, in the event of any emergency, to keep as close in his wake as possible.

My brother, the Captain, but a few years older than myself, was a man of as great boldness, nerve, and force of character, as I have ever known. On one or two occasions, he overheard these *bravados* of our messmate, Scales; for, although every necessary degree of discipline was strictly maintained in the ship, yet when a man undertakes to set up his own prowess, he is apt to do so in a tone sufficiently distinct to attract observation.

"Let me hear none of that talk there forward," said the Captain; I hope we shall meet no pirates; I know them too well, and desire none of their company.—If we do fall in with them, we shall then see who is the best man. In the mean time, I trust more to Providence, and the good brig, than any thing else, and mean to keep out of harm's way as far as possible. Send the watch up and have the light sails set, Mr. Handy; we'll give her a good full, and see if we can't walk away from danger, before there is any chance of its overhauling us."

In this way we had a short and pleasant run to our port of destination; and, although we kept a bright look-out, we never had even the most distant glimpse of a suspicious sail. I have said that the harbour of Havana was full of every description of vessels, Spaniards, Dutchmen, Englishmen, French and American. Some had just arrived, others were ready for sea, and some, I verily believe, were actually afraid to sail, unless under convoy, or in pretty strong-handed company, bound on the same course. There were lying at anchor, among the rest, two or three "long, low, black," ugly looking schooners, which nobody appeared to know any thing about. They neither took in nor discharged cargo,—but seemed like "loafers from parts unknown," among the busy throng by which they were surrounded. We found plenty of our acquaintances in port, and although we had not as yet much opportunity for conversation, we soon discovered that they had new horrors enough to communicate.—

\* An instrument used on board fishing vessels.

Amongst other things it was said, that, in the very harbour itself, a Spanish ship had been boarded a few nights before, rifled of a large amount of specie, and several of her crew murdered; and that the perpetrators of this daring outrage had escaped, without leaving the slightest clue to their detection. It is not surprising that these things should have wrought upon our imaginations. Indeed the excitement on all hands was immense, and we only shared in the general feeling.

The day continued hot and oppressive, and before the evening breeze set in, without which the climate would be absolutely unendurable, we had rigged an awning on the fore-castle, to keep off the night-dews, proposing, as is usual, to sleep in our blankets, on deck. The accommodations aft, however, were respectable enough to enable the captain and mates to take up their quarters below. The sea-breeze, with its freshening and enlivening breath, had long since ruffled the placid and golden wave. The noisy port had become comparatively quiet. Now and then, some swiftly-dipping oars betokened the return of the captain of some of our neighbors from the town. Officers lounged on the quarter-deck, inhaling the delicious air, and assisting their speculations upon the prices of outward and homeward cargoes, with that fragrant herb, which seems such an absolute necessary of the enervating and drowsy climate; and sailors, collected forward, with many a long-spun yarn filled up the moments of their sacred hour. The principal, if not the only subject of conversation with us that night was, the stories we had heard during the day, and particularly the murderous attack on the Spanish vessel, under the very eye of the police, and in bold defiance of the military government of the island. As usual, Scales took the lead in the discussion of these topics, and my confidence in his resources continued unabated. But even sailors finally get tired of talking, and one by one, our tired crew dropped into the embraces of the drowsy god. For my own part, my position was near the starboard bow port, which, with the others, was left open for the benefit of the free circulation of the air. Lying upon the deck, wrapped in my blanket and gazing upwards under the awning to the stars, my thoughts occasionally reverted homewards, as I reflected upon the hardships and evil chances of a sailor's life. The subject of our evening's conversation, however, was uppermost in my thoughts, as I finally fell asleep only to renew my speculations still more vividly in my dreams. I imagined the brig at sea under press of sail, and closely pursued by a clipper-built lugger, which seemed to have

somewhat the advantage of us in point of sailing. We had made almost superhuman efforts to escape, and had manfully plied our two four-pounders, inflicting occasional but not very serious injury, upon the spars and hull of our enemy. They had repaired these damages with great alacrity, and we could easily distinguish, as she neared us, the significant emblems on the ominous black flag hoisted at her main, and the savage countenances and red shirts of the impatient crowd upon her decks.—Still it seemed, if we could but get round a point of land not far distant, we should be in comparative safety; and the chances were yet not very desperate, when an unlucky shot from one of her bow-chasers struck our foretopmast amidships, just above the cross-trees, and brought it with a thundering crash, end on to the deck, within a foot of the place where I was standing. Every hope was now gone.—The effort to spring from the neighborhood of the shattered spar, and the noise of its fall awoke me from my excited sleep. The first sight that greeted my eyes was a shaggy, hatless head, glaring through the port-hole, close to where I was lying. The hands of the owner were upon the vessel's side, and he was evidently on the point of springing on board from the boat beneath. How many companions he had I knew not; but the thought of the Spanish ship and of my own imminent peril, flashed like lightning on my mind. The suddenness of the transaction deprived me of the power or thought of speech. I had no weapon at hand, nor an instant's time for reflection. But necessity is proverbially fertile in expedients. Quick as thought I was on my feet, and seizing my blanket by the ends with both hands, I made the bite of it fly across the intruder's face and eyes, with a rapidity and effect far beyond the power of adequate expression. Indeed, so effective was the discipline of the blanket, across the mouth of our friend, the pirate, as fairly to take his breath away; and although it was evident he made various efforts to speak, it was impossible for him to utter an articulate syllable. But this could not last long. The excitement of my condition, as well as my incessant exertions, were fast exhausting my strength, and the perspiration streamed from every pore of my body. On the other hand, no doubt the current was sweeping the boat from under the feet of my opponent, and it behoved him to free himself from his unpleasant predicament as quickly as possible. At length by one strong effort, he threw himself on deck, and, at the same moment, grasped me powerfully by the arms. He screamed out something, I knew not what, in a choked and broken

voice. I gave all up for lost. There was evident scrambling about the decks. I supposed his gang were close behind him. I felt his knife plunging into my side, and fell breathless and senseless upon the deck.

I could have remained in this condition but for a moment or two; for when I again opened my eyes, there was a confused sound about me of loud voices and stamping of feet; the captain was running forward with cutlass and pistols in his hands, and the mates, also armed, were close at his heels. The crew were coming down from the rigging and various other places of refuge, and one of them was lifting me in his arms and chafing my temples with his hand. At first I started at his resemblance to the supposed pirate; but soon recognised him as Jack Holiday, one of the best and heartiest of our foremast hands.

"Harry, Harry," said he, "what is the matter with you? What the devil got into you to beat me about so with your infernal blanket? You almost knocked the very breath out of my body!"

"Was that you, Jack!" cried I, (jumping on my feet as though a mountain had been lifted from my bosom, and feeling my side, as the sudden thought of the knife crossed my mind) "and was there then no pirate after all?"

"Pirate!" said he, "Good Heavens! There are no pirates here, I hope, but what are in your imagination."

"What is the matter, then," cried the captain, "and what is all this foolish rumpus about?"

The story was soon told. It seems that Holliday had conceived the idea of visiting one of his messmates, who belonged to a vessel lying at no great distance from us, and not choosing to ask leave, in order to avoid observation had taken the jolly-boat quietly after dark and sculled away upon his expedition. He had returned late, and as silently as possible, but when he reached the brig, the force of the current had driven the boat's bows against the vessel's side. This was the noise which had awakened me from my uneasy sleep, and the appearance of Holliday's head immediately afterwards through the open port, had thus aroused my fears and occasioned all the terror and confusion which ensued.

In the mean time the disturbance was by no means confined to our own vessel. The idea of pirates was upon every mind; and the tumult thus occurring at the dead hour of night, spread on the wings of the wind. We could hear the mustering on board of the various craft throughout the harbor, the *sacres* and *santissima trinidad* strins, John Bull's national imprecation, and the hoarse *donner* and *blitzen* from the clumsy galliots,

which had somehow or other contrived to get there from what used to be the dominions of their High Mightinesses, the States General! The echo flew from one ship to another till it died away into the far distance. The city itself roused with the unwonted sound. The drums beat to arms in its garrisons, and the watchful sentinel on the ramparts of the distant and gloomy Moro, heard its last reverberations, and paused and listened on "his lonely round." But all at length became again quiet, and, with hearts relieved from the unusual agitations of the occasion, we once more addressed ourselves to sleep.

I forgot to mention that, after we had begun to get somewhat composed, happening to cast my eye into the main rigging, I saw our friend Scales jump out of it

on deck, with an air at once of defiance and generous enthusiasm for the various interests likely to require his interference for their defence. He came forward with great alacrity, and seizing a handspike which one of the crew had dropped, flourished it with infinite spirit round his head, and cried with a commanding tone—"Where *are* these pirates? If there are any here, let them come on!"

A shout of laughter was the reply of the crew, in which I could not help joining, though scarcely yet recovered from the agitations which had overwhelmed me; but, after that night, I will do Scales the justice to say, that I never heard him voluntarily allude to the subject again.

L.

## STANZAS,

IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF COWLEY.

One minute was enough to catch  
A fever of the soul from thee.  
To see thee merely as the fowl that snatch  
Their flying banquet from the sea.

Oh lips too delicate for kissing!  
Oh contradictory—sweet looks!  
Bashful yet brave—inviting and dismissing,  
More mystic than Sibylla's books.

Oh eyes where transient gleams appear  
Stray flashes parted from the sun,  
Which wandering—missed their native sphere,  
So settled in a kindred one.

One minute was enough I say  
To free me from the Stoic school,  
Most philosophical for years—to-day  
No wiser than a bedlam fool.

Thus little nymphs who go to pick  
Ripe berries for their morn's repast,  
Light on some spot where buttercups grow thick,  
And for a silly nosegay—fast.

CUCULLUS.

## THE SOUTH AMERICAN EDITOR.

It is now more than six years since I received the following letter from an old classmate of mine, Harry Barry, who had been studying divinity, and was then a settled minister. It was an answer to a communication I had sent him the week before.

"TOPSHAM, R. I. Jan. 22, 1836.

"To say the truth, my dear George, your letter startled me a little. To think that I, scarcely six months settled in the profession, should be admitted so far into the romance of it as to unite forever two young runaways like yourself and Miss Julia Whats-her-name, is at least curious. But, to give you your due, you have made a strong case of it, and as Miss ——— (what is her name, I have not yours at hand) is not under any real guardianship, I do not see but I am perfectly justified in complying with your rather odd request. You see I make a conscientious matter of it.

"Write me word when it shall be, and I will be sure to be ready;—Jane is of course in my counsels, and she will make your little wife feel as much at home as in her father's parlor. Trust us for secrecy.

"I met last week ———," but the rest of the letter has nothing to do with the story.

The elopement alluded to in it, (if the little transaction deserves so high sounding a name) was, in every sense of the words, strictly necessary. Julia Wentworth had resided for years with her grandfather, a pragmatic old gentleman, to whom from pure affection she had long yielded an obedience which he would have had no right to extort, and which he was sometimes disposed to abuse. He had declared in the most ingenuous manner that she should never marry with his consent any man of less fortune than her own would be: and on his consent rested the prospect of her inheriting his property. Julia and I, however, care little for money now, we cared still less then, and her own little property and my own little salary, made us esteem ourselves entirely independent of the old gentleman and his will. His intention respecting the poor girl's marriage, was thundered in her ears at least once a week, so that we both knew that I had no need to make court to him,—indeed I had never seen him, always having met her in walking, or in the evening at party, spectacle, concert or lecture. He had lately been more domineering than usual, and I had

but little difficulty in persuading the dear girl to let me write to Harry Barry, to make the arrangement, to which he assented, in the letter which I have copied above. The reasoning which I pressed upon her is obvious. We loved each other,—the old gentleman could not help that, and as he managed to make us very uncomfortable in Boston, in the existing state of affairs, we naturally came to the conclusion that the sooner we changed that state the better.—Our excursion to Topsham would, we supposed, prove a very disagreeable business to him, but we knew it would result very agreeably for us, and so, though with a good deal of maidenly compunction and grand-daughterly compassion on Julia's part, we out-voted him.

I have said that I had no fortune to enable me to come near the old gentleman's beau ideal of a grandson-in-law. I was then living on my salary as a South American editor. Does the reader know what that is? The South American editor of a newspaper has the uncontrolled charge of its South American news. Read any important commercial paper for a month, and at the end of it tell me if you have any clear conception of the condition of the various republics (!) of South America.—If you have, it is because that journal employs an individual for the sole purpose of setting them in the clearest order before you—and that individual is its South American editor. The general news editor of the paper will keep the run of all the details of all the histories of all the rest of the world, but he hardly attempts this in addition. If he does, he fails. It is therefore necessary from the most cogent reasons that any American news office which has a strong regard for the consistency or truth of its South American intelligence, shall employ some person competent to take the charge which I held in the establishment of the Boston Daily Argus, at the time of which I am speaking. Before that enterprising paper was sold, I was its "South America man";—this being my only employment, excepting that by a special agreement, in consideration of an addition to my salary, I was engaged to attend to the news from St. Domingo, Guatemala and Mexico.\*

\* I do not know that this explanation is at all clear. Let me, as the mathematicians say, give an instance, which will illustrate the importance of this profession. It is now a few months since I

Monday afternoon, just a fortnight after I received Harry Barry's letter, in taking

received the following note from a distinguished member of the Cabinet:

*Washington, Jan. —, 1842.*

DEAR SIR,—We are in a little trouble about a little thing. There are now in this city no less than three gentlemen bearing credentials to Government as *Chargés* from the Republic of Oronoco. They are, of course, accredited from three several home Governments. The President signified, when the first arrived, that he would receive the *Chargé* from that Government, on the second prox., but none of us know who the right *Chargé* is. The newspapers tell nothing satisfactory about it.—I suppose you know—can you write me word before the 2nd.

The gentlemen are—Dr. Estremadura, accredited from the 'Constitutional Government,'—his credentials are dated the 2nd of November;—Don Paulo Vibeira, of the 'Friends of the People,'—5th of November; M. Antonio de Vesga, 'Constitution of 1823,'—October 27th. They attach great importance to our decision; each having scrip to sell. In haste, truly yours, —.

To this letter I returned the following reply:—

SIR,—Our latest dates from Oronoco are to the 13th ult. The "Constitution of '23" was then in full power. If, however, the policy of our Government be to recognize the gentleman whose principals shall be in office on the second prox., it is a very different affair.

You may not be acquainted with the formulas for ascertaining the duration of any given modern revolution. I now use the following, which I find almost exactly correct:

Multiply the age of the President by the number of statute miles from the equator, divide by the number of pages in the given Constitution; the result will be the length of the outbreak, in days. This formula includes, as you will see, an allowance for the heat of the climate, the zeal of the leader, and the verbosity of the theorists. The Constitution of 1823 was proclaimed on the 25th of October last. If you will give the above formula into the hands of any of your Clerks, the calculation from it will show that that Government will go out of power on the first of Feb., at 25 minutes after 1, P. M. Your choice, on the second, must be therefore between Vibeira and Estremadura;—here you will have no difficulty. Bohadil (Vibeira's principal) was, on the 13th ult., confined under sentence of death, at such a distance from the capital that he cannot possibly escape and get into power before the 2nd of February. The "Friends of the People," in Oronoco, have always moved slowly,—they never got up an insurrection in less than nineteen days' canvassing;—that was in 1839. Generally, they are even longer. Of course, Estremadura will be your man.

Believe me, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
GEORGE HACKMATAK.

The Cabinet had the good sense to act on my advice. My information proved nearly correct, the only error being one of seven minutes in the downfall of the 1823 Constitution. This arose from my making no allowance for difference of longitude between Piaut, where their Government was established, and Opee, where it was crushed. The difference of time between those places, is six minutes and fifty-three seconds, as the reader may see on a globe.

Estremadura was, of course, presented to the President, and sold his scrip.

my afternoon walk round the common I happened to meet Julia. I always walked in the same direction, when I was alone. Julia always preferred to go the other way;—it was the only thing in which we differed;—when we were together, I always went her way of course, and liked it best. I had told her long before all about Harry's letter, and the dear girl in this walk after a little blushing, and sighing, and half faltering and half hesitating and feeling uncertain, yielded to my last and warmest persuasions, and agreed to go to Mrs. Pollexfen's ball that evening, ready to leave it with me in my buggy sleigh, for a three hours' ride to Topsham, where, as we both knew, Harry would be waiting for us. I do not know how she managed to get through tea that evening with her lion of a grandfather, for she could not then cover her tearful eyes with a veil, as she did through the last half of our walk together. I know that I got through my tea and such like ordinary affairs by skipping them. I made all my arrangements, bade Gage & Streeter be ready with the sleigh, at my lodgings (fortunately only two doors from Mrs. Pollexfen's) at 9 1-2 o'clock, and was the highest spirited of men when—on returning to those lodgings myself at 8 o'clock, I found the following missives from the Argus office, which had been accumulating through the afternoon.

No. I.

4 o'clock, P. M.

DEAR SIR,—The Southern mail, just in, brings Buenos Ayres papers six days later, by the Medora, at Baltimore. In haste, J. C.

(Mr. C. was the gentleman who opened the newspapers, and arranged the deaths and marriages; he always kindly sent for me when I was out of the way.)

No. II.

5 o'clock, P. M.

DEAR SIR,—The U. S. ship Preble is in at Portsmouth, latest from Valparaiso. The mail is not sorted. Yours, J. D.

(Mr. D. arranged the Ship News, for the Argus.)

No. III.

6 o'clock, P. M.

DEAR SIR,—I boarded, this morning, off Cape Cod, the Blunderhead, from Carthage, and have a week's later papers. Truly yours, J. E.

(Mr. E. was the enterprising commodore of our news-boats.)

No. IV.

6 1-4 o'clock, P. M.

DEAR SIR,—I have just opened, accidentally, the enclosed letter, from our correspondent at Panama. You will see that it bears a New Orleans post-mark. I hope it may prove exclusive. Yours, J. F.

(Mr. F. was the general Editor of the Argus.)

No. V.

6 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

DEAR SIR,—A seaman, who appears to be an intelligent man, has arrived this morning, at New Bedford, and says that he has later news of the rebellion in Ecuador, than any published. The

Rosina (his vessel) brought no papers. I bade him call at your room, at 8 o'clock, which he promised to do. Truly yours, J. G.

(Mr. G. was Clerk in the Argus counting-room.)

No. VI.

7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

DEAR SIR,—The papers by the Ville de Lyon, from Havre, which I have just received, mention the reported escape of M. Bonpland from Paraguay, the presumed death of Dr. Francia, the probable overthrow of the government, the possible establishment of a Republic, and—a great deal more than I understand in the least.

These papers had not come to hand when I wrote you this afternoon. I have left them on your desk, at the office. In haste, J. F.

I was taken aback by this mass of odd looking little notes. I had spent the afternoon in drilling Singleton, the kindest of friends, as to what he should do in any probable contingency of news of the next forty-eight hours, for I did not intend to be absent on a wedding tour even, longer than that time, but I felt that Singleton was entirely unequal to such a storm of intelligence as this, and as I hurried down to the office, my chief sensation was that of gratitude that the cloud had broken before I was out of the way, for I knew I could do a great deal in an hour, and I had faith that I might slur over my digest as quickly as possible, and be at Mrs. P.'s within the time arranged.

I rushed into the office in that state of zeal in which a man may do anything in almost no time. But first I had to go into the conversation room, and get the oral news from my sailor, then Mr. H. from one of the little news boats, came to me in high glee, with some Venezuela Gazettes, which he had just extorted from a skipper, who, with great plausibility, told him that he knew his vessel had brought no news, for she never had before;—(N. B.—In this instance she was the only vessel to sail, after a three months' blockade;) and then I had handed to me by Mr. J., one of the commercial gentlemen, a private letter from Rio Janeiro, which had been lent him.—After these delays, with full materials, I sprang to work;—read, read, read; wonder, wonder, wonder; guess, guess, guess; scratch, scratch, scratch and scribble, scribble, scribble, make the only transcript I can give of the operations which followed. At first several of the other gentlemen in the room, sat around me, but soon Mr. C. having settled the deaths and marriages, and the police and municipal reporters immediately after him, screwed out their lamps and went home; then the editor himself; then the legislative reporters; then the commercial editors; then the ship news conductors; and left me alone. I envied them that they got through so much earlier than usual, but scratched on, only interrupted by

the compositors coming in for the pages of my copy as I finished them; and finally, having made my last translation from the last "*Boletin Extraordinario*," sprung up, shouting "Now for Mrs. P.'s," and looked at my watch:—it was half past one! I thought of course it had stopped—no; and my last MS. page was numbered 28!—Had I been writing there five hours?

Yes.

Reader, when you are an editor, with a continent's explosions to describe, you will understand how one may be unconscious of the passage of time.

I walked home sad at heart. There was no light in all Mr. Wentworth's house,—there was none in any of Mrs. Pollexfen's windows; and the last carriage of her last relation had left her door. I stumbled up stairs in the dark, and threw myself on my bed. What should I say—what could I say to Julia? Thus pondering I fell asleep.

If I were writing a novel, I should say that at a late hour the next day, I listlessly drew aside the azure curtains of my couch, and languidly rang a silver bell which stood on my dressing table, and received from a page, dressed in an oriental costume, the notes and letters which had been left for me since morning, and the newspapers of the day.

I am not writing a novel.

The next morning, about ten o'clock, I arose and went down to breakfast. As I sat at the littered table which every one else had left, dreading to attack my cold coffee and toast, I caught sight of the morning papers, and received some little consolation from them. There was the *Argus*, with its three columns and a half of "Important from South America," while none of the other papers had a square of any intelligibility excepting what they had copied from the *Argus* of the day before. I felt a grim smile creeping over my face as I observed this signal triumph of our paper, and ventured to take a sip of the black broth as I glanced down my own article to see if there were any glaring misprints in it. Before I took the second sip, however, a loud peal at the door bell announced a stranger, and immediately after, a note was brought in for me which I knew was in Julia's handwriting;—

"Tuesday morning.

"DEAR GEORGE,—Don't be angry—It was not my fault,—really it was not. Grandfather came home just as I was leaving last night, and was so angry, and said I should not go to the party, and I had to sit with him all the evening. Do write to me, or let me see you; do something —."

What a load that note took off my mind! And yet, what must the poor girl have suffered! Could the old man suspect?—Singleton was true to me as steel, I knew;—he could not have whispered—nor Barry;—but that Jane, Barry's wife: oh women! women! What news-mongers they are! Here were Julia and I, made miserable for life perhaps, merely that Jane Barry might have a good story to tell. What right had Barry to a wife?—Not four years out of college, and hardly settled in his parish, to think that I had been fool enough to trust even him with the particulars of my all important secret. But here I was again interrupted, coffee cup still full, toast still untasted, by another missive.

"Tuesday morning.

"Sir,—I wish to see you this morning. Will you call upon me, or appoint a time and place where I may meet you?

"Yours, JEDEDIAH WENTWORTH.

"Send word by the bearer."

"Tell Mr. Wentworth I will call at his house at 11 o'clock."

The cat was certainly out; Mrs. Barry had told, or some one else had, who, I did not know, and hardly cared;—the scene was to come now, and I was almost glad of it. Poor Julia! What a time she must have had with the old bear.

At eleven o'clock I was ushered into Mr. W.'s sitting room. Julia was there, but before I had even spoken to her, the old gentleman came bustling across the room, with his "Mr. Hackmatack, I suppose," and then followed a formal introduction between me and her, which both us bore with the most praiseworthy fortitude and composure, neither evincing even by a glance, that we had ever seen or heard of each other before. Here was another weight off my mind and Julia's. I had wronged poor Mrs. Barry: the secret was not out—what could he want? It very soon appeared.

After a minute's discussion of the weather, the snow, and the thermometer, the old gentleman drew up his chair to mine, with "I think, sir, you are connected with the Argus office?"

"Yes sir; I am its South American editor."

"Yes!" roared the old man, in a sudden rage—"Sir, I wish South America was sunk in the depths of the sea!"

"I am sure I do, sir," replied I, glancing at Julia, who did not, however, understand me. I had not fully passed out of my last night's distress. My sympathizing zeal soothed the old gentleman a little, and he said more coolly in an under tone, "Well

sir, you are well informed, no doubt; tell me, in strict secrecy, sir, between you and me, do you—do you place full credit,—entire confidence in the intelligence in this morning's paper?"

"Excuse me, sir,—what paper do you allude to?—Ah, the Argus, I see. Certainly, sir; I have not the least doubt that it is perfectly correct."

"No doubt, sir! Do you mean to insult me? Julia, I told you so;—he says there is no doubt it is true:—tell me again there is some mistake, will you?" The poor girl had been trying to soothe him with the constant remark of uninformed people, that the newspapers are always in the wrong. He turned from her, and rose from his chair in a positive rage. She was half crying. I never saw her more distressed. What did this all mean?—were one, two, or all of us crazy?

It soon appeared. After pacing the length of the room once or twice, Wentworth came up to me again, and attempting to appear cool, said between his closed lips,— "Do you say you have no doubt that Rio Janeiro is strictly blockaded?"

"Not the slightest in the world," said I, trying to seem unconcerned.

"Not the slightest, sir? What are you so impudent and cool about it for? Do you think you are talking of the opening of a rose bud, or the death of a musquito? Have you no sympathy with the sufferings of a fellow creature? Why sir!" and the old man's teeth chattered as he spoke, "I have five cargoes of flour on their way to Rio, and their captains will ——— damn it, sir, I shall lose the whole venture."

The secret was out. The old fool had been sending flour to Rio, knowing as little of the state of affairs there as a child.

"And do you really mean, sir," continued the old man, "that there is an embargo in force in Monte Video?"

"Certainly, sir, but I'm very sorry for it." "Sorry for it! of course you are:—and that all foreigners are sent out of Buenos Ayres?"

"Undoubtedly sir;—I wish ———"

"Who does not wish so? Why sir, my corresponding partners there are half across the sea by this time.—I wish Rosas was in —and that the Indians have risen near Maranham?"

"Undoubtedly sir."

"Undoubtedly! I tell you, sir, I have two vessels waiting for cargoes of India rubbers there under a blunderheaded captain, who will do nothing he has not been bidden to:—obey his orders if he breaks his owners. You smile sir? Why I should have made thirty thousand dollars this winter, sir, by my India rubbers, if we had not had this devilish mild, open weather, you



and Miss Julia there have been praising so But next winter must be a severe one, and with those India rubbers I should have made —, but now these Indians — pshaw! — And a revolution in Chili?

"Yes sir."

"No trade there! And in Venezuela?"

"Yes sir."

"Yes sir, yes sir, yes sir, yes sir! Sir, I am ruined; — say 'yes sir,' to that. I have thirteen vessels at this moment in the South American trade, sir, say 'yes sir,' to that. Half of them will be taken by the piratical scoundrels, — say 'yes sir,' to that: their insurance will not cover them, — say 'yes sir,' to that: the other half will forfeit their cargoes, or sell them for next to nothing, — say 'yes sir,' to that. I tell you I am a ruined man, and I wish South America, and your daily Argus, and you —"

Here the old gentleman's old-school breeding got the better of his rage, and he sank down in his arm-chair, and bursting into tears, said, "Excuse me, sir; excuse me, sir; I am too warm."

We all sat for a few moments in silence; but then I took my share of the conversation. I wish you could have seen the old man's face light up little by little, as I showed him that to a person who understood the politics and condition of the mercurial country with which he had ignorantly attempted to trade, his condition was not near so bad as he thought it; that though one port was blockaded, another was opened; that though one revolution thwarted him, a few weeks would show another which would favor him; that the goods which, as he saw, would be worthless at the port to which he had sent them, would be valuable elsewhere; that the vessels which would fail in securing the cargoes he had ordered, could secure others; that the very revolutions and wars which troubled him, would require in some instances, large government purchases, perhaps large contracts for freight, possibly even for passage, his vessels might be used for transports; that the very excitement of some districts, might be made to turn to our advantage; that, in short, there were a thousand chances open to him, which skilful agents would readily improve. I reminded him that a quick run in a clipper schooner, could carry directions to half these skippers of his, to whom, with an infatuation which I could not, and cannot conceive, he had left no discretion, and who indeed were to be pardoned if they could use none, seeing the tumult as they did, with only half an eye. I talked to him for half an hour, and went into details to show that my plans were not impracticable. The old gentlemen grew brighter and brighter, and Julia, as I saw whenever I stole a glance across the room,

felt happier and happier. The poor girl had had a hard time since he first heard this news whispered the evening before.

His difficulties were not over, however, for when I talked to him of the necessity of sending out one or two skilful agents immediately to take the personal superintendence of his complicated affairs, the old man sighed, and said he had no skilful agents to send. With his customary suspicion he had no partners, and had never entrusted his clerks with any general insight into his business. Besides, he considered them all, like his captains, blunderheaded to the last degree. I believe it was an idea of Julia's, communicated to me in an eager entreating glance, which induced me to propose myself as one of these confidential agents, and to be responsible for the other. I thought, as I spoke, of Singleton, to whom I knew I could explain my plans in full, and whose mercantile experience would make him a valuable coadjutor. The old gentleman accepted my offer eagerly; — I told him that twenty-four hours were all I wanted to prepare myself. He immediately took measures for the charter of two little clipper schooners which lay in port then, and before two days were past, Singleton and I were on our voyage to South America. Imagine, if you can, how those two days were spent. Then, as now, I could prepare for any journey in twenty minutes, and of course, I had no little time at my disposal for last words with Mr. and — Miss Wentworth. How I won on the old gentleman's heart in those two days! How he praised me to Julia, and then, in a natural affection, how he praised her to me! And how Julia and I smiled through our tears, when, in the last goodbyes he said he was too old to write or read any but business letters, and charged me and her to keep up a close correspondence, which on one side should tell all that I saw and did, and on the other hand, remind me of all at home.

I have neither time nor room to give the details of that South American expedition. I have no right to. There were revolutions accomplished in those days without any object in the world's eyes; and, even in mine, only serving to sell certain cargoes of long cloths and flour. The details of those outbreaks now told, would make some patriotic presidents tremble in their seats; and I have no right to betray confidence at whatever rate I purchased it. Usually, indeed, my feats and Singleton's were only the obtaining the best information, and communicating the most speedy instructions to Mr. Wentworth's vessels, which were made to move from port to port with a rapidity and intricacy of movement, which none be-

sides us two understood in the least. It was in that expedition, that I travelled almost alone across the continent: I was, I think, the first white man who ever passed through the mountain path of Xamaulipas, now so famous in all the Chilian picturesque annals.—I was carrying directions for some vessels which had gone round the Cape:—and what a time Burrows, and Wheatland, and I had, a week after, when we rode into the public square of Valparaiso, shouting "*Muera la Constitucion,—Viva Libertad!*"—by our own unassisted lungs actually raising a rebellion, and, which was of more importance, a prohibition on foreign flour, while Bahamarra and his army were within a hundred miles of us!—How those vessels came up the harbor, and how we unloaded them, knowing that at best our revolution could only last five days! But as I said, I must be careful, or I shall be telling other people's secrets.

The result of that expedition was that those thirteen vessels all made good outward voyages, and all but one or two, eventually made profitable home voyages. When I returned home, the old gentleman received me with open arms. I had rescued, as he said, a large share of that fortune which

he valued so highly: to say the truth, I felt and feel that he had planned his voyages so blindly, that without some wiser head than his, they would never have resulted in any thing. They were his last, as they were almost his first South American ventures. He returned to his old course of more methodical trading, for the few remaining years of his life. They were, thank heaven, the only taste of mercantile business which I ever had. Living as I did, in the very sunshine of Mr. Wentworth's favor. I went through the amusing farce of paying my addresses to Julia in approved form, and in due time received the old gentleman's cordial assent to our union, and his blessing upon it. In six months after my return, we were married:—the old man as happy as a king. He would have preferred a little, that the ceremony should have been performed by Mr. B——, his friend and pastor, but readily assented to my wishes to call upon a dear and early friend of my own.

Harry Barry came from Topsham and performed the ceremony.

G. H.

ARGUS COTTAGE, }  
APRIL 1, 1842. }

## THE ARTIST.

BY W. W. STORY.

Sitting within my darkened room,  
Where light deprived of sunshine falls—  
Past thoughts again within me bloom,  
Sketched like a dream on memory's walls;—  
And faces dim and faded forms,  
Which hidden in my heart have lain,  
Before me rise in misty swarms,  
Dreamed gently back to life again.

Nursed thus in memories of friends,  
Their spirits hold my hand, the while  
My pencil to the canvass lends  
Their thoughtful look, or opening smile.  
While from these fragments that remain,  
I see the ideal picture grow,  
As from a thousand drops of rain,  
The sun builds up its perfect bow.

This life that groweth in my heart,  
As lightning in the cloud doth lurk,  
This Nature underlying art,  
Guideth my pencil through my work:

Thus day by day sweet flowers I cull  
 That grow in Thought's delicious land,—  
 And seeking for the beautiful,  
 Live but to wed my heart and hand.

Thus quickened do the heart and eye  
 Made sensitive by art, behold  
 In common scenes that round us lie,  
 A thousand hidden charms unfold,—  
 Fancy around the world doth sail,  
 And wheresoe'er the eye may fall  
 Day seems but as the colored veil  
 Of beauty, which envelopes all.

A thousand springs of happiness  
 Flow to my soul all else unknown,—  
 A thousand dawning beauties bless  
 These eyes wherever they are thrown;  
 Day, sunshine, smiles and gentle looks  
 Kindly with all my fancies blend—  
 As dry leaves lying under brooks  
 A mild and softened coloring lend.

Ye pictures where some happy thought  
 Is bodied forth in shape and form,  
 The spirit's casual perfume, caught  
 And held as by a magic charm,—  
 Silent ye are like Nature's scroll,  
 Your truth shines only to the true,—  
 Ye give not—yet my earnest soul  
 Finds its reflected self in you.

Hung like the moon, in thoughts serene,  
 The holy scripture-faces glow,—  
 St. John, with mild devoted mien,  
 The brown locks clustering round his brow,—  
 The Magdalen all wan with grief,  
 The mild maid-mother's loving grace,  
 The angelic smile that seems to flow  
 Like sunshine o'er the Saviour's face.

I think of every happy soul  
 Whose gentle lip was nursed in art,  
 Who lapped within its mild control  
 Saw Nature looking through its heart,—  
 Raphael's serene angelic air,  
 Correggio's deep and saint-like eye,  
 Da Vinci's spirit pure and rare,  
 And Angelo's sublimity.

Far off how beautiful they stand  
 In energy and thought sublime!  
 The lives of that most glorious band  
 Like splendid paintings upon Time!  
 Across the dark and twilight age  
 A rare and heavenly light they throw,  
 And bright, on history's half-lit page  
 The illuminated names, they glow.

Blest above all, through life's long night,  
 In disappointment grief and pain  
 They struggled for transcendent light,  
 The beautiful, the true to gain,—  
 With earnest faith and lowliness,  
 With hearts uplifted unto God,  
 Through the damp shadow of distress  
 Up to the gates of Heaven they trod.

"THE LAST SERENADE."

BY FRANCIS CARLISLE.

"WHY was it," asked my young and musical friend Allan, "that you so decidedly refused to help out our serenade last night, and in fact prevented us from doing anything about it, by your obstinacy?"

"Oh! that's too old to quiz about," answered I.

"Quiz about!" said he, "I did 'nt know you knew any thing of the people we wanted to sing to;—and you don't, what is in the wind?"

"Come, come, Allan, take your laugh and be done. I give up the subject of serenading to your mercy, and do 'nt want to talk any more about it. Fill my glass."

"But what do you mean?" said he, looking astonishingly green at my answers,— "leave the subject of serenading! you *used* to sing with us;—why, this is getting serious; do tell me what it means?"

"Means? You know all about the Delavan, don't you?"

"The Delavan?—No. This must be one of your cracks during my absence. Let me behind the scenes pray, that I may account for the loss of the *primo basso* of the old club."

"Well," said I, "if you are serious in your ignorance," and by much questioning and urging, I persuaded myself that he was,— "I'll tell you the story, and if you have patience, push me another cigar, and I'll tell it to you from the beginning, in regular *nouvelette* fashion."

"Last spring, soon after you left,—or, I can date the affair better than that if I take a fresh start:—the clock struck twelve the night I was twenty-two years old. One clock struck after another, and I raised the window to look out upon the still streets, as their various sounds came, piercing the silence, from this side and that. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and it seemed as if its softness had stolen upon us unawares, that it might be enjoyed in stillness by those few who know how to appreciate the mild night-watches. I listened in vain, even, for the quick, smart, footfall of some late home-goer, that usually makes our city night-silence more marked, and it seemed to me almost wicked to retire to bed, and shut out from sense this most beautiful and serene of the twenty-four hours. This I did not do. I went quietly down stairs, and slipping on a loose overcoat—for romance aside, he who would enjoy our Spring evenings, must be well guarded—I strolled out into the pure air.

"I passed lingeringly up this street and down that, my feet wandering as much without a guide as my thoughts, and I hardly knew where I was, when my eye was attracted by the head of a beautiful female, who was leaning from a chamber window of an opposite house, looking out upon the moonlight. The moon shone full upon her face, and this circumstance, which had probably, from the light falling into her room, called her to her window, threw the side of the street upon which I was walking, completely in the shade. I stood still: my appearance and my sudden pause having been perfectly noiseless in my slippers feet—and gazed at her, as she gazed at the moon. I do not know that I then knew that her hair was golden and luxuriant, and her eye blue, and liquid, and large, shrouded by long dark lashes, but I thought her one of the most beautiful beings I had ever seen. You need not smile; I had none of the suspicions that we who are wise learn to entertain from the deceptiveness of moonlight; there was no doubt here. I stood, almost holding my breath, I do not know how long, it seemed a moment, and yet that moment seemed an age; when she drew back, and drew down her curtain.

"Before I had moved from my place, there was a flash in the chamber, and the window curtains became illuminated by a low, steady light, as she lighted her lamp. There seemed to be but one thing to do. I stepped forward to the edge of the shade in which I was standing, so that I was just hidden from view, and in a low tone,—for it seemed as if I might have whispered to her and she would have heard in that quiet atmosphere—I began to sing

"Sleep, lady, sleep."

"As I went on, my whole soul in the music, or such music as there was, I saw the shadow of her form upon the curtain, as she passed once or twice between it and the light, and then she sat down by the window, unconscious, as I suppose, that the profile of her head, as it rested on her hand, was faithfully portrayed in my sight. I sang on, and on; such songs as I knew, and could not help singing, and she sat motionless there, until I felt that I ought to sing no longer, and with a last and lingering look at the faithful shadow, drew myself off towards home.

"Over and over in my mind turned the feelings this little adventure had excited, and I wondered why I had not sung this or

that other song which would have expressed my interest more warmly; why I had not done something more to show this interest; why I had not spoken to her,—and brooded over a thousand other speculations. At last my thoughts began to run into verse, and I conned over, as it were, to myself, a serenade, that seemed as if would have come at once to my lips, had I only had wit enough to sing it while I was before her. I even thought of going back to sing it, but my reason got the better,—and then I had no tune,—and I went home, and wrote out my verses and went to bed.

"I am stretching this out so well, that I will spare you my dreams. Suffice it to say, that they were sweet and rich; and that after a long waking and sleeping doze, I awoke at last, at the hour at which I think a wise man should. I need not explain to you my creed about that. I did not do much that forenoon. Nothing looks very golden before dinner. We make all our good resolutions, and do and say all our good things at night. Some dreamers have attempted to persuade us that love in a cottage, with bread and milk for breakfast, gets up with the sun, and looks as smilingly at itself and at all the world, as when that sun goes down, or when the moon rises; and I knew one woman myself, who looked as freshly and as beautiful when she rose in the morning, and moved, really seeming awake, about the house in her simple morning costume, as she did at any part of the day. And she was really beautiful; but she is already growing old while young, and her cheeks have paled, and her smooth skin has lost its softness and brilliance, and it may be owing to this glory of past days;—these early morning hours must be the ruin of many a fair face. They talk of the beauties of our cities pining and fading under the influence of fashionable habits, of late going to bed and late rising;—perhaps after all, it is in spite of them.

"Be this as it may, I went languidly dreaming on, though awake, until dinner. Many things seemed impossible then, that had seemed the most proper the night before, and I found I could not do much to carry on my adventure. I however turned over all the operas I had, to find an air for my serenade, and thrummed away upon the piano, trying this movement and that, till all the family wondered what had set me so suddenly upon my solfeggios. The air was found at last, or half found, half made, for I doubt not Auber, could he have heard it, would have resigned to me the full credit of it, and very well, as I thought, it went too; and if ever I should be persuaded to serenade again, I will 'fix' it for four voices, and you shall judge for yourself.

"In the afternoon, I walked down the

street, by the house of my dulcinea, but the blinds were closed, and no one was visible. There was no name upon the door, but I marked the number, and with the aid of Mrs. Mayer, sent a beautiful bouquet to that number, just at night-fall. I thought of many a message and device to send with the flowers, but decided, as was wisest, to let them speak for themselves. If flowers have a language it is one which never, like ours, makes a fool of any body.

"I got through the evening by the aid of some party, of which I recollect nothing, and at about twelve I again stole quietly down the now familiar street. All was perfectly still, but the soft light was burning in her chamber again, behind the curtains, and the windows too were open.—Waiting till I lost the sound of the last receding footstep, I tremblingly began with the song I sang last the night before. Immediately a shadow moved across the curtain, and by it I saw that she had again taken her position by the window. My heart leapt so in my breast that I could hardly go on, but go on I did. I then sang my own serenade—then I paused. I had sung so long the night before, that more might well have been expected; but after a silence of some moments the shadow rose, and it grew larger and dimmer as she drew nearer the lamp. Soon she returned, and I saw her fair hand, (I knew it was fair) push aside the curtain and drop something upon the sidewalk. I rushed forward and picked up two flowers tied together by a ribbon. As I looked up she was just drawing in her head, which had been extended to see the fate of her missive.

"'Lady!' said I, but she closed the window at once, and withdrew.

"I watched for some moments in vain, for her return, and then went off, bearing my trophy, and somewhat elated. When I got home, I found that this consisted of a simple, although somewhat marked flower from my bouquet, tied up with a fresh rosebud, which I believed was not from it. I thought this a very tasteful *gage* on her part, and was not a little proud of the achievement on my own. As to the desperate state of feeling into which I was thrown, I may as well spare you any attempt at recital. I again made plan after plan, for the next day, as I lay in bed, till I fell asleep; and dreams mixed themselves with my waking projects, so that when I awoke in the morning it was rather difficult to distinguish them. Both were equally preposterous and impracticable.

"Something, I determined, however, must be done. So I armed myself with a fresh bouquet, (in the front of which I placed her rosebud, now nearly withered,) and my card, and at a due time presented myself at





things together, as we could invent. This, however, cannot last forever. People in such cases, as you have found out, will keep moving a step farther and a step farther, until at last they get to a fatal brink; — and such is the fascination, that ten to one they jump off.

"Yes, I am really hurrying on. About this time your cousin Jane, just married, and wishing to show off her new country house and grounds, made a sort of *fête champêtre* one afternoon, for all our little circle. Mrs. Delavan was persuaded to go, as it was by no means a formal or dress affair. We went out about sunset, and after proper performances in the house, we all adjourned to the grove, to have some music, and enjoy the cool air and the moonlight. It was a glorious evening, and we had a very gay time, which I dare say your letters have told you all about. But of one little piece of secret history they could not have informed you. During a romping dance that we got up, in which Julia — I mean Mrs. Delavan — was my partner, I had been enlarging to her on the fact that if she were to return to town in my gig, with me, instead of in the close carriage with three other ladies, as she had come out, she would see the country, and enjoy the air much better! To this she assented, but urged that it could not be accomplished without causing remark. I at last persuaded her to consent, however, if I would manage it wisely and well, and I planned and executed the affair with almost your skill.

"First I attacked little Mrs. —, who had come there on horseback, upon the coolness and dampness of the night air, and the great risk she ran of taking severe cold, if she undertook to return as she came. Then having frightened her almost out of her little wits, I suggested to her, that perhaps Mrs. Delavan would give up her seat in the carriage, and ride the horse into the city, in her place. While she was protesting against making such a request as this, I ran off as if to attempt to bring it about myself, and soon returned with the matter all settled in this way: — Mrs. — was to go home in the carriage; our 'inscrutably' good natured friend Howard, who had come with me in the gig, would consent to ride home the horse, side-saddle, horns, and all, and Mrs. Delavan could take his seat with me. This seemed plausible, and little Mrs. —, accompanied by Howard, who had his cue and his thanks from me, rushed up to Mrs. Delavan, who was surrounded by several of the party, and proposed the plan to her, and she graciously accepted it, *provided I would consent!* She did not think it right that my vehicle should be disposed of so cavalierly

in my absence! I was summoned, and, of course, acquiesced, with no more than commonplace gallantry, and the matter was arranged — and so as soon as might be, we all got away.

"How very often when two people have both been preparing and fostering the most intricate stratagems to get together alone, they find it hard to begin upon what they have to say! There we were placed side by side, in the still country, with its soft summer air, and the full moon shedding its sulduing and beautifying light on all around; and we had been — it is true without any allusion to the pleasure to be derived from each other — for a full half hour planning and manœuvring to be so placed, and neither for the first quarter of a mile said a single word! I don't believe I should have ever spoken, but these women, you know their ways, Allan, soon bring the true matter to light on such occasions, and we were before long in full discourse with tongues, and hands and eyes. And then, for the first time, I told her — but I need not tell *you* what I told her, and after all I had not much to tell, nor had she much to tell me. For it seemed we knew it all before. Only we explained, and arranged and lightened our consciences, by making sure nothing was concealed. Such a glorious drive I never conceived. Not that we dashed along very fast either; for I had but one hand to drive with, and was obliged to keep Clara in a walk all the way, to prevent her from being restive. However, we had, as I said, a glorious drive, and when I left the beautiful Julia at her door, having taken one last kiss — why, — that is the end of the story."

"The end of the story, why! how? what became of Mrs. Delavan?" cried Allan.

"Mrs. Delavan! she left for Philadelphia the next day, and was married about a month ago, to the rich Mr. Higginbotham."

"Married!" persisted he — "I understood you that you had perfectly settled it that you and she were over head and ears in love with each other."

"So I did say, and so we did. But she concluded to go off, and after the lapse of a few months, to marry somebody else. She was a widow, you know, so there was no harm in it."

"Come, come, Frank, explain," said he; "is this all I am to know?"

"Why, you may know what I have guessed out. You may remember that there is another Frank Carlisle, my ever respected and sober-minded cousin, whose fortune is to mine as the sands of the sea-shore are to those of an hour-glass. At

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the time of the Delavan, he was living in a state of retiracy, busy in getting engaged to his present wife. It now appears, that until the announcement of this match, my beautiful 'vidder,'—who doubtless thought that people should marry others of fortune equal to their own—an opinion in which, were I in her place, I might coincide—was laboring under the impression that your humble servant was no less a person than his nabob cousin. Having discovered her mistake, the very morning after our country party, she very wisely thought, that unless she meant to continue under the consequences of that mistake, she had better leave the field."

"But was there no explanation,—no attempt at self-justification?"

"She wrote me, before going, a very sentimental little note, beginning—'Dearest Frank,' the purport of which was, that she believed her susceptibility had been too much for her the night before, that she feared it would be very long before we should meet again, be she hoped we should ever be *friends*. A correspondence of but short duration followed, of which I have kept copies, if you would like to see it. But of course we both felt well out of the scrape,—she for reasons of her own, and I for reasons of mine."

"Well—it was a strange affair:"

"So strange that I have come to the conclusion that I have sung 'my last serenade.' But—pass the decanter, it's a long story."

## THE THEFT,

AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.

If this rash youth, to please the fair  
Who stands below, the nest should tear  
From its green cleft,—  
Yet since the maid her hand extends,  
And such sweet shelter to it lends,—  
'Tis scarce a theft.

Or, if the little birds he dare  
Take from their tender mother's care,  
Now lonely left,—  
Since such a guardian claims the prize,  
To watch them with such gentle eyes,  
'Tis scarce a theft.

Or, if from that fair maiden's lips  
As in her lap the nest he slips,  
A kiss he's reft,—  
Since he has given what he takes,  
— Exchange a robbery never makes —  
'Tis scarce a theft,

But passing simple crimes like this,  
The nest, the birds, the furtive kiss,  
There's one thing left;—  
If, in the guise of rustic play,  
He steal the maiden's heart away,  
'Twill be a theft.

G. Q.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

DIARY AND LETTERS OF MADAME D'ARBLAY,  
(formerly Miss Burney,) *edited by her niece:—*  
PART I. Philadelphia. Carey & Hart. 1842.

THIS Diary gives a very spirited picture of the literary circle of the last century, of which Dr. Johnson was the head, and Mrs. Thrale's house one of the points of re-union. After Miss Burney became known as the author of *Evelina*, she was introduced to this circle, many of the members of which were intimate friends of her father, Dr. Burney. She made frequent visits at Streatham, the residence of Mrs. Thrale, and while there, kept a minute diary of the events which took place, and the conversations to which she listened, or in which she took part. The style of these early writings is more spirited and agreeable than that displayed in the life of Dr. Burney, the materials for which were collected and published by Madame D'Arblay, some years since. The diary, at least the part of it contained in this volume, which forms Part I. of the work, was written when she was in the full vigor of her mind, and just introduced into a new scene, under the most flattering auspices. Every thing was bright and pleasant to her, and she describes the scenes she meets with, and the people with whom she becomes acquainted, with all the animation which might be expected. A great many highly amusing anecdotes of Dr. Johnson and other distinguished persons of the time, are contained in the book, which is one of the most entertaining publications which have recently appeared. "The papers were arranged by herself, before her death," says the editor, "with the most scrupulous care: she affixing to them such explanations as would make them intelligible to her successors." A sketch of her life up to the period of the publication of *Evelina*, is prefixed to the journal. The remainder of this interesting work will be impatiently looked for.

THE CROFTON BOYS. By Harriet Martineau.

THIS is a continuation of a series of "*Tales for the People and their Children*." Well written books for the young, are always interesting to persons of every age,—this little volume is extremely so. It details the trials and experiences of boys at an English public school; and the incidents bear every mark of being true to nature. The leading event in the book is taken from a circumstance mentioned in the life of Sir Walter Scott. The moral and religious tone is excellent; and there are some scenes of very deep pathos. It has been said in some of the English reviews, that this is the last work of the kind that may be expected

from Miss Martineau. If she has still health and strength sufficient for the exertion, she ought certainly to continue to write in this very style; for successful as she may have been in other departments of literature, no one can read this little work without feeling that she is entirely familiar with the trials and pleasures of youth, and therefore eminently well calculated to give the young the benefit of her wisdom and experience.

A NARRATIVE OF VOYAGES AND COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISES. By Richard J. Cleveland. 2 vols. Cambridge. J. Owen.

THIS is a history of adventures, and of the most praiseworthy class of adventures;—those which do not involve the misery or destruction of those who are concerned in them, or the unfortunates whom they happen to fall in with. The voyages in which Mr. Cleveland has been engaged, were carried on with the same view, though hardly perhaps, in the same way as are those in which thousands of our young countrymen are at this moment embarked. This circumstance does not deduct the least from the interest of the book. With us, it has added to that interest. We were not aware, and we doubt if many of our readers are, of the great number of scenes of wild romance and incidents of daring enterprise which may form a part of the lives of sea-faring commercial men.

We shall not give a sketch of the story of the book. We should feel it as unfair to do so as to reveal in a dozen lines the secrets of an unread novel. Mr. Cleveland's book will be read with all the interest which attaches to a mere romance. For more than forty years he was actively engaged in commercial enterprise. In pursuit of the objects of this enterprise he visited every sea, shrinking from no dangers and pausing at no obstacle. The adventures which the book contained are not of the stamp which we ordinarily suppose to belong to the machinery of barter. They have reminded us of Robinson Crusoe's commercial transactions, which they certainly resemble in the zeal, spirit, daring and good faith with which they are carried out, as the simple but energetic style in which they are conveyed to us, reminds us at once of the nervous writing with which Defoe presents to us the adventures of the greatest of adventurers. Do sailors study those adventures so constantly that when they write their narratives, they are of necessity as interesting as Mr. Cleveland's and Mr. Dana's books are? Or is the charm only that of unembellished and unveiled reality?

It was Mr. Cleveland's fortune to begin his com

mercial career when the United States was a young nation, and when the quarrels of the rest of the world left it alone to grow up as it were unimpeded. While for his sake we wish they had left him and it entirely alone, we almost envy him the good fortune which he certainly did enjoy in living in such days. At least we fear that the young sailors of our own day cannot have opened to them such fields of adventure as he trod in; if they do, it will be well for our literature fifty years hence. We should be glad to believe that the spirit of enterprise is as active among our young men now, as it seems to have been with Mr. Cleveland when he began his commercial career.

HARVEY'S SCENES IN AMERICA. London: G. R. Ackerman. New York: G. Harvey.

THIS is the title of a very beautiful series of colored engravings taken from original designs by Mr. Harvey. In the prosecution of his plan of publishing illustrations of American scenery under all the various influences of season and climate to which it is subjected, he has prepared four views, which have been executed in the highest style of English art, and are now laid before the public. Those who have seen the original designs will not need to be reminded of their spirit and truth; of the engravings we can truly say, that they fully embody the rare merits of the originals.

The landscape scenery of America is unique and preëminent in its beauty. The perfect freshness of opening spring, the rich luxuriance of summer, the gorgeous colors of autumn, and the sombre calm of winter, are no where so striking as in the forests or fields of America. The variety of her forest trees exceeds that of other lands in number, as much as the trees themselves do in beauty and richness of foliage. The wildness of the scenery gives it another charm; a landscape which exhibits no trace of man's art has peculiar beauties.

Mr. Harvey, to judge from his paintings, appears to understand the American forest scenery; to feel fully its rich and thrilling magnificence. He has selected for his publication real landscapes; there can be no suspicion of grouping for effect, which, to some eyes at least, always fails, in such matters of its object. In consequence of this, the views and the impressions which they give to the beholder, are purely American; one immediately calls up, in looking at them, his reminiscences of such of the beauties of our beautiful land as he has been fortunate enough to see.

Mr. Harvey has in preparation, a number of other views, exhibiting the American landscape under different atmospheric changes. It is to be hoped that the encouragement given to the series now published will be such as to continue the work in the manner proposed.

THE LIFE OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI. By William Roscoe. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

ROSCOE'S Lorenzo de' Medici has long ranked among the English classics. It deserves such high consideration. We will not say that it is a model in its way, for we do not like to suggest that one book should ever be a model for others; but the man who should propose to write again in English the life of Lorenzo the Magnificent, ought to ponder well his undertaking; ought to be seriously warned by his friends; ought to be sure that he had much novel information; ought to be sure that he was master of a very entertaining style of composition.

It is hardly worth while to try to show why any book is interesting; for the same reason that no one likes to hear a demonstration of the beauty of a landscape. There are, however, some noteworthy peculiarities of this biography, for an allusion to which, we hope the reader may forgive us. Lorenzo de' Medici was one of a class of men, of whom it would have been well if the olden time had had more: he was an absolute monarch who used his treasures and power for the highest object, the advance of science, literature and art. William Roscoe was one of a class of men, of whom we must hope that future times shall see many more: he was a successful merchant, using his riches and his energies for the same high object, the advance of science, literature and art. That Roscoe, in his literary labors should have taken deep interest in the Life of Lorenzo,—that he should have systematized the results of those labors in the volumes of which we are speaking, was as fortunate as it was natural. The book is the work of a man who took deep interest in the subject.

Few lovers of Italian literature have not found themselves deeply interested in the events which formed it, and surrounded its great men. They seek with alacrity information respecting them:—hence the interest with which we read all modern Italian history; and hence the utility, the necessity, we had almost said, of Roscoe's book to the ardent Italian scholar. Learned without pedantry, fluent without trifling, precise without tediousness, it gives him what he seeks for and is glad to read, and very little else.

Yet we did not intend to write a review of this book, though the pleasant associations which connect themselves with its pages would not allow us to pass it by without a word. As we have said, judgment has been passed on it by the literary world, and our little trumpet is not needed to sound a single note even, in its praise. Our attention has been called to it at this time, by the handsome edition of it just published by Messrs. Carey & Hart, in Philadelphia. Well printed on a large and handsome type, it supplies a real want of the American reader. Messrs. Carey & Hart deserve credit for publishing such books in so handsome a manner.

## TOUCH US GENTLY, TIME.

POETRY WRITTEN BY BARRY CORNWALL.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK, BY GEORGE J. WEBB.

*Andantino.*

Voice.

Piano

Forte.

*p*

1. Touch us  
2. Touch us

gent-ly, Time: Touch us gent-ly, Time: Let us glide adown thy stream Gently,  
gent-ly, Time: Touch us gent-ly, Time: We've not proud nor soaring wings; Our am -

*p*



as we sometimes glide Thro' a qui - - - - et dream.  
 - - bi-tion, our con - tent, Lies in sim - - - - ple things.

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part in treble clef and a left-hand part in bass clef, both in the same key and time signature. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand.

Hum - - ble voy - - a - gers are we, Hus - band,  
 Hum - - ble voy - - a - gers are we, O'er life's

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment maintain the same key and time signature. The lyrics continue across the system, with the piano part providing a consistent harmonic and rhythmic foundation.

wife dim and chil - dren three: One is gone, an  
 dim un-sound - ed sea, Seek - - ing on - - - ly

The third system concludes the musical score on this page. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment continue with the same key and time signature. The lyrics conclude with the words 'Seek - - ing on - - - ly'. The piano part ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.

an - - gel dove, To a bet-ter world a - love. One is  
some calm clime: Touch us gently, gen - - le Time. Seeking

gone, an an - gel dove, *ad lib.* To a bet - ter world a -  
on - ly some calm clime: Touch us gent - ly, gen - le

- - love.  
Time.

*p* *pp*







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